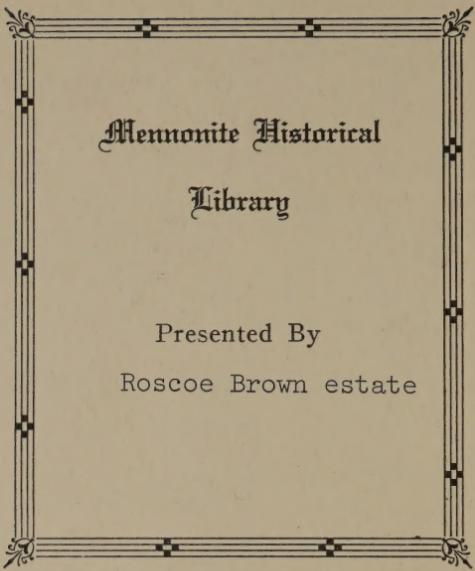


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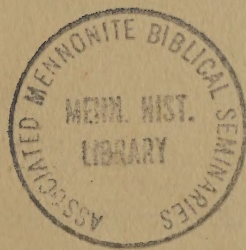


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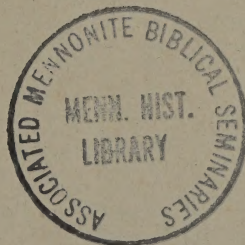


Finger Posts on Life's Highway

SHOWING HOW TO SUCCEED
IN LIFE

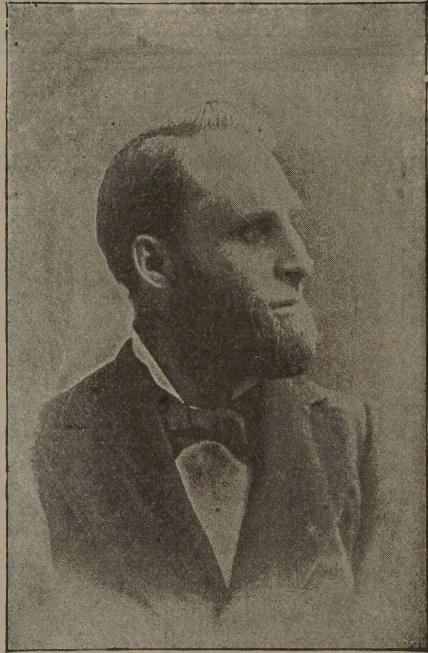
BY

JOHN T. DALE



ELGIN, ILLINOIS
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1910

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John T. Dale

TO ALL
THOSE ASPIRING SOULS
WHO ARE STRUGGLING TO ATTAIN
TRUE DEVELOPMENT OF MIND AND HEART, SUCCESS
IN LIFE, AND HAPPINESS HERE AND
BEYOND, THIS BOOK IS
RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated.

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PREFACE.

 OR many years the author has been gathering from various sources the material for this work, and has had in mind the plan which he has carried out in this volume.

This work was not conceived as a mere whim, without a purpose, but was begun with the earnest desire to assist those who are striving to gain character, intellectual power, business success, and the merited esteem of their fellow men.

To the young, it aims to bring radiant hope, wise counsel, and friendly warning; to those in middle life, practical suggestions and hearty encouragement; and to the aged, calm and soothing reflection.

The author has not lacked opportunities for observation. Coming from a country home to the great metropolis of the Northwest, he has been for many years in the whirl of a busy life; he has seen the growth and development of suc-

cessful careers, the overthrow of great financiers and fortunes, and the accumulation of great wealth by men of humble beginnings. He has had the opportunity of knowing that many men become involved in financial or moral ruin : not because they lack ability or good intentions, but because, away back, they did not have the word of caution or advice which might have turned the course of their lives, and led them upward instead of downward.

A wise maxim, or rule of business, has saved many a fortune ; a word of caution has saved many a precious life, and a word of warning many a soul.

That such maxims and words may be found within these pages, and that many may take counsel and courage from them, is the sincere desire of

THE AUTHOR.

Finger Posts on Life's Highway



HAVE A PURPOSE.



DESCRIPTION has been given of some explorers in the Arctic regions who found a vessel whose crew was frozen into statues of ice. The helmsman was at his post with his hand on the helm; the captain was at his log book, the pen in his fingers, with which he had written the words, "For a whole day the steward has been trying in vain to kindle the lost fire." Below, the form of the steward was found, with flint and tinder in his hands, while on the deck, was the watchman, looking off,—his frozen eyes fixed with the gaze of despair. They had the form and attitude of living men, but that only.

This might be used as an illustration of those who live without a purpose; they have the forms, the features, the organisms of the living, but their lives are stagnated and petrified by the dead inertia of listlessness and inaction.

Samuel Johnson, the great moralist, said: "Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more and better than in past times. The mind is elevated and enlarged by mere purposes, even though they end as they begin, by airy contemplation. We compare and judge, though we do not practice."

There is a saying, "Aim high; but not so high as not to be able to hit anything."

Some writer has said: "A highly successful career must have some one aim above every other. Jacks-of-all-trades are useful in many ways, but their very versatility operates against their winning great success in any line. The specialists succeed best. Whatever the specialty be, the concentration of effort which it demands accomplishes much. True success depends on deciding what really is the highest object in life, and what the relative value of other objects, and on the proportioning of efforts accordingly."

It is a sad truth that "The greater part of all the mischief of the world, comes from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut."

The scientist, Louis Agassiz, when asked by a friend why, with his ability, he was satisfied with so small an income, said, "I have enough. I have no time to make money. Life is not sufficiently long to enable a

man to get rich and do his duty to his fellow-men at the same time." His purpose in life was to be a teacher, and an expounder of Nature; and no temptation of mere money getting could swerve him from his course.

Canon Farrar thus forcibly illustrates this thought: "One of the great English writers, when he went to college, threw away the first two years of his time in gossip, extravagance and noise. One morning one of the idle set whom he had joined, came into his room before he had risen, and said, 'Paley, you are a fool. You are wasting your time and wasting your chances. Your present way of going on is silly and senseless. Do not throw away your life and your time.' That man did what a friend ought to do, and saved for England and for the Church the genius and services of a great man. 'I was so struck with what he said,' says Paley, 'that I lay in bed till I had formed my plan. I ordered my fire to be always laid over-night. I rose at five, read steadily all day, allotted to each portion of time its proper branch of study, and thus, on taking my bachelor's degree, I became senior wrangler.' It was something to make this intellectual resolve, and so redeem a life from meaningless frivolity; but how infinitely more important is it to do so morally, to rouse ourselves, ere it be too late, from the criminal folly and frivolity of moral indifference! The means are open to us all. They are seriousness, thought, prayer, a diligent endeavor to obtain and

rightly use the abounding grace of God. May every one of us who is already trying to walk aright, make his resolve to go straight on. May every one of us who is wavering in his choice, decide at once and forever. May every one of us who has gone astray, struggle back, ere it be too late, to the narrow path.

"That is the sum of a noble life. To act thus is the loftiest of all objects. And, as it is the loftiest of all objects, so it is likewise the richest of all rewards. It is to serve God here and to enjoy him forever in heaven hereafter."

At the battle of the Alma, in the Crimean war, one of the ensigns stood his ground when the regiment retreated. The captain shouted to him to bring back the colors, but the ensign replied, "Bring the men up to the colors."

So in the battle of life, let us plant ourselves on a high, noble purpose, never to abandon it in retreat, but to hold fast our ground to victory. It has been truly said that "great minds have purposes, others have wishes," and that, "The most successful people are those who have but one object and pursue it with great persistence." "The great art," says Goethe, "is to judiciously limit and isolate one's self."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a man who possessed a loveable heart and one of the finest intellects of any man in his age. He had a descriptive power and a flow of language that was remarkable. Christopher North, his contemporary and critic, speaks of his con-

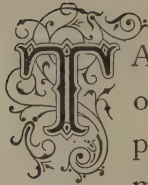
versation as "eloquent music without a discord; full, ample, inexhaustible, almost divine." In his loftiest moods he spoke like one inspired. The ear was delighted with the melodious words that flowed from "an epicure in sound." But there was little nourishment in these musical utterances of one who seemed to have given himself up to "the lazy luxury of poetical outpouring." And this great man with all his marvelous powers was a failure, and disappointed the expectations of his friends, because he lacked a purpose in life. He was indolent, became addicted to the use of opium, which destroyed mind and body, and his life went out embittered and cheerless. Such a life is a warning to all who rely on genius and inspiration for success instead of steady application and industry.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own;
And in the field of Destiny,
We reap as we have sown.

—Whittier.

CACT.



ACT has been defined "as the judicious use of our powers at the right time." It is that priceless discretion which makes the wise man to differ from the fool; that invaluable knowledge by which we know how to make the world about us a stepping-stone to our success, and all the conditions around us but so many rounds in the ladder by which we rise.

It is said that on one occasion the first Napoleon rode in advance of his army and came to a river over which it was necessary that it should pass. There was no bridge, but the imperious commander was not daunted by this obstacle, and immediately began preparations to cross it. Calling his engineer, he said, "Give me the breadth of this stream." "Sire, I cannot," was the reply. "My scientific instruments are with the army, and we are ten miles in advance of it." The great Emperor repeated his command, "Tell me the breadth of this stream instantly." "Sire, be reasonable." The indomitable general replied, "Ascertain at once the width of this river, or you shall be deposed from your office." Now comes the triumph of tact, for the engineer proved himself equal to the emergency. He drew down the cap piece on his helmet till the edge of

it just touched the bank on the other side of the river, and then turned around carefully on his heel, and marked the point where the cap piece touched the ground on the side of the river where he stood. He then paced the distance, and turning to the Emperor said, "This is the breadth of the stream, approximately." He had tact, and was at once promoted for the success of his ready and simple expedient. That engineer might have had the most profound knowledge of mathematics, and of all the abstruse and complicated details incident to his profession, but without tact all would have been of no avail.

One of the greatest triumphs of Daniel O'Connell was in the management of a witness, during which he revealed wonderful tact. He was employed by parties interested in a will, which they suspected to be fraudulent, to investigate the matter at the time it was being proven. He noticed that one of the witnesses repeated several times the words "that life was in the testator when he signed the will." "Now," said O'Connell, "will you swear that there was not a live fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed on the will?" The witness, terror-stricken at the discovery of the iniquitous scheme, fell on his knees, and confessed that it was so.

Precisely the same quality is needed in the practical concerns of life,—a business man comes to an obstacle which appears insurmountable; he must have tact to make use of his resources so as to overcome it, or he

may be overwhelmed with destruction. And not only in business affairs, but in the every-day concerns of life, tact is needed to smooth over difficulties and to make the best of untoward circumstances.

Byron, who was not only a great poet, but an acute observer of men and things, says: "A man may have prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude, yet, wanting tact, may and must render those around him uncomfortable, and so be unhappy himself. I consider tact the real panacea of life, and have observed that those who most completely possess it are remarkable for feeling and sentiment, while, on the contrary, the persons most deficient in it are obtuse, frivolous or insensible. To possess tact it is necessary to have fine perception and to be sensitive."

Tact is one of the qualities of great minds, and makes them master of all situations. No place so awkward but that it puts one at his ease, no combination of circumstances so complex and embarrassing but what it can control and regulate. When the immortal Shakespeare was acting in one of his own imitable plays before Queen Elizabeth, she occupied a box near the stage, and purposely dropped her handkerchief on the stage to see whether the great dramatist would be discomposed. But he had a native tact, and proved himself readier than all the heroes he created, for he saw the fallen handkerchief, and calmly said, as if the words were in the play, "And now, before we further go, we will pick up our sister's handkerchief,"

and then advanced, picked it up and presented it to the queen, who bowed, pleased with the tact and presence of mind of the great bard.

The late Dr. Guthrie was once preaching in a large church in Edinburgh, which was crowded with a fashionable congregation. After the psalm was given out the leader of the music started a tune, but it would not go to the words. He tried another, but with no better success. The poor man was now completely bewildered, but tried a third, and broke down. In this embarrassing dilemma, which threatened to discompose the audience and to spoil the entire service, Dr. Guthrie showed his ready tact, and rising, said, "Let us pray," and the awkward mishap was over.

How often, by a single stroke of tact, has an ordinary accident or circumstance been made to pave the way for a grand success. Mr. Coutts, the founder of the great bank which has since become so enormously rich, by exercising a little tact, laid the foundation of his extended patronage. He sent word to a distinguished peer, who, he had heard, had been refused a loan of ten thousand pounds, to call at his office. The peer, much surprised, called, and Coutts offered to make the loan. "But I can give no security," said the nobleman. "Your lordship's note of hand will be quite sufficient," was the prompt reply. The loan was accepted, and five thousand pounds was left on deposit. The story soon became widely circulated, other peers

2

transferred their funds, and then the king, after a personal interview with the banker, being pleased with his modesty and intelligence, placed the royal funds in the institution, and thus it became the favorite bank of the aristocracy. True, it may be said that this was a bold experiment, and contrary to safe banking rules, but it must be remembered that it is the province of tact to undertake and accomplish that which others think impossible, and it requires as much tact to know *what* to do, as *how* to do it.

One of the remarkable qualities of Bismarck, the great German statesman, is his ready tact. By this he has managed men and manipulated events, as if the map of Europe was a huge chess board and he the consummate player, making his combinations and moving them about at his will. An incident is narrated of him in the early part of his diplomatic career, which shows his coolness and tact. He was appointed an ambassador to the German Confederation, and the president of the august body was an Austrian, a man of a haughty and arrogant manner, and disposed to make Bismarck feel his relative inferiority. At Bismarck's first visit of ceremony, the Austrian received him in his shirt sleeves. Bismarck no sooner caught sight of him than he called out, "You are quite right, Excellency, it is awfully hot here," and at once pulled off his own coat, in the coolest manner imaginable. The president was completely taken aback, jumped up and put on his uniform, and apologized for his inadvertence.


How skillfully the man of tact will turn an embarrassing circumstance to his advantage, and make an awkward event, which would have discomfited others, a fresh victory over opposing forces. The celebrated Lord North was once in the midst of an important speech in Parliament, when he was interrupted by the furious barking of a dog, which had got in the hall. The house roared with laughter, in which the speaker heartily joined. When order was restored, he turned to the chairman and said, "Sir, I was interrupted by a new speaker—was he a member from *Barkshire*?—(Berkshire), but as his argument is concluded I will resume mine." A fresh burst of laughter followed this allusion, and then the house gave him their undivided attention.

Daniel O'Connell was once addressing a large political meeting, which was held in Covent Garden Theatre, in London. There was a disturbance occasioned by the obstinacy of a man who persisted in standing up in the pit. "Sit down," and "Put him out," were shouted from all parts of the house, but the fellow was determined to stand. The police interfered, but they did not succeed in quieting the disorder. At last the great orator waved his hand for silence, and then said, "Pray, let the worthy gentleman have his way; *he's a tailor and wants to rest himself.*" The obstinate man sat down immediately, amid thunders of applause from every portion of the vast assembly. The want of tact in such an emergency would have allowed the meeting

to be turned to an uncontrollable mob, to the disgrace and mortification of all connected with it; but, with tact, the disorder became a huge wave which bore the orator to greater heights of popularity, and made him more completely the idol of the people.

An old Scotch clergyman, when he came to a text too wonderful for him to comprehend or explain, instead of attempting to convince his hearers by a formidable array of words that he was master of its meaning, would say, "Brethren, this is a difficult text, a very difficult text, but do not let us be discouraged by it. Let us look the difficulty boldly in the face, and *pass on*." And so tact will crumble the stumbling stones and smooth down the obstacles in any of the walks of life, and although it may not have the brilliancy of genius, yet in its practical adaptation to all circumstances, it has an imperial power to lead its possessor to the grandest success. Bacon has said, "More men advance by the lesser arts of discretion than by the greater adornments of wit and science," and doubtless the great philosopher meant by discretion that invaluable tact which can always perceive in any emergency how to do the right thing in the right way

MAKE READY FOR OPPORTUNITY.

HAKESPEARE, that “myriad-minded bard,” whose profound knowledge of human nature and marvelous perception of the phases and incidents of daily life have made his immortal works a store-house of wisdom, has truly said: “There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.” What man who has arrived at maturity does not sometimes sadly look back over the departed years, and mark the many opportunities, rich and golden, which presented themselves to him, but which he let pass beyond his grasp forever, because he was not ready to seize them!

Here is the difference between success and failure in life; the successful man is ready to be borne onward by the tide of opportune circumstances,—ready for victories when good fortune consents to be his ally and standard bearer.

One great secret of success in life is to make ready for opportunity, so that when new preferment and responsibilities come to us, we may be able to accept them, and perform the duties they bring, without abusing the trust reposed in us. How many spend their lives groveling in the mire of conscious inferiority, because they have utterly failed to take advantage of favorable opportunities. The merchant has

a new and important channel of trade opened to him, but his finances are so disordered, or his experience and knowledge of his business so limited, that he cannot secure the prize, and it passes into the hands of his shrewd and enterprising rival. The physician, struggling to obtain a foothold in the community, is finally called in an important and critical emergency. Had he been capable, and ready to treat the case successfully, it would have established his reputation, and been a stepping-stone to a lucrative practice and a handsome competence; but, instead of this, the complications and requirements of the case far exceeded his ability to master them, and the very event which should have been an occasion of victory, proved a very Waterloo of defeat. The young lawyer, after waiting patiently for an opportunity to prove to his acquaintances his professional skill, at length is called to an important case. If he comes thoroughly prepared,—his mind sharpened and disciplined by years of careful preparatory training,—freighted with the principles and precedents which are applicable to the questions at issue, and ready to seize upon the vital and salient points in the case, how skillfully he makes this trial of his skill a sword with which to win fresh victories in his professional arena. But if the occasion finds him unready, not all the mortification and regret that will haunt his memory like a spectre of evil, will ever atone for the defeat, or bring back the golden opportunity forever lost.

One of the brightest names in the annals of juris-

prudence was Lord Mansfield, who raised himself from the quarter-deck of a man-of-war to the exalted position of Lord Chancellor of England. When a young man, just admitted to the bar, and having dependent upon him a young family, he was waiting in poverty for patronage, and eagerly looking for some opportunity to show that he was ready for clients, and deserved them. At length, as with most men, his opportunity came. He was invited to a supper, at which there was an old sea captain who had an important case on hand. During the evening, the merits of the case became the subject for discussion, and young Mansfield threw himself into the debate, and displayed such a warmth of eloquence, and such a conception of the principles applicable to the facts, that before they separated Mansfield had found a client and was entrusted with the suit. When the case came to trial and Mansfield got on his feet to make his argument, he showed that he had mastered the case in all its bearings. He made a magnificent plea, and astonished the court, his client and all the barristers present by his wonderful forensic ability. From that time he became known as one of the foremost lawyers of his age, and honors and wealth poured in upon him.

And so there comes a time in the life of every man when a brilliant opportunity is within his reach if he is but ready for it. If not ready, it passes from his sight forever, and leaves him but a stinging recollection of what he has lost.

ENTHUSIASM.

BY enthusiasm we do not mean, as Warburton defined it, "a temper of mind in which the imagination has got the better of the judgment," but rather an intense *earnestness* to carry forward the chosen work and purpose of life. An excellent illustration of this has been given by a talented writer in an anecdote he relates of a promising college student, who many years ago made a visit, during his vacation, to the house of a Col. Loring, in Virginia. He proceeds to say that the young guest, who had a powerful intellect and whose morals and manners were irreproachable, became a favorite with the master of the house, Col. Loring, then nearly eighty years of age. One evening, seated around the fire, the New Englander was moved to an unwonted confidence.

"Can you tell me, Col. Loring," he said, in his calm monotone, "why I am unpopular in college? I rank high in my classes. I think my motives are pure. I am never knowingly guilty of a vice or a rudeness. Yet men with half my ability can carry the college with them in any measure, while I am barely tolerated by the students, and am an object of perfect indifference to the professors."

Col. Loring skillfully evaded the question, being too courteous to reply frankly, but his eye fell upon the fire, which was well built, but covered with gray ashes.

"Stir the fire, Neddy, stir the fire!" he said.

The young visitor, a little surprised at the unusual request, took the poker and raked the coals, letting the air freely circulate. The flames broke out, and the heat became so intense that they all drew back.

"It is always a good plan to let the fire burn," said the colonel, quietly. The young man shot a keen glance of comprehension at him, but said nothing.

"Neddy became in his middle age one of the foremost figures in New England," his old friend would say in ending the story. "He was a scholar, a statesman, and an orator. All the people admired and were proud of him. Yet I doubt if he ever carried a measure in Congress, or persuaded a single man ever to change his opinion or his course.

"I saw him at the age of sixty, delivering an oration which he had repeated over a hundred times. It was faultless in logic and in rhetoric. But it had no more effect upon his hearers than the recital of the Greek alphabet. I felt like calling out to him 'Stir the fire, Neddy, stir the fire.'"

A thoughtful essayist has remarked: "Like all the virtues, earnestness is sometimes a natural trait, and sometimes one acquired by the healthy graft of moral and religious principle. It is a positive essential in the

structure of character; it is one of the main instruments in all action that is to benefit others. It gives persistency to the unstable, strength to the feeble, ability and skill to the inefficient, and success to all endeavor. There is a might in it that is magical to the vacillating and irresolute. Its possessors are those who stood in the front ranks of life from the school-room to the forum; from the child with its first "reward of merit," to the matron who presides over the well-ordered household, and gives her blessing to well-trained sons and daughters, as they leave their mother's home for lives of usefulness in wider spheres.

Earnestness, also, like other noble qualities, is always making greater gains than it aims at. There is not only the purpose accomplished, but the strength, the skill, and the distance already overcome, that will make the next aim loftier, and more arduous in its accomplishment. Thus there is, naturally and necessarily, the attainment of fresh and more inspiring elevation. The prospect widens, the objects to be achieved multiply in number and importance, the consciousness of the one performance brightens the eye, and steadies the hand, and insures the uncertain step, till success is gained again."

Said a critic of Landseer, the famous animal painter, "He seems to become the animal he is painting,—to intermingle his soul for a season with that of the stag, the horse, or the blood-hound."

It is suggestive to notice how those who have

attained great success in any department of human effort, have been enthusiastic in their calling.

This story is told of Oken, the famous German naturalist:

“He had a small income, but an intense zeal for scientific discovery. He could not surround himself with the comforts of life, and at the same time obtain the books and instruments needed for his scientific researches. He did not hesitate a moment in his choice; but, practicing the strictest economy in furniture, and clothing, and food, spent freely for scientific objects.

“An American friend was once invited to dinner, and, to his surprise, found on the table neither meat nor pudding, but only baked potatoes. Oken himself was too proud to make any explanation; but his wife, being more humble and less reticent, apologized to the visitor for the scantily-spread table. Her husband, she said, was obliged to give up either science or luxurious living, and he had chosen to surrender the latter. On three days of the week, she added, they lived on potatoes and salt, and though at first it seemed like scanty fare, they had come to enjoy it, and to be perfectly content with it.”

Beecher remarks that the mind will not work to its average capacity—much less to its highest—without excitement, and Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, has left this eloquent passage to the same effect: “Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus; it moves stones; it charms

brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it."

Said the sturdy and fearless Luther: "If I wish to compose, write, pray, or preach well, I must be angry. Then all the blood of my veins is stirred; my understanding is sharpened, and all dismal thought and temptations are dissipated."

When Charles James Fox was making one of his magnificent speeches in favor of the abolition of the slave trade, he was charged with betraying an inconsiderate degree of enthusiasm. He turned his blazing eyes upon the speaker, and said: "Enthusiasm, sir! why there was never any good done in the world without enthusiasm. We must feel warm upon our projects, otherwise from the discouragements we are sure to meet with here, they will drop through." And it was the steady enthusiasm of him and a little band of kindred spirits, that, like a consuming fire, swept all opposition before it, and brought about the great victory of emancipation. Charles Dickens said that there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent earnestness, and William Wirt gives this advice to the young: "Seize the moment of excited curiosity on any subject to solve your doubts; for if you let it pass, the desire may never return, and you may remain in ignorance."

With a laudable purpose, enthusiasm, guided by practical good sense, and sustained by tireless industry and perseverance, will lead to the highest round in the ladder of success.

RELY ON YOURSELF.

THE eagle when teaching her young to fly, as they sit on the edge of the nest, fearful to venture into the abyss below, forces them from the home that has sheltered them so long, and so compels them to use their weak and untried wings, and soon comes strength and courage for the lofty and prolonged flight. Well were it for parents if they would show as much wisdom in the education of their children, and early train them to rely on their own unaided powers.

Nothing better could happen to the young man who has the right kind of grit, than to be thrown on the world and his own resources. A well-to-do judge once gave his son a thousand dollars, and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the Freshman year, his money all gone and with several extravagant habits. At the close of the vacation the judge said to his son, "Well, William, are you going to college this year?" "Have no money, father." "But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate on." "It is all gone, father." "Very well, my son; it was all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world." A

new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; again left home, made his way through college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and has made a record that will not soon die, for he was none other than William H. Seward.

Daniel Webster, about four years before his death, wrote in a letter to his grandson what every student and young person should remember: "You cannot learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you, if you do not apply yourself with all your might."

If we study the lives of great men, we shall find that many of them were obliged to toil unremittingly in early life, and were unable to go to college, or even avail themselves of any educational advantages, except that which came to them from diligent application to books during odd moments of leisure, and that almost invariably at some period of their career they had to face the battle of life alone, and the strength of mind and character which were thus developed made them great and successful. Truly did they find that "Heaven helps him who helps himself."

The men who have become rich are seldom those who started in business with capital, but those who had nothing to begin with but their strong arms and active brains. "A man's best friends are his ten


fingers," says that sturdy thinker, Robert Collyer, and "Poor Richard" expressed the same truth when he said: "He that by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive." The men who have always been bolstered up and assisted never amount to anything in a time of emergency; but will look about for some one to lean upon, and if no one comes to their rescue, down they go, out of sight. Whatever may be your calling, learn to depend on yourself. Fight your own battles, and you will probably win.

You are only sure of that being well done which you do yourself. If you trust to others you will most surely be perplexed and disappointed. If you ever mean to do anything in this world, you must take off your coat, set your face like a flint toward the accomplishment of your purpose, and never give up until the victory is yours.

"In battle or business whatever the game —
In law, or in love, it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power, or scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto, "Rely on yourself."
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can go it alone."

—*Saxe.*

WHAT MINUTES ARE WORTH.

 AN artist once picked up the scattered pieces of glass after a large stained window had been constructed, and with the fragments he made one of the most exquisite windows of a great cathedral in Europe. So should we use the fragments of time that are scattered through our lives. Moments are like grains of gold. It is said that the gold-room of the United States mint has double floors, the upper of which acts as a sieve, while the lower one catches the minute particles of precious dust which sift through, and that, by this contrivance, about thirty thousand dollars' worth of gold is saved every year. We need some such method to save the priceless but easily wasted moments of our lives. Said Napoleon to the pupils of a military school, "Remember that every lost moment is a chance for future misfortune."

The results accomplished by improving these spare moments are quite as surprising as are the accumulations of gold dust at the mint. Dr. Schlieman, the German explorer of the ruins of Troy, began the study of languages after arriving at manhood, and in the midst of an active business. He says: "I never went on an errand, even in the rain, without having my book in my hand, and learning something by heart; and I

never waited at the postoffice without reading." By thus improving these odd moments in this way, he acquired a thorough knowledge of the English and French languages in six months. By means of the aid and discipline acquired in mastering these two languages, he was able to write and speak fluently, Dutch, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese by six weeks' study of each. Elihu Burritt, who was called the "learned blacksmith," was a wonderful instance of what can be accomplished by improving the smallest fragments of time. While working at the bellows, he had his book fastened where his eye could rest upon it for an instant, and in this way began the study of languages, and became one of the most eminent linguists of his day.

Some one has remarked, "It was a maxim of the Latins that no one reached the summit of honor, unless he prudently used his time." This has been the secret of nearly all who have been noted for extraordinary ability, and have attained wonderful results.

The picture of a man with hat and coat off, working at the base of a mountain, while above him is the motto, "Little by little," suggests an important truth.

When Prof. Tyndall was a young man, he was in the government service, and although faithful in the performance of his duties, yet had no definite aim in life. One day one of the officials asked him how his leisure hours were employed, saying: "You have five hours a day at your disposal, and this ought to be devoted to systematic study. Had I, when at your age,

had a friend to advise me as I now advise you, instead of being in a subordinate position, I might have been at the head of my department." This good advice fell upon willing ears, for next day young Tyndall began a regular course of study. About seven years after, desiring a more thorough education, he attended a German university, and in a speech made at a banquet in New York he thus referred to his student life, and how he improved his time, and thus acquired the habits and discipline by which he became one of the foremost scientific men of Europe. He said: "In 1848, wishing to improve myself in science, I went to the University of Marburg, the same old town in which my great namesake, when even poorer than myself, published his translation of the Bible, I lodged in the plainest manner, in a street which perhaps bore an appropriate name while I dwelt upon it. It was called the Ketzerbach—the heretic's brook—from a little historic rivulet running through it. I wished to keep myself clean and hardy, so I purchased a cask and had it cut in two by a carpenter. Half that cask filled with spring water over night, was placed in my small bed-room, and never, during the years that I spent there, in winter or in summer, did the clock of the beautiful Elizabethe-kirch, which was close at hand, finish striking the hour of six in the morning, before I was in my tub. For a good portion of the time I rose an hour and a half earlier than this, working by lamp-light at the differential calculus, when the world was

slumbering around me. And I risked this breach in my pursuits, and this expenditure of time and money, not because I had any definite prospect of material profit in view, but because I thought the cultivation of the intellect important; because, moreover, I loved my work, and entertained the sure and certain hope that, armed with knowledge, one can successfully fight one's way through the world."

A sensible writer has made this observation: "The true economy of human life looks at ends rather than incidents, and adjusts expenditures to a moral scale of values. De Quincey pictures a woman sailing over the water, awakening out of sleep to find her necklace untied and one end hanging over the stream, while pearl after pearl drops from the string beyond her reach; while she clutches at one just falling, another drops beyond recovery. Our days drop one after another by our carelessness, like pearls from a string, as we sail the sea of life. Prudence requires a wise husbanding of time to see that none of these golden coins are spent for nothing. The waste of time is a more serious loss than the extravagances against which there is such loud acclaim."

A lady who had the care of a large household; and yet found time to engage in many works of charity, was asked how she was able to do so much. She replied: "I never lose sight of the odd minutes. I have so much to do that there is always something I can turn to if I have a minute to spare."

It is surprising how much can be accomplished by making good use of the early morning hours. It is related of Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, that he was always up with the sun, and he tells us in what way he gained the habit. "In my youth," said he, "I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of a great deal of my time; but my poor Joseph (his domestic) was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time he could make me get up at six. The next morning he did not fail to awake and torment me; but he received only abuse. The day after he did the same, with no better success, and I was obliged at noon to confess that I had lost my time. I told him that he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise, and not of my threats. The day following he employed force; I begged for indulgence, I bade him begone; I stormed, but Joseph persisted. I was, therefore, obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen volumes of my work."

Sir Walter Scott thus alludes to the freshness of his mind at the opening of the day, and the manner that he took advantage of it in his prodigious literary labors. He wrote in his diary: "When I had in former times to fill up a passage in a poem, it was al-

ways when I first opened my eyes that the desired ideas thronged upon me. I am in the habit of relying upon it, and saying to myself when I am at a loss, 'Never mind, we shall have it all at seven o'clock to-morrow morning.' " When asked what was the secret of the marvelous fertility of his pen, he said: "I have always made it a rule never to be doing nothing."

Milton rose at four in the winter, and five in the summer, or if not disposed to rise, in later years, had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him, and his wife said that often before rising he would dictate twenty or thirty verses to her. Some one says: "One hour lost in the morning will put back all the business of the day; one hour gained by rising early will make one month in the year."

One of the greatest hindrances to making use of spare moments is the tendency to dally, and to put off to another time what should be done at once. There is no time for indecision, for while we are considering and hesitating the moment is gone.

A forcible writer has aptly said: "There is no moment like the present; not only so, but there is no moment at all; that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sink in the slough of indolence."

Alexander the Great, on being asked how he had

conquered the world replied, "By not delaying." And so with us, if we are to conquer difficulties there must be promptitude of action. There must be also a plan or system of work, if much is to be accomplished. A few moments given one day to one thing, and the next day to something else, will merely fritter away the time and scatter our energies. The value of a plan of systematic reading or study cannot be estimated too highly. Says Hamberton: "Nothing wastes time like miscalculation. It negatives all results. It is the parent of incompleteness, the great author of the unfinished and the unserviceable." These inspiring words to young men apply to all who are striving to reach a higher goal.

"Wishing and sighing, imagining and dreaming of greatness," said William Wirt, "will not make you great. But cannot a young man command his energies? Read Foster on decision of character. This book will tell you what is in your power to accomplish. You must gird up your loins and go to work with the indomitable energy of Napoleon scaling the Alps. It is your duty to make the most of time, talents and opportunity.

"Alfred, King of England, though he performed more business than any of his subjects, found time to study.

"Franklin, in the midst of his labors, had time to dive into the depths of philosophy, and explore an untrodden path of science.

“Frederick the Great, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, and on the eve of battle, found time to revel in the charms of philosophy, and feast on the luxury of science.

“Napoleon, with Europe at his disposal, with kings in his ante-chamber, at the head of thousands of men, whose destinies were suspended on arbitrary pleasure, found time to converse with books.

“And young men, who are confined to labor or business, even twelve hours a day, may take an hour and a half of what is left, for study, and this will amount to two months in the course of the year.”

What might not be accomplished in the long winter evenings and early summer mornings, in the course of five or ten years, were some high purpose formed and followed, which would spur the mental powers to their utmost endeavor, and inspire the soul with high resolves. Thousands of dissatisfied lives will bear testimony to these words of a modern, talented writer: “There are few people who have not discovered how difficult it is to secure time for any pursuit over and above that required for the daily business of life. For instance, one has an ambition to excel in an accomplishment, or to acquire a language, or one’s tastes lie in the direction of geology or mineralogy. The hours which can be found and devoted without interruption to these cherished things are few, so few that often the plans are laid aside, and the attainments regarded as completely beyond the reach of the busy man or

woman. The demands of a profession, the cares of a household, the claims of society, and the duties of religion, so occupy every moment of every day, that it seems idle to try to keep up the studies which once were a joy and delight. If men and women would determine to do what they can with their bits of time, to learn what they can in the fragments and uninterrupted portions of days, which they can alone be sure of, they would be surprised at the end of a season, or at the end of a year, to find how much they had accomplished. It is better to read one good, strong book through in the winter, than to read nothing but the newspaper, and perhaps not that. A half hour daily devoted to any book, any art, or any esthetic pursuit, would be sufficient to keep it in the possession of the mind, and to give thought something to dwell upon, outside the engrossing and dwarfing cares of every day. That precious half hour would save from the narrowness and pettiness which are inevitable to those whose work is exclusively given to the materialities of life. It would tinge and color the day, as a drop of ruby liquid in the druggist's globe imparts its hue to a gallon of water. A feeling of discouragement comes over us when we compare ourselves and our opportunities with those of some living men, and with those of some who have gone, but whose biographies live. How did they learn so much, do so much, fill so large a space in the story of their times, and illustrate so grandly the possibilities of humanity? If we knew all

the truth, it was no doubt because the time we spend in fruitless effort, and in doing needless things, was steadily given by them to the things which count up, and make large sums total at the foot of life's balance-sheet. No doubt, too, because they were not contemptuous of scattered fragments of time, which they filled with honest work, and which paid them by making their work easier and more successful in the end. If we could make up our minds to accept the situation in which Providence has placed us, and then to do the best we can there, without repining, we might yet evolve some lovely creation out of our broken days."

May these suggestive words inspire you carefully to treasure the precious moments of your lives, and to heed this parting admonition, which, if followed, will fill life with a new measure of satisfaction, and crown it with glorious achievements. "Try what you can make of the broken fragments of time. Glean up its golden dust—those raspings and parings of precious duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out into the waste of existence. Perhaps, if you be a miser of moments, if you be frugal, and hoard up odd minutes, and half hours, and unexpected holidays, your careful gleanings may eke out a long and useful life, and you may die at last, richer in existence than multitudes, whose time is all their own."

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.



PEOPLE generally get what they pay for, and usually value those articles the most which cost them the highest price, and the greatest sacrifice to obtain. There may be now and then a person who stumbles on success by accident, as a man may stumble on a gold mine, but these instances are exceptional, and seldom happen. Those who succeed in any special department of human action are, as a rule, those who carefully plan for it, expect it, and are willing to pay the full price to attain it.

Success demands to be bought with a price; it is stern and unyielding in its requirements, inflexible in its terms, and exacts the uttermost farthing. It costs application, diligence, self-sacrifice and enthusiasm; the blandishments of pleasure must be disregarded, the allurements of fashionable society avoided, the quiet and retirement of solitude courted. One of the greatest thinkers and scholars of his age said, "I am as much cut off from the great body of men as if I belonged to a band of pirates." The whirl of giddy pleasure, the sound of intoxicating music, the measures of the dance, and even the frequent occasions of social festivities, all these were denied him, and were

dead to him. For him was the silent library, the intense concentration of continuous thought, the attrition with minds like his own, the conflict of ideas; and the world outside was to him as nothing.

A political leader in the British Parliament, forty years ago, said, "During the week which followed my taking office, I did not close my eyes for anxiety. I never take exercise now. From my getting up until four o'clock, I am engaged in the business of my office. At four I dine, go down to the House at five, and never stir until the House rises, which is always after midnight." This was the price he paid for his greatness, and compared with such a life of intense strain, the toil of the laborer who works ten hours a day is mere pastime. And yet this is but a fair example of the labor performed by many of our public men, which alas! often breaks down their constitution and shortens their days. The price of success is unremitting toil.

When Edmund Burke was making one of his wonderful speeches in Parliament, one of his brothers was standing by and said, "I always thought that Ned had all the brains in our family," but shortly afterwards remarked, "I see how it is, while we were sleeping and playing, he was working and studying." It is said that one of the greatest pieces of acting was by the famous Edmund Kean in the character of the gentleman villain. Before he would consent to appear in the character, he practiced assiduously before the glass, studying expressions, for a year and a half. Then he

said he was ready, and when he came on the stage, Byron, who with Moore was there to hear him, said that he had never looked upon so fearful and wicked a countenance. As the great actor proceeded to delineate the terrible consequences of sin, Byron swooned away, and before the play was over the audience had fled in horror from the fearful spectacle. That long year and a half of painstaking preparation, was a costly price to pay for success, but it purchased a full measure of it.

It is sad to note that success is often attained at the expense of the kindly qualities of the heart. Many a man of naturally jovial temperament and overflowing spirits, becomes by a continually studious and solitary life a confirmed recluse. That witty yet profound poet and philosopher, Oliver Wendell Holmes, has said, "I won't say the more intellect the less capacity for loving; for that would do wrong to the understanding and reason; but, on the other hand, that the brain often runs away with the heart's best blood, which gives the world a few pages of wisdom, or sentiment, or poetry instead of making one other heart happy, I have no question." This sentiment was also well expressed by one of our eloquent divines when he said, "All the great intellectual development which the world has ever seen, has been reached at the cost of the heart. When the intellect weds itself fully to certain paths of study and toil, the heart soon sunders the many sweet and beautiful associations of the wide

world. It is written in all history that a life of thought is a constant warfare against a life of sociability and cheerfulness and love."

The biographer of that brilliant child of genius, Rufus Choate, says that although he was "forever in the midst of his clients or his household, yet he always seemed lonely and solitary," and though he was peculiarly fitted to shine in society, yet he became averse to it.

The celebrated naturalist, Audubon, cut himself aloof for years from the haunts of men, and plunged into the gloomy depths of forests and swamps for the purpose of observing the habits and drawing sketches of American birds, but the result was that he gave to the world the most comprehensive work in this department of natural history ever attempted. But for this he endured exposure, hardships innumerable, hunger and cold, the taunts of strangers, and the pity and distrust of friends.

A rough, hard working frontiersman, who had heard that the Emperor of Russia, after examining Audubon's splendid work, was so much delighted that he presented the author with a signet ring studded with diamonds as a token of his admiration, thus gave vent to his indignation: "So the great, overgrown Emperor of Russia gave that hateful little bird-shooting, alligator-catching, and rattle-snake stuffing, crazy fellow a goold ring, did he? Well, upon my word, it is just like the Emperors though; plenty to throw away on fellows who never do an honest day's work in their lives, and nothing for the industrious poor man.

Audubon is the kind they like. I've seen him loafing about my clearing for a month at a time, so dreadfully lazy that he would sit all day under a tree, pretending to watch a bird as big as my thumb, build its nest; and what's more, he'd shoot humming birds with a rifle, and let deer and turkeys (that's game) pass unnoticed. I don't think his pictures were worth the paper he made 'em on, nor was he worth the powder that would blow him up." The rough frontiersman probably expressed the estimate in which the patient labors of the naturalist were held by the great mass of people; and so the price he paid for his success was not only his solitary wanderings and tireless researches, but the indifference with which his work was regarded, and the entire lack of appreciation on the part of even the educated classes with which it was at first received. The multitude little think of what success costs, and would be unwilling to pay the price did they know it.

It is only those who are willing to tread the rugged road of self-denial and toil that need expect to succeed in any line of effort. The great multitude whose object in life is to gratify their desires, and who live for mere enjoyment, will pass away, and soon their memories will be forgotten. In the immortal allegory of Bunyan, the great dreamer, one stood at the door of a palace, the entrance to which was disputed by armed men, and cried,

"Come in, come in!

Eternal glory thou shalt win!"

and soon the pilgrim saw approaching a resolute man who drew his sword with such effect that the opposing forces gave way, and in triumph he entered the palace.

Thus it is in life. The temple of honor is beset with legions of difficulties and obstacles, and he who would enter must draw his sword, and with brave and resolute spirit battle valiantly against each opposing foe.

It is related of Alexander the Great that he "desired his preceptor to prepare for him some easier and shorter way to learn geometry; but he was told that he must be content to travel the same road as others.

"It is the old route of labor, along which are many landmarks and many wrecks. It is lesson after lesson with the scholar, blow after blow with the laborer, crop after crop with the farmer, picture after picture with the painter, step after step and mile after mile with the traveler, that secures what all desire—success."

Then labor on patiently, toiler, whatever may be your task—whether of the hand or the brain. Work wisely and steadily, and in due time you will be crowned with that success which you have so richly earned.

CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.



POET, showing a profound knowledge of human nature, has well said:
“We grow like those with whom we daily blend,”
and both the deductions of reason and the fruits of experience abundantly verify the assertion. God has created us with such delicate and sensitive natures that we are unconsciously influenced by those around us,—we acquire their eccentricities, we imitate their style of speech, our minds become accustomed to run in the same grooves, and we often even adopt the very tone of voice or manner of expression. A professor in a college will often impress a certain peculiarity of manner upon whole classes of pupils, and how often a great orator will engraft the intonations of his voice, the singularity of his gestures, or the idioms of his language upon hundreds who are spell-bound by his eloquence. We are creatures of imitation, and no effort of the will, however powerful, can wholly free us from this universal principle. We are like a looking-glass,—we reflect back the figures held before us. If a jolly, vivacious acquaintance, who is fairly brimming over with good humor and sprightliness, comes to us, how soon we ourselves become mirthful, and feel our whole being aglow with an infectious enthusiasm; or if

in the company of a sour, complaining person, how quickly our spirits become depressed, and yield to the same fault-finding tendency. And so not only with attributes of character, but also in matters of taste, how often do we see the mind largely controlled by the influence of early associates. The love for an art or a profession, or an intellectual pursuit, is often derived from the influence of some cherished friend, to whom one looks up with tender regard and confidence.

It is one of the revelations of chemistry, that some substances produce changes in others, by their mere presence; and this is certainly true of our associates. Can we not all call to mind people whom just to meet makes us feel more kindly, earnest and noble; and fortunate are we if we do not know others who turn the milk of human kindness sour, and fill us with dissatisfaction and distrust. That wise old proverb, "Tell me thy company and I will tell thee what thou art," we unconsciously apply when forming our judgment of others. The maxim, "Keep company with the good and thou wilt be one of them," contains a golden truth. Sir Peter Lely, the great painter, made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, because he found by experience that whenever he did so, his pencil took a hint from it, which disfigured his own work, so subtle and insidious are the influences of evil association. John B. Gough, that matchless temperance orator, never ceased to lament the evil companionship of his young manhood. Speaking on this subject, he said: "I

would give my right hand if I could forget that which I have learned in evil society; if I could tear from my remembrance the scenes which I have witnessed, the transactions which have taken place before me. You cannot, I believe, take away the effect of a single impure thought that has lodged and harbored in the heart. You may pray against it, and, by God's grace, you may conquer it; but it will, through life, cause you bitterness and anguish." Tennyson uttered in a line a thought more powerful than the theories of whole schools of philosophy,

"I am a part of all that I have met."

Charles Kingsley thus enlarges on the same thought: "Men become false if they live with liars; cynics if they live with scorners; mean if they live with the covetous; affected if with the affected, and actually catch the expression of each others faces. * * * Whomsoever a young man or a young woman shall choose as their ideal, to him or her they will grow like, according to their power; so much so, that I have seen a man of real genius, stamp not only his moral peculiarities and habits of thought, but his tones of voice and handwriting, on a whole school of disciples of very different characters from himself, and from each other."

If, then, our characters are thus moulded by those with whom we associate, how careful should we be in the choice of our company. If we cultivate the society

of those who possess superior mind and exalted character, we may hope to become like them.

Thackeray has left this excellent advice: "Try to frequent the company of your betters; in books and society, that is the most wholesome society. Learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure in life is that. Note what the great men admired; they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly."

Emerson says: "Talk much with any man of vigorous mind, and we acquire very fast the habit of looking at things in the same light, and on each occurrence we anticipate his thought." And so, if we mingle with those who have lofty views of life,—who are blessed with all the charms which accompany purity of thought and action, we gradually learn to look from the same standpoint; we become animated with the same noble resolves; we see glimpses of their glorious ideals, and we become elevated and purified by the blessed influence which emanates from them.

That great preacher, John Wesley, when a student at Oxford, made a resolution that he would have no companions by chance, but by choice, and that he would only choose such as would "help him on his way to heaven;" and this resolution he carried out strictly, and a life of honor and usefulness followed, such as but few attain.

On the other hand, Charles Lamb, naturally one of the most brilliant and amiable of men, when young,

began to frequent the company of the boisterous, intemperate and dissipated, who thought themselves witty and jovial, and what were the fruits? A dozen years after, a miserable wreck of manhood, he said: "Behold me now, at the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, the obscure perplexity of an ill dream. In the day time I stumble upon dark mountains. Business, which I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights and perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation that gives me bread, from a harrassing conceit of incapacity. So much the springs of action are broken. My favorite occupations in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me."

Such was the fearful retribution which evil brought him, even while yet young, and such will be meted out to all who are deluded enough to follow the same perilous course. The power to choose is placed in our hands,—the good and pure and wise are ever ready to welcome us to their circle, and a long life of honor, usefulness and blessed influence will attend the choice. The corrupt and abandoned beckon us also to their midst, but through the enchantments and witcheries of their vaunted pleasures may be seen shame and dishonor, a wasted life, and a premature grave.

ENJOY LIFE AS YOU GO.



HERE is an Eastern legend of a powerful genii, who promised a beautiful maiden a gift of rare value if she would pass through a field of corn and, without pausing, going backward, or wandering hither and thither, select the largest and ripest ear,—the value of the gift to be in proportion to the size and perfection of the ear she should choose. She passed through the field, seeing a great many well worth gathering, but always hoping to find a larger and more perfect one, she passed them all by, when, coming to a part of the field where the stalks grew more stunted, she disdained to take one from these, and so came through to the other side without having selected any.

This little fable is a faithful picture of many lives, which are rejecting the good things in their way and within their reach, for something before them for which they vainly hope, but will never secure. On a dark night and in a dangerous place, where the footing is insecure, a lantern in the hand is worth a dozen stars.

It is well to look beyond the present into the future, and in the season of strength and prosperity, to make

provision for a time when misfortune and old age may overtake us. This is a positive duty that we owe to ourselves and to society, and if we neglect to do this, we must reap the bitter consequences of our indiscretion, for every person in his right mind will look at life as a whole, and work for the end as well as for the beginning. But this does not mean that we should ignore the present altogether, nor that our pleasures should consist solely in the anticipation of some future prosperity or expected success.

Some one has said that of all the dreary disillusionings, the dreariest must be that of the rich old man who has denied himself every pleasure during the years when he had the power to enjoy it, and sits down to partake at the eleventh hour of the feast of life, when appetite is dead, and love has departed. And yet what multitudes are doing this very thing, and thus cheating themselves of the most rational enjoyment of their existence. The business man with a moderate competence, instead of enjoying it, is eager to realize some ambitious dream of a widely extended power and patronage. He lays plans which require half a lifetime to carry out, and then bends all his energies to attain his end, and in the meantime all is worry, bustle and anxiety, home is but a stopping place, and he derives no substantial pleasures from friends, society or intellectual recreations. He thinks that he will wait until his scheme is realized, and then he will enjoy life. In a majority of instances his planning ends in disappoint-

ment, and he becomes embittered in temper and spirit by failure; but if he should succeed, and have the proud satisfaction of seeing the realization of his dreams, he finds that, some way or other, happiness still seems to be somewhere in the future, and is not found just how and where he expected. And so life passes away without affording him day by day as he passes through it, those little pleasures, healthful enjoyments and wholesome recreations which might have brightened his pathway.

A popular writer has said, and how often it is verified by observation, "How many men there are who have toiled and saved to make money that they might be happy by and by, but who, by the time they are fifty or sixty years old, have used up all the enjoyable nerve in them? During their early life they carried economy and frugality to the excess of stinginess, and when the time came that they expected joy there was no joy for them."

A sagacious man has well observed: "How can the eager, driven man of business pause to read and study? how can he command the calmness and quiet necessary to form habits of thought? how can he acquire a love of literary pursuits when engrossed constantly in far different matters? Here again he admits he is not living now, but only getting ready to live in the future. In the same way he postpones liberality. He cannot afford to be generous now, as every dollar is needed to support and extend his business; after awhile, when

he is rich enough, he will devote his well earned gains to the good of his fellow men, and the promotion of beneficent enterprises. So he drifts on from year to year, letting slip hundreds of present opportunities of doing good, in the mistaken idea that thus he can better embrace those of the future." The wife and mother, wearied with unnumbered cares, and exhausted by nightly vigils and daily solitudes, is often well-nigh discouraged, and looks only to the grave for relief from weariness. Would it not strengthen her heart and brighten her way with some gleams of present joy could she but realize how exalted is the place to which God has called her, and to what blessed ministry she is appointed. Were that home to be swept away by some unforeseen calamity, or darkened by the shadow of death, how would she look back to former days and wonder that they were not full of praise and thanksgiving.


That charming writer, Miss Muloch, has truly said: "Nobody will see his own blessings, or open his heart to enjoy them, till the golden hour has gone forever, and he finds out too late all that he might have had, and might have done." If we cannot have just the things we would like in this world of ours, it is the wisest way to like what we have. There is a profound and practical philosophy in the sentiment expressed by a recent writer: "This looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle

moonshine for a cloudy night. The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice when he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune, or they will be sure to miss their enjoyment when they have gained what they have sighed for." Let us, then, while planning for the future, beware how we slight the present; the *now* of life is the only time of which we are sure, and it should be our aim to improve and enjoy, not with a prodigal's waste, or miser's stint, but with the rational purpose of making every hour contribute something to the happiness and value of a lifetime.

"There is a good time coming, boys;"
So runs the hopeful song;
Such is the poetry of youth,
When life and hope are strong;
But when these buoyant days are passed
Age cries: "How changed are men!
Things were not so when I was young,
The best of times was then."

"There is a good time coming, boys;"
And many a one has passed;
For each has had his own good time,
And will have to the last.
Then do thy work while lingers youth,
With freshness on its brow,
Still mindful of life's greatest truth,
The best of times is now.

LITTLE THINGS.

UCCESS or failure depends in a great degree upon the attention given to little things and petty details. It is said that the Duke of Wellington largely owed his victories to the importance which he attached to the seemingly unimportant details of army life. Nothing was too minute to escape his notice,—his soldiers' shoes, the camp kettles, rations, horse fodder, and everything pertaining to their equipments was subject to his vigorous personal investigation, and the fruits of this attention to little things were successful campaigns and glorious victories. Napoleon attributed his success to his wise use of time, which enabled him to hurl his forces like thunder-bolts in unexpected places. Nelson, the greatest sea warrior of modern times, said that he owed all his success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before his time, and to his habit of giving the most minute attention to details.

A person was once watching the great sculptor Canova, while he was completing one of his marvelous statues. The taps of the artist's mallet were seemingly so trivial and meaningless, that the visitor thought that he was making sport of his work, but the artist rebuked him with these words: "The touches

which you ignorantly hold in such small esteem, are the very things which make the difference between the failure of a bungler and the perfection of a master."

Poussin, the great painter, accounted for his reputation in these words: "Because I have neglected nothing;" and so in all departments of human activity, the meed of highest excellence is awarded to those who have exhibited tireless devotion to the petty details of their calling.

To what important results have little things contributed. The discovery of printing was suggested by carving some rude letters on the bark of a tree. A boiling tea kettle indicated the power of steam and set in tireless activity a busy brain; and a perfected steam engine was the result. That wonderful force in nature—electricity—was discovered by noticing that a polished surface, when sharply rubbed, attracted small bits of paper. A lamp swinging in a church suggested to the observing mind of Galileo the first idea of a pendulum. A spider's web swinging in the air, stretched from point to point, was all that a fertile brain was waiting for to give birth to the conception of a suspension bridge. A little spark, accidentally falling on some ingredients mixed in a mortar, led to the discovery of gunpowder, and thus to a complete revolution in the mode of warfare. The falling of an apple, set at work the mighty intellect of Sir Isaac Newton, and the discovery of the law of gravitation was the result. The telescope and all the wonderful revelations

it makes known to us of the illimitable universe, we owe to the trifling occurrence of some children looking through several pairs of spectacles at a distant object, and calling the attention of their father to its changed appearance. One of Handel's matchless harmonies was suggested to him by hearing the sounds from a blacksmith's anvil. The change of a comma in a bill which passed through congress several years ago, cost our government a million dollars. The history of France was changed, and a powerful dynasty overthrown by a glass of wine. The Duke of Orleans, the son and prospective successor of King Louis Phillipe, a noble young man physically and morally, while breakfasting with some friends on a convivial occasion, although too elevated a character to be dissipated, yet was tempted by the festivity of the hour to drink a glass of wine too much. On parting from his companions he took a carriage, the horses took fright, he leaped to the ground, and being slightly unbalanced, he lost his footing, his head was dashed against the pavement, and he was carried away bruised and unconscious, soon to die. If it had not been for that extra glass of wine, he would probably have kept his seat, or when springing to the ground would have alighted on his feet. That glass of wine brought about the death of the heir apparent to the throne, the exile of his family, and the confiscation of their immense wealth amounting to a hundred million of dollars.

A cricket once saved an important military expedition from destruction. The commanding officer, Cabeza de Vaca, and several hundred of his men were on a great ship going to South America, and, nearing the shore, through the carelessness of the watch, they would have been dashed against a ledge of rock had it not been for a little cricket which a soldier had brought on board. The little insect had been silent during the whole voyage, but scenting the land, it struck up its shrillest note, and by this they were warned of their danger and were saved. An insect is a small creature compared to the huge beasts of the forest, but it has been calculated that the insects upon our globe, if piled in one mass, would exceed in bulk the beasts and birds.

We unconsciously form our estimate of people by little things. A word or a look often reveals the inner nature. A pin, says an English writer, is a very little thing in an article of dress, but the way it is put into the dress often reveals to you the character of the wearer.

Neglect of little things has ruined many a rich man; it has scattered many a princely fortune; it has destroyed many a prosperous business; it has defeated many an important enterprise; it has damaged many a fine reputation; it has broken down many a good constitution; it has made wretched many a happy life; it has wrecked many a precious soul.

Great learning consists in an aggregate of an infinite

number of little facts, which have been separately mastered. That great philosopher, John Locke, said, "The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulations of single propositions."

Happiness is made up of a succession of pleasing occurrences, which, though they may be small in themselves, yet make one's life full of enjoyment. A kind word is but a little thing, but it has changed the aspect of the whole world to many a despairing creature, and saved many a soul. A kind action may cost but a moment's effort and be soon forgotten by the doer and yet it may save a life to usefulness and virtue.

We call him strong who stands unmoved—
Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shock;
We say of him, his strength is proved;
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then life's little things?

We call him great who does some deed
That echo bears from shore to shore—
Does that, and then does nothing more;
Yet would his work earn richer meed,
When brought before the King of Kings.
Were he but great in little things.

BODILY VIGOR.

THERE are occasional instances of men whose active, powerful minds seem unfettered by their slight, sickly bodies, and who, in spite of physical weakness, have by their strong will and giant intellect accomplished much. But this is the exception, and not the rule. A large percentage of the ability which is attributed to the brain is really due to a splendid physique. Bodily vigor means activity, enthusiasm, determination and energy,—it means that the mind has at command its best powers, and that all the parts of our nature are in a condition to work together joyously and harmoniously. Most of those who have accomplished much in the world have been vigorous in body as well as active in mind, and have been distinguished for their physical strength and endurance.

Washington had a splendid physique, and excelled in all the games of his time. One of his relatives said that he had the strongest hands of any man he had ever known. In the latter part of his life he was passing over his estate at Mt. Vernon and stopped to watch three of his workmen who were trying to raise a large stone to a certain position. After watching their use-

less attempts for some time, he dismounted, bade them to stand aside, and then with a giant's grasp he lifted it to its place, remounted his horse and passed on.

Wesley, whose life was one of astonishing labor, observed on his eighty-first birthday: "To-day I entered on my eighty-second year, and found myself just as strong to labor, and as fit for exercise in body and mind, as I was forty years ago." At the age of eighty-three he remarked: "I am a wonder to myself; it is now twelve years since I have felt any such sensation as weariness." Prof. Wilson, the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, as might be expected from his exuberant style, was a man fairly overflowing with vitality, and frequently astonished his friends by his wonderful powers of endurance. He thought nothing of a jaunt on foot of twenty or thirty miles in an afternoon, merely for pleasure.


Chief Justice Chase was a man of herculean frame, which carried him through the excessive fatigues of his laborious life. While attending the Supreme Court at Washington he walked every day regularly, winter and summer, to and from his residence, which was two miles away. John Quincy Adams had such a strong constitution that he took not only long walks, but bathed in the Potomac in winter as well as summer.

It is a matter of astonishment how a long list of English statesmen have kept on the harness of toil and seemed to preserve their powers fresh and unimpaired

even beyond the allotted period of life. Palmerston, Russell, Lyndhurst, Brougham, and many others, worked at the most exhaustive labor for twenty or thirty years after the powers of most men begin to fail. The secret was their bodily vigor, which they retained by their athletic sports, constant exercise, and care of themselves. Some one has said that "a strong mind in a weak body is like a superior knife blade in an inferior handle. Its workmanship may be ever so finished, its temper ever so true, its edge ever so keen; but for want of means to wield it properly, it will not cut to much purpose."

In these days of fierce competition in every trade and profession, that man has but a poor prospect of success who has not a good stock of vitality; certainly his chances are much impaired without it. In a long and desperate struggle, the man who wins is he with the firmest nerve, the strongest muscle, the best blood; for out of these come the "grit" which is bound to conquer or die. Young man, if you are fired with a great purpose, and feel your blood throb with the pulse of a resistless ambition, guard jealously the powers of your body: take means to make your frame stronger, your constitution more vigorous, so that when the great strain comes which your ambition, or stern duty, will surely bring, you may not falter and ignominiously sink under the burden, but may show yourself equipped with strength equal to every emergency.

DRINK AND ITS DOINGS.

 MOS LAWRENCE, who went to Boston a poor country boy and became one of the most wealthy and successful merchants in the land, when speaking of his resolution never to drink or use tobacco, said: "In the first place, take this for your motto at the commencement of your journey, that the difference of going *just right* or a *little wrong*, will be the difference of finding yourself in good quarters, or in a miserable bog or slough at the end of your journey."

One of the most important subjects on which to stand "just right" is the matter of drinking, for of all the terrible curses that have destroyed humanity, intemperance is the most fearful. Sir Matthew Hale, one of the oldest Chief Justices of England and one of the purest of men, declared as the result of his observation during his long experience on the bench, that four-fifths of the crimes and offences which had been committed proceeded from strong drink, and in our own days Charles Kingsley, the celebrated divine and writer, of London, who had unusual opportunities for close observation, said that if dyspepsia and liquors were banished from society, there would be no crime,

or at least so little, that we should not consider it worth mentioning.

As much money is spent in our country every twenty years for liquors, as the entire property of the country is worth. How would our earth be redeemed if a vice which causes four-fifths of the crime, and this fearful waste of substance could be removed. A quaint old writer says: "There is no sin which doth more deface God's image than drunkenness; it disguiseth a person, and doth even unman him. Drunkenness makes him have the throat of a fish, the belly of a swine, and the head of an ass. Drunkenness is the shame of nature, the extinguisher of reason, the shipwreck of chastity, and the murder of conscience. The cup kills more than the cannon; it causes dropsies, catarrhs, apoplexies; it fills the eye with fire, and the legs with water, and turns the body into a hospital."

Drink perverts the appetite, weakens the will, debases the moral nature. It makes a man coarse, brutal and repulsive and seems to cast out every element of manliness, and principle of honor. The only safe rule is to let it alone. If there is not sufficient resolution to resist the first glass, what folly to suppose that the tenth or fiftieth can be put away, when the habit of drinking is more or less formed, and an appetite created.

Samuel Johnson, when dining with Hannah Moore, was requested to take a glass of wine with her. Said he, "I can't drink a little, child, therefore I never

touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult." The sad experience of thousands of ruined men will be but repeated, if their terrible example of beginning to drink moderately is followed

A talented clergyman, obliged to abandon his church and profession because he was a drunkard, thus spoke in his closing address: "I well remember the time when I thought it strange that others drank and ruined themselves with alcohol. I am glad that there are so many young men here this morning, that I may lift my voice in warning, and beg them to profit by my example. You think now that you are strong, and in no danger, I well remember the time when I believed the same. Twelve years ago, when I reached forth my inexperienced hand to take the intoxicating cup, I thought I was strong; but I developed a habit that now holds me in chains, and in the most abject slavery that humanity was ever subjected to. It holds me in its embrace when I seek my bed for repose; it disturbs my dreams during the weary hours of the night, and seizes me as its prey when I rise up in the morning to enter upon the duties of the day," and then looking back at his once bright, but then ruined prospects, he bade them to profit by his example.

Dr. Nott, the venerable president of Union College, made this terrible charge to Christian drinkers: "It is the reputable Christian wine drinkers who are the men who send forth from the high places of society, and

sometimes even from the portals of the sanctuary, an unsuspected, unrebuked but powerful influence, which is secretly and silently doing on every side—among the young, among the aged, among even females—*its work of death.*”

At a religious convention an influential clergyman spoke vehemently in favor of the moderate use of wine, and denounced those who would banish from their tables this token of hospitality. On taking his seat a venerable layman arose, and with a voice trembling with emotion said that he should not attempt to answer the argument of the clergyman, but relate an incident. He said: “I once knew a father in moderate circumstances, who had a beloved son whom he educated at college at great sacrifice. While at college the son became dissipated, but on his return home he was induced to reform. After several years, when he had completed his professional studies and was about to leave home to enter into business, he was invited to dine with a neighboring clergyman noted for his hospitality and social qualities. At this dinner, wine was introduced and offered to him and he refused. It was again offered and refused, but at length the young man was ridiculed for his strictness, and he drank and fell, and from that moment became a confirmed drunkard, and long since has found a drunkard’s grave. “Mr. Moderator,” continued the old man, with streaming eyes, “I am that father; and it was at the table of the clergyman who has just taken his seat, that his token

of hospitality ruined the son I shall never cease to mourn."

Can anything be more terrible than for a man to be within the remorseless grasp of this debasing appetite, to realize his degradation, and to see his approaching doom! That child of genius, Burns, the Scottish poet, declared that if a barrel of rum were placed in one corner of the room, and a loaded cannon were ready to be fired upon him if he approached it, he had no choice, but must go to the rum.

A story is told of a stage-driver on the Pacific Coast who was dying, and who in his last moments kept moving his foot as if feeling for something. On being asked what he wanted, he faintly whispered: "I am going down grade, and cannot get my foot on the brake," and then died. What a striking illustration this is of the drunkard's rapid course down the declivity of life, and his powerlessness to check himself.

Said the brilliant Tom Marshall when he came to die, after a dissipated life, "Well, well, this is the end. Tom Marshall is dying, dying, not having a suit of clothes in which to be buried; dying upon a borrowed bed, covered with a borrowed sheet, in a house built for charity. Well, well, it is meet and proper," and thus with his thoughts reviewing the folly of his course, he passed away.

The gifted Charles Lamb thus uttered his sad wail of warning and helplessness: "The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard I would cry out to all those who have but set

one foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scene of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise, to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feebler outcry, to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all its mantling temptation.”

St. Ambrose, one of the early Christian fathers, tells of a drunkard who, being informed that unless he abstained from drunkenness and excess, that he would lose his eyes, replied: ‘Farewell, sweet light, then. I must have pleasure in that sin; I must drink, though I drink out my eyes; then farewell eyes, and farewell light and all.”

Can any one who reads these sad confessions of great and talented men, who have been addicted to drink, dare hope to follow their example and not reap the harvest of woe which they gathered? That great man, **Dr. Guthrie**, in describing what he had seen in the

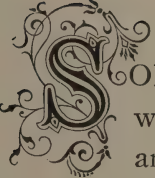
drunken homes of Edinburgh, says: "I have heard the wail of children crying for bread, and their mother had none to give them. I have seen the babe pulling breasts as dry as if the starved mother had been dead. I have known a father turn a step-daughter into the street at night, bidding the sobbing girl who bloomed into womanhood earn her bread there as others were doing. I have bent over the foul pallet of a dying lad to hear him whisper, and his father and mother, who were sitting half drunk by the fireside had pulled the blankets off his body to sell them for drink. I have seen the children, blanched like plants growing in a cellar—for weeks they never breathed a mouthful of fresh air for want of rags to cover their nakedness; and they lived in continual terror of a drunken father or mother coming home to beat them. I don't recollect ever seeing a mother in these wretched dwellings dandling her infant, or of hearing the little creature crow or laugh. These are some of drink's doings; but nobody can know the misery I suffered amid those scenes of wretchedness, woe, want and sin."

Young man, as you cherish all the fond hopes and bright promises of your youth; as you value the lofty aspirations of your ambitious manhood; as you would preserve the brain to conceive, the will to direct and the arm to execute in all their might as God has given them to you; as you would fulfill your obligations to society, and to your family; as you would spare sorrow to the parents who lean upon you, do not tamper with this fearful vice.



MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

OME one has said that the three sweetest words in our language are, "Mother, Home and Heaven." We may well pity that being so unfortunate as not to have enjoyed the blessings of a happy home, for in the battle of life we need to be armed with the counsels and prayers of a mother, and all holy and sweet home influences, if we are to successfully meet the snares and perils which will beset us. Home is the paradise in which this wonderful world is first revealed to our growing consciousness, and as from its safe shelter we look out upon life we form our estimate of it according to the impressions and teachings we there receive.

If the home is brightened with the sunshine of love, its radiance is reflected in all around us, and the whole world appears to us only as one family,—full of kind thoughts, tender sympathies, gentle ministrations and noble deeds. If the home life is sour, gloomy and unhappy, then we see the whole world through the same atmosphere of misery and discontent; and it is to us only a dull, dismal prison, crowded with selfish souls, whose petty strifes and base actions cause perpetual turmoils and unhappiness.

A contented heart is better than great riches

Many a wealthy man looks back to hours in his early life when he was far happier than now. A millionaire gives a leaf from his own experience: "I'll tell you when was the happiest hour of my life. At the age of one-and-twenty I had saved up eight hundred dollars. I was earning five hundred dollars a year, and my father did not take it from me, only requiring that I should pay for my board. At the age of twenty-two I had secured a pretty cottage, just outside of the city. I was able to pay two-thirds of the value down, and also to furnish it respectably. I was married on Sunday—a Sunday in June—at my father's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth of womanhood. The Sabbath and the Sabbath night we passed beneath my father's roof, and on Monday morning I went to my work, leaving my mother and sisters to help in preparing my home. On Monday evening, when the labors of the day were done, I went not to the paternal shelter, as in the past, but to my own house—*my own* HOME. The holy atmosphere of that hour seems to surround me even now in my memory. I opened the door of my cottage and entered. I laid my hat upon the little stand in the hall, and passed on to the kitchen—our kitchen and dining-room were all in one then. I pushed open the kitchen door. The table was set against the wall; the evening meal was ready, prepared by the hands of her who had come to be my help-meet in deed as well as in name; and by the table, with a throbbing;

expectant look upon her lovely and loving face, stood my wife.

"I tried to speak but could not. I could only clasp the waiting angel to my bosom, thus showing to her the ecstatic burden of my heart. The years have passed—long, long years—and wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honored and envied; but, as true as heaven, I would give it all, every dollar, for the joy of the hour of that June evening in the long, long ago!"

It is the home and its influences that largely mould the character and shape the future destiny of the young. Byron had a miserable home and a passionate mother, and his whole life was blighted and unhappy. He sneered at purity, doubted all goodness, and scoffed at sacred things. His wretched life and profligate career, were but the legitimate consequences of his defective home training. Hundreds of illustrious names might be mentioned, of those who were equally exposed to temptation, but who resisted it because they were strengthened by the wise training and tender memories of happy homes.

O ye builders of homes, who hold in your hands this great power for good or evil, do not make the fatal mistake of caring for everything else but this; of spending all your time, and exhausting all your energies in pursuit of wealth, society, honor or fame, forgetting that, compared to a happy home, all these are but "vanity and vexation of spirit."

Perhaps you are hoarding your wealth and shortening your days by over-work, in order to secure a competence for the future of your children, while your home is so bare, and its life so barren that they will leave it, and yourself, at the first opportunity without regret. Far better for them if they should leave it without a dollar of the store you are gathering up, could they but carry away with them tender memories of its sheltering roof, and a wealth of warm affection for you.

Remember that youth comes to us but once; that it is a season of golden hopes, of overflowing spirits and of joyous anticipations, and that it demands surroundings suited to these emotions. You may require no recreation but such as your business and daily toil supply; your mind may be absorbed in your plans and schemes, which appear to you of almost as much importance as the affairs of an empire, and with this you are satisfied; but, if so, your eyes are not young eyes, and your heart must have long ago been dead to the voices of your youth, to expect that your children will be contented and happy, unless you respond to some of the impulses of their joyous natures. If you have not already the refining power of music in your little circle, procure a piano or organ, and encourage your children to sing and play. Adorn your walls with pictures and thus cultivate a love of art; subscribe to a standard magazine or two, and provide them with such books as will give them glimpses of what is going on in the world around them, and make them familiar

with the best current and standard literature. Encourage a love for flowers and flower culture; and do not be ashamed, nor too busy, to join them sometimes in their games and sports. Do not keep your boys at work so constantly as to make them hate the old farm, but sometimes let them have part of an afternoon to themselves. Give them some tools with which to exercise their mechanical ingenuity on rainy days and at odd times. Let them have a part of the garden for their own pleasure and profit, and a sheep or colt of their own to care for and manage; and all these things will be so many anchors to fasten them to home and establish their loyalty to it.

Some one has wisely said, "I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house, and the grounds around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home as much as possible and enjoy it; but when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing or jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home,—that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention, and make the most display."

Above all, there must be the spirit of kindness and harmony; for without this, all else would be mockery. An old laborer, being remonstrated with by his pastor for not bringing up his boys as he should, said: "I dunno know how 'tis, sir; I order them down

to pray every night and morning, and when they won't go down I knock 'em down, and yet they ain't good."

Parental authority is indispensable, but it must not degenerate into despotism, for despotism in families, as in nations, ever creates rebellion. Of all tyranny, that in the home is the most odious. Thackeray has said: "In our society there is no law to control the king of the fireside. He is master of property, happiness—life, almost. He may kill a wife gradually, and be no more questioned, than the Grand Seignor who drowns a slave at midnight. He may make slaves or hypocrites of his children, or friends and freemen; or drive them into revolt against the natural law of love. When the annals of each little reign are shown the Supreme Master, under whom we hold sovereignty, histories will be laid bare of household tyrants, cruel as Amurath, savage as Nero, and reckless and dissolute as Charles."


An attractive home will be ruled by the law of love. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said: "The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a great deal longer." When your children do well, do not be afraid to tell them so. Thomas Hughes, the hearty, whole-souled author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," says: "You can never get a man's best out of him without praise," and how much more do children need it. It is like sunshine to them, without which there can be neither buds, blossoms, nor fruit.

This custom of a certain family might be followed with like happy results in other homes.

In a certain farm-house, twenty years ago, a great blank-book was kept, and labeled "Home Journal." Every night some one made an entry in it. Father set down the sale of the calves, or mother the cut of the baby's eye-tooth; or, perhaps, Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night; or Bob the proceedings of the Phi Beta Club. On towards the middle of the book there was an entry of Jenny's marriage, and one of the younger girls had added a description of the bridesmaids' dresses; and long afterward there was written, "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand. There was a blank of many months after that. But nothing could have served better to bind that family of headstrong boys and girls together than the keeping of this book. They come back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother, who is still living, and turn over its pages reverently, with many a hearty laugh, or with tears coming into their eyes. It is their childhood come back again in visible shape.

Parents, depend upon it, you have no holier nor higher work to do than to make home attractive. In after years your endeavors will be repaid a hundred fold by the grateful affection, the happy memories, and the noble lives of your children, who, whatever their success elsewhere, will ever turn to the old homestead and its inmates as the Mecca of their earthly pilgrimage.

THE MISSION OF MUSIC.

OME one has said that music "washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life." It thus keeps the spirits fresh and elastic, and better fitted to combat the trials and perplexities of the daily routine of toil. In the marvelous complex structure of our nature, we are gifted with certain qualities of emotion, imagination and enthusiasm, which wield a power superior to that of the body, and exercise a prerogative all their own. Music is one of the most potent agencies to arouse these powers, and through them to exercise a most important influence on our lives. It enables us to forget care and sorrow, and drives away fatigue, and all the fogs of gloomy dejection; it rouses to unwonted activity the latent powers within us, inspires the heart with courage, and nerves it with new resolutions; it strengthens the will to carry forward its designs, gives to the world about us an aspect of joy and brightness, and often effects a complete transformation in all our surroundings. Martin Luther said, "The devil cannot bear singing," and surely there is nothing like it to cast out the demons of dark foreboding and discontent. Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England, in one of his crusades



THE MISSION OF MUSIC.

to the Holy Land, was taken captive and imprisoned in an unknown dungeon. A favorite servant of his named Blondel, disguised himself as a minstrel and traveled from one dungeon to another playing familiar airs before the bars, and at length he came to the one where the king was confined, and was answered by the voice of Richard from within. This led to the ransom of the king, and he was restored to his throne and people. So does music rescue many souls from dark dungeons of despair, and restore them to their rightful place in the world.

During a critical moment in the battle of Waterloo, Wellington discovered to his surprise, that a regiment of Highlanders began to waver. He found that the cause of so unusual an occurrence was, that the band had ceased to play. He ordered at once that the bagpipes—their own national music—be played with the greatest spirit, and the effect was like magic,—the Highlanders rallied at once, and went forward to the terrible conflict with the most ardent enthusiasm. In the battle of life, when the day seems against us, and we begin to falter, then it is the mission of music to inspire us with fresh courage and enthusiasm, and to lead us to victory. When Elisha Kent Kane and his men were imprisoned by the fearful rigors of an Arctic winter, they were saved from despair, during their months of weary solitude and misery, by the music from an old violin, which one of the men had carried with him. Thus were they aided to keep up their

spirits and survive the terrible ordeal of dreary isolation.

By the power of music, wonders have been wrought which seemed simply impossible to perform. When Napoleon was conducting his army across the Alps, they came to a place where they could not get the ammunition wagons over the rocks. He went to the leader of the band, looked over his list of music, selected a spirited march, and ordered the whole band to play it with vigor. The result was that in some way or other the ponderous wagons scaled the seemingly inaccessible rocks, and the army moved on.

But music has not only the power to inspire the heart with heroic daring, and vigorous resolves, but to melt it to pity and tenderness. It is related of a Turkish conqueror that he captured a Persian city and took thirty thousand prisoners; and, although they had submitted to him and laid down their arms, yet he formed the inhuman resolution of putting them all to death. Among them was a musician who asked as a special favor that he might be brought before the conqueror. This was done; and seizing a musical instrument he accompanied it with his voice, and sang of the triumphs of the conqueror, the capture of the city, and the incidents that had transpired in connection with it. The harmony was so exquisite, and the recital of the events so touching, that at last the hard heart of the tyrant relented; he changed his purpose, and commanded that the remainder of the prisoners should be

set at liberty. Ralph Waldo Emerson relates an incident of a poor wretch who was brought up for some offense before a western police court, and fined. He was told that he might go if he would pay his fine, but he had neither money nor friends. He took a flute from his pocket and began to play. The jurors waked up, the officers forgot their duties, the judge began to beat time, and by general consent he was allowed to go on his way. Clara Louise Kellogg, when once visiting a lunatic asylum, after singing for the more quiet patients to their great delight, requested that she might sing to the mad people. She was accompanied by the officers and attendants to the wards where the most ungovernable were confined, and in a moment her glorious voice stilled the tumult and discord of that motley throng. The wondrous melody seemed to kindle for a few brief moments in those crazed brains, the withered ashes of long lost reason and consciousness. They smiled, they nodded, they wept, they called her an angel, gazed at her with rapture, and crowded about her, eager to touch her hand, her dress, or her feet. So can music soothe and control beclouded intellects and ungovernable passions, even in those who are farthest removed from human influence.

But it is the mission of music especially to make happier, and more attractive the home. It is said that in the time of Alfred the Great, it was the custom to pass the harp to each of the company in turn, to sing

and play, so universal was the love and practice of music. Well would it be in these later days if there were the same general knowledge and love of song. How many homes now silent or discordant would be joyful if the influence of song was let in.

It may be taken as a safe rule generally, that those are happy families in which there is a good deal of music, and if the history of such families could be traced, it would be found that they turn out the least number of black sheep, and the largest proportion of useful men and women. Music is a safeguard against temptation; it is a delightful recreation which refreshes the mind and refines the heart; it is one of the best introductions into cultivated and desirable society, and affords a vast fund of the most delightful enjoyment.

The young man who leaves home and has a love of music, is strongly fortified against the incursions of lonesomeness and discontent, when left to his own company,—which loneliness becomes the starting point with many, to bad associations and evil habits.


It is interesting to notice how the love of music seems to be one of the inherent impulses of the human heart, an impulse so powerful that it survives even barbarism itself. There is scarcely a savage race but what have their rude musical instruments, and make the attempt to express some phase of experience and emotion in song. As an eloquent writer has beautifully observed: "Music is universally appreciated and practiced. The English plow boy sings as he

drives his team; the Scotch Highlander makes the glens and gray moors resound with his beautiful song; the Swiss, Tyrolese and Carpathians lighten their labor by music; the muleteer of Spain cares little who is on the throne or behind it, if he can only have his early carol; the vintager of Sicily has his evening hymn, even beside the fire of the burning mount; the fisherman of Naples has his boat song, to which his rocking boat beats time on that beautiful sea; and the gondolier of Venice still keeps up his midnight serenade." Cultivate, then, music in the home, and let the happy voices blend in sweet song in the family circle on long winter evenings, or in rambles under summer skies.

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

Let the household ring with melody, and depend upon it its blessed influences and associations will never, never be forgotten.

A SUNNY TEMPER.

F it were possible for us to invoke the aid of some powerful genii, who, as we passed through life, could summon troops of loving friends around us, and make our pathway radiant with their smiles and blessings, we should think no labor too arduous, no sacrifice too great to procure such inestimable happiness. If such a beneficent fairy held court and dispensed such favors, though she dwelt in the uttermost parts of the earth, what caravans of eager pilgrims would throng to that favorite realm. We often forget that the priceless charm which will secure to us all these desirable gifts is within our reach. It is the charm of a sunny temper,—a talisman more potent than station, more precious than gold, more to be desired than fine rubies. It is an aroma, whose fragrance fills the air with the odors of Paradise. It is an amulet, at sight of which dark clouds of perplexity and hideous shapes of discord flee away. It wreathes the face with smiles, creates friends, promotes cheerfulness, awakens tenderness, and scatters happiness. It fills the heart with joy, it robs sorrow of its pain and makes of earth a very heaven below.

It was written of Leigh Hunt: " 'Tis always sunrise somewhere in the world. In the heart of Hunt,

Orion was always purpling the sky." Would that the world contained more of such sunny natures, whose presence makes joy infectious. A sunny temper makes graceful the garb of poverty. It smooths the rough places in the pathway of life, and like oil on troubled waters, it calms the fierce passions and unruly natures with which it comes in contact.

Said Gen. Jackson to a young lady in whose welfare he took a great interest: "I cannot forebear pointing out to you, my dear child, the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of temper to all people on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and let your words and actions make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in temper, but it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything else I ever undertook."

Some one has remarked that, "We have not fulfilled every duty, unless we have fulfilled that of being pleasant." Alas! that this is so often forgotten, that thousands of homes are made gloomy and repulsive by the unhappy exhibitions of ill temper, from a nervous and overworked mother, or a well-meaning but irritable father.

Could we but realize that it is a *duty* to cultivate a genial disposition, and to restrain those exhibitions of

temper which we thoughtlessly display from mere whim and impulse, how much unhappiness would be prevented, and how many hearts and homes made happier.

A sunny temper is also conducive to health. A medical authority of highest repute, affirms that "excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth and intemperance are all deadly enemies to human life, but they are none of them so bad as violent and ungoverned passions,—that men and women have frequently lived to an advanced age in spite of these, but that instances are very rare where people of irascible tempers live to extreme old age." As the possession of sound health is one of the greatest blessings of life, it is the highest wisdom to form a habit of looking on the bright side, and of meeting the manifold vexations and annoyances of daily life without worry and friction.

Blessed is the child whose opening years and first impressions of life have been unfolded in an atmosphere of love. Better than lordly palace with all the adornments which limitless wealth can procure, or esthetic taste suggest, if love be lacking, is the hovel of poverty if a sunny temper, like an angel of light, illumines its humble surroundings.

"To the sunny soul that is full of hope
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The skies are blue and the fields are green,
Tho' the wintry storm prevaieth.

BE PATIENT.



USKIN, the great art critic, says, "People are always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too."

It has been said that "impatience acts as a blight on a blossom; it may wound the budding forth of the noblest fruit; relative to the dispensations of Providence, it is ingratitude; relative to our own purposes and attainments, it will be found to impede their progress."

This incident has been related of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby: He once lost all patience with a dull scholar, when the pupil looked up in his face and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can." Years after, the doctor used to tell the story to his own children, and say, "I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten."

Said one of the wisest and best educators of our age, "If I only had one word to speak to my boys, it should be patience, patience, patience; over and over again."

The results of patient instruction in some of our educational institutions are amazing. A writer in a popular periodical, thus describes some of the methods employed to bring about these results: "Here is a

child six or seven years old, unable to walk, stand, talk, or taste, and hardly capable of noticing what happens around her. The superintendent of an institution for the instruction of idiots takes this girl and spends days and weeks and months teaching her to stand in a corner. After five months constant and daily labor he is rejoiced to see that she has moved, of her own accord, one foot a half-inch forward! Therefore this patient teacher announces triumphantly that the child can be cured. And she is cured, for in time she becomes one of the best dancers in the institution! Besides this, her mind and body improve satisfactorily in other respects. Now, if men and women can be found who will thus labor and toil for years, with unremitting attention and care and solicitude, to awaken the dormant energies of poor little idiots, who at first give about as much encouragement to their teachers as might be expected from a lot of clams or oysters, and such surprising and happy results are thereby brought about, what might not be expected if our intelligent and sane children were treated with something of that earnest, thoughtful, untiring care which these poor idiots receive."

An old teacher related this incident from his own experience, which illustrates what patient effort will accomplish: I know a boy who was preparing to enter the Junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for the next lesson. The following day he

came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him, “Shall I help you?” “No, sir. I can and will do it, if you give me time.” I said, “I will give you all the time you wish.” The next day he came into my room to recite a lesson in the same study. “Well, Simon, have you worked that example?” “No, sir,” he answered; “but I can and will do it, if you give me a little more time.” “Certainly, you shall have all the time you desire.” I always like these boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars, and men too. The third morning you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of the severest mental labor. Not only had he solved the problem, but, what was of infinitely greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical powers, which, under the inspiration of “I can and will,” he has continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.

George McDonald gives utterance to these hopeful words: “I record the conviction that in one way or another, special individual help is given to every creature to endure to the end. It has been my own experience, that always when suffering, whether mental

or bodily, approached the point where further endurance appeared impossible, the pulse of it began to ebb and a lull ensued.

You are tender-hearted, and you want to be true, and are trying to be; learn these two things: Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; and never fail daily to do that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Trust to God to weave your little thread into the great web, though the pattern shows it not yet. When God's people are able and willing thus to labor and wait, remember that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; the grand harvest of the ages shall come to its reaping, and the day shall broaden itself to a thousand years, and the thousand years shall show themselves as a perfect and finished day."

One of the great hearts of the earth has said: "O, impatient ones! Did the leaves say nothing to you as they murmured when you came hither to-day? They were not created this spring, but months ago; and the summer just begun, will fashion others for another year. At the bottom of every leaf-stem is a cradle, and in it an infant germ; and the winds will rock it, and the birds will sing to it all summer long; and next year it will unfold. So God is working for you, and carrying forward to the perfect development all the processes of your lives."

That was a sublime instance of patience which was displayed in the career of the renowned Governor-General of India, Warren Hastings. When a child, seven years of age, he lay beside a small rivulet which ran through the estate of Daylesford,—once the home of his ancestors. He made a resolution to recover the estate, and passed out into the world. He became a man, went to India, was soldier, financier, and legislator, and became the ruler of fifty millions of people, but amidst all his cares, and toils, and successes, he was patiently working for the consummation of his childish plan, and at last he recovered the lost estate, and in his old age went back to it to die.

If you are young, and the mountain of knowledge seems so high and steep, and your powers so weak and unsteady, be patient. “Heaven is not reached by a single bound,” and only step by step, little by little, can the dazzling heights of human achievement be attained.


If you are a parent, and your head aches, and your nerves tingle with the boisterous sports of your irrepressible brood, be patient. Do not repress their innocent mirth, or silence their questionings as to this new, strange world which they have entered. Follow the precept of a wise instructor: “Bide patiently the endless questionings of your children. Do not roughly crush the rising spirit of free inquiry with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt, on the contrary, a long instructive reply to every casual question. Seek

rather to deepen their curiosity. Convert, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest inquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so much proud of what he has learned, as anxious to know more. Happy, thou, if in giving your child the molecule of truth he asks for, you can whet his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth, lying beyond; so wilt thou send forth a philosopher, and not a silly pedant, into the world."

If age is coming upon you with its shadows, and as you look back through the departed years, they seem but the record of your disappointed hopes, still be patient. Beecher has left these encouraging words: "If you have failed for this life, do not fail for the other, too. There is very much that may yet be done in the afternoon and twilight of men's lives, if they are hopeful and active."

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still
And make our own our Father's will!
O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned;
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

BUILDING CHARACTER.

N old man, full of honors, having held many positions of trust and responsibility, said to a young man: "At your age both position and wealth appear enduring things; but at mine, a man sees that nothing lasts but character."

A well-rounded character is a steady growth, the result of years of patient well-doing. Some one has thus beautifully described the process: "Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once. It is not struck out at a single blow. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed and unchanging in the solid marble. So does a man carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousands acts of thought, and will and effort shape the features and expressions of the soul. Habits of love, piety and truth, habits of falsehood, passion or hatred, silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image of a demon."

Several years ago a party of eminent divines at a dinner table turned their conversation on the qualities of self-made men. They each admitted that they belonged to that class, except a certain bishop, who re-

mained silent, and was intensely absorbed in the repast. The host was determined to draw him out, and so, addressing him, said: "All at this table are self-made men, unless the bishop is an exception." The bishop promptly replied, "I am not made yet," and the reply contained a profound truth. So long as life lasts, with its discipline of joy or sorrow, its opportunities for good or evil, so long our characters are being shaped and fixed. One of the essentials in the building of a good character is to cherish noble thoughts. Milton said: "He who would write heroic poems, must make his whole life an heroic poem." We are responsible for our thoughts, and unless we could command them, mental and moral excellence would be impossible. Said James Martineau: "God insists on having a concurrence between our practice and our thoughts. If we proceed to make a contradiction between them, He forthwith begins to abolish it, and if the will will not rise to the reason, the reason must be degraded to the will."

Another essential element in building a good character is an intense love for the right. Charles Kingsley has well said: "Let any one set his heart to do what is right and nothing else, and it will not be long ere his brow is stamped with all that goes to make up the heroic expression, with noble indignation, noble self-restraint, great hopes, great sorrows, perhaps even with the print of the martyr's crown of thorns."

Dean Stanley said, speaking to a crowd of children at Westminster Abbey: "I knew once a very famous man, who lived to be very old—who lived to be eighty-

eight. He was always the delight of those about him. He always stood up for what was right. His eye was like an eagle's when it flashed fire at what was wrong. And how early do you think he began to do this? I have an old grammar which belonged to him, all tattered and torn, which he had when a little boy at school, and what do you think I found written in his own hand on the very first page? Why, these words: 'Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, to silence vicious tongues—be just, and fear not.' That was his rule all through life, and he was loved and honored down to the day when he was carried to his grave."

Said Plato: "Disregarding the honors that most men value, and looking to the truth, I shall endeavor in reality to live as virtuously as I can, and when I die to die so. And I invite all other men to the utmost of my power; and you too I in turn invite to this contest, which I affirm surpasses all contests here."

That was a grand sentiment uttered by Thomas Carlyle, and worthy to be the watchword of every earnest life: "Let him who gropes painfully in darkness of uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this precept well to heart, which to me was of incalculable service, 'Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty; thy second duty will already have become clear.'"

When Sir Fowell Buxton, who carried through the British Parliament the bill for the abolition of slavery

throughout the British dominions, was at the height of his philanthropic career, he left on record words worthy to be treasured in every aspiring heart. "I thank God," says he, "that I have pursuits in life so deeply interesting as they proceed, and so full of promise in the magnitude of their results, that they deserve to absorb my whole being. I would not exchange objects in life with any living man." Contrast that noble spirit with that of Frederick the Great, who, after suffering reverses and disappointments, thus revealed the bitterness of his heart, in spite of his boasted philosophy: "It is hard for a man to bear what I bear. I begin to feel, as the Italians say, that revenge is a pleasure for the gods. My philosophy is worn out by suffering. I am no saint like those we read of in the legends, and I will own that I should die content if only I could first inflict a portion of the misery which I endure."

When Handel, the great composer, was thanked by an English nobleman for the entertainment he had afforded the people by his new oratorio, "The Messiah," he replied, "My lord, I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better."

That was a noble declaration which has come down to us through the centuries from Alfred the Great: "I have striven to live worthily, and left it on record."

To build a good character requires a spirit of earnestness. Said Dr. Arnold, the celebrated instructor: "I feel more and more the need of intercourse with

men who take life in earnest. It is painful to me to be always on the surface of things. Not that I wish for much of what is called religious conversation. That is often apt to be on the surface. But I want a sign which one catches by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life. When I find this it opens my heart with as fresh a sympathy as when I was twenty years younger."

On this subject Carlyle writes these earnest words: "Thy life, wert thou the pitifullest of all the sons of earth, is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thine own! it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work then like a star, unhasting yet unresting."

The building of character requires also manly independence; the determination to do right even if it be unpopular. It requires strength of character to face ridicule and contumely, even if bidden by the unrelenting voices of conscience and duty.

Sidney Smith emphasizes this truth in these words: "I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. If you think it right to differ with the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals or religion, do it, however rustic, however antiquated it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man wears a soul of his own in his own, and does not wait until it shall be breathed into him by the breath of fashion."

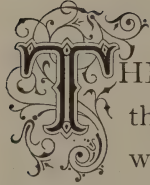
Again, to build character requires a teachable spirit, one that will bear reproof if in the wrong. A profound student of human nature observes: "There is perhaps no better test of a man's real strength of character, than the way in which he bears himself under just reproof. Every man makes mistakes; every man commits faults; but not every man has the honesty and meekness to acknowledge his errors and to welcome the criticism which points them out to him. It is rarely difficult for us to find an excuse for our course, if it's an excuse we are looking for. It is, in fact, always easier to spring to an angry defense of ourselves than to calmly acknowledge the justice of another's righteous condemnation of some wrong action of ours; but to refuse to adopt this latter course, when we know that we are in the wrong, is to reveal to our own better consciousness, and often to the consciousness of others, an essential defect in our character. He is strong who dares confess that he is weak; he is already tottering to a fall who needs to bolster up the weakness of his personality by all sorts of transparent shams. It is not in vain that Scripture says: 'Reprove one that hath understanding, and he will understand knowledge;' for one of the best evidences of the possession of that discreet self-judgment which stands at the basis of moral strength, and one of the best means of gaining it when it is lacking, is just this willingness to accept merited reproof, and to profit by it when accepted."

One of the most brilliant intellects of this century has given this masterly exposition of the true strength of character: "Strength of character consists of two things; power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence; strong feelings and strong command over them. Now, it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown, domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his will obeyed and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale and then reply quietly? That was a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish, stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent and never tell the world what cankered his home-peace? That is strength. He who with strong passions remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly power of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes."

WHAT READING WILL DO.

O for a Booke and a shadie nooke,
eyther in-a-door or out;
With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhede,
or the Streete cryes all about.
Where I maie Reade all at my ease,
both of the Newe and Olde;
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke,
is better to me than Golde.

—*Old English Song.*



THE habit of reading good books affords one of the greatest enjoyments of life. By reading, we can transcend time and space, and bring before us in review, the peoples and dynasties of the misty past.

We can summon before us their great men, we can listen to their words of wisdom, and learn the story of the achievements which made them immortal. Says an eloquent writer: "I go into my library, and, like some great panorama, all history unrolls before me; I breathe the morning air of the world, while the scent of Eden's roses lingers in it. I see the pyramids building. I hear Memnon murmur as the first morning sun touches him. I see the Sphinx when she first began to ask her eternal question. I sit as in a theater; the stage is time, the play is the play of the world.

What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp! What processions pass by! What cities burn to heaven! What crowds of captives are dragged at the wheels of conquerors! Across the brawling centuries of blood and war that lie between, I can hear the bleating of Abraham's sheep, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels. O men and women, so far separated, yet so near, so strange, yet so well known, by what miraculous power do I know you all? What king's court can boast such company? What school of philosophy such wisdom? All the wit of all the world is glancing and floating there. There is Pan's pipe, there are the songs of Apollo. Sitting in my library at night, and looking in the silent faces of my books, I am occasionally visited by a strange sense of the supernatural. They are not collections of printed pages, they are ghosts. I take one down, and it immediately speaks with me,—it may be in a tongue not now heard on earth, it may be of men and things of which it alone possesses knowledge.

I call myself a solitary, but sometimes I think I misapply the term.

No man sees more company than I do. I travel with mightier cohorts around me than ever did Tamerlane or Genghis-Khan in their fiery marches. I am a sovereign in my library, but it is the dead, not the living, that attend my levees."

Said the accomplished Madame de Genlis, one of the most brilliant literary celebrities in her day: "How I pity those who have no love of reading, of study or

of the fine arts. I have passed my youth amidst amusements and in the most brilliant society, but yet I can assert with perfect truth, that I have never tasted pleasures so true as those I have found in the study of books, in writing and in music. The days that succeed brilliant entertainments are always melancholy; but those which follow days of study are delicious: we have gained something; we have acquired some knowledge, and well recall the past days, not with disgust and regret, but with consummate satisfaction."

Rufus Choate, who had an extraordinary attachment to books, and almost lived amongst them, once said in an address: "Happy is he who laid up in his youth, and held steadfast in all fortunes, a genuine and passionate love of reading, the true balm of hurt minds, of surer and more healthful charms than poppy or mandragora or all the drowsy syrups in the world."

With books we can, by a single bound, leave the cares and anxieties of daily life, and be in the peaceful realm of delightful study.

No matter what may be our condition—without wealth, without social standing, with rude surroundings and with poverty at the threshold, we can call to us the most gifted and illustrious of all ages. At our bidding Milton will come and sing to us, Shakespeare will disclose the world's imagination and the inner workings of the human heart, Demosthenes, Webster and Burke will repeat again the sonorous measures of their incomparable eloquence.

Lord Bacon, one of the intellectual giants of the

world, thus places his estimate on what reading will do: "Reading serves for delight, for ornament, and for ability. The crafty condemn it; the simple admire it; the wise use it. Reading makes a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man. He that writes little, needs a great memory; he that confers little, a present wit; and he that reads little, much cunning to seem to know that which he does not."

Said that great astronomer, Sir John Herschel: "Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him!" Goldsmith said: "The first time I read an excellent book, it is just to me as if I had gained a new friend. When I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one."

But reading can not only bring to us the best company,

but it can fill us with great thoughts; it can inspire us with noble aspirations, and it can give a bent to the mind which will mould the whole life and exert an influence on us forever. Many a career has been shaped by reading. When Benjamin Franklin was a boy, part of a little book called "Essays to do Good," by Cotton Mather, fell into his hands, and he says: "It gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life, for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes all the advantages of it to that little book."

William Chambers, one of the famous publishers of Edinburgh, who did so much to bring literature within the reach of the people, and brought to himself a reputation by doing so, attributed a great measure of his success to his love for, and study of, good books, in his early life. He said in a public address: "I stand before you a self-educated man. My education was that which is supplied by the humble parish schools of Scotland, and it was only when I went to Edinburgh, a poor boy, that I devoted my evenings, after the labors of the day, to the cultivation of that intellect that the Almighty has given me. From seven to ten in the morning to nine or ten at night, I was at my business as a bookseller's apprentice, and it was only in hours after these that I could devote myself to study. I assure you I did not read novels; my attention was devoted to physical science."

The young aspirations of John Wesley were directed by reading Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ."

Jeremy Bentham mentions that the current of his thoughts and studies on political economy was directed through life by a single phrase that caught his eye at the end of a pamphlet: "The greatest good of the greatest number."

On the other hand, the influence of *bad* books has swept countless numbers to destruction. From behind prison bars, and from the gallows, have come innumerable confessions that pernicious books were the causes which led to an evil and abandoned life.

An officer of the British government, who made the matter a study, declares that nearly all the boys brought before criminal courts, may largely ascribe their downfall to impure reading. And even when the morals remain uncontaminated, how reading can pervert the judgment and instill poisonous sentiments which will darken the life and destroy one's usefulness ever after.

It is said that Voltaire, when young, committed an infidel poem to memory, and the sentiment colored his whole after life.

David Hume, when a boy, was a believer in the Scriptures, but in studying the works of infidels to prepare for a debate, the seeds of doubt were sown which ripened into avowed infidelity.

William Wilberforce, the noble philanthropist and statesman, when young had the curiosity to read an

infidel book, and when he had partly read it, he cast it away, in terror of its insidious influence, for he noticed that although he detected its sophistries, his mind was entangled and hurt.


But if we confine our choice to good books, a love of reading will yield us the most unalloyed pleasure.

Said Milton: "A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life," and Martain Farquhar Tupper has somewhere said: "A good book is the best of friends—the same to-day and forever." Friends may fail us, prosperity may vanish, care and trouble may come like an overwhelming flood,—age may advance and we be left in solitude, but the pleasure derived from books will survive all, and prove a most welcome and ready consolation. Washington Irving has written: "When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, books only retain their steady value. When friends grow cold, and the converse of intimates languishes into vapid civility and commonplace, these only continue the unaltered countenance of better days, and cheer us with that true friendship which never deceived hope, nor deserted sorrow." Reading can thus shape a career, adorn a life, and assuage care and grief. It can take the place of friends and society, and lead us to the companionship of the good and great of all ages. Cultivate, then, this great gift, carefully, wisely and systematically, and it will yield you a rich harvest of invaluable instruction and abiding pleasure.

WHAT TO READ.

The true university of these days is a collection of books.

—*Carlyle.*

OME one has said, "The art of reading is to skip judiciously." The number of books is legion, and even a whole life-time would be too short to master more than a small proportion of them. When we consider that most persons can devote only the moments of leisure, or the scraps of time snatched from sleep or from their daily toil, how important it is that the few books which can be read, should be of sterling worth, and should contain food for thought which will stimulate the mind and enrich the character." The words of that eminent man, Sir William Hamilton, cannot be too well considered: "Read much, but not many works. For what purpose, with what intent do we read? We read not for the sake of reading, but we read to the end that we may think. Reading is valuable only as it may supply the materials which the mind itself elaborates. As it is not the largest quantity of any kind of food taken into the stomach that conduces to health, but such a quantity of such a kind as can be best digested; so it

is not the greatest complement of any kind of information that improves the mind, but such a quantity of such a kind as determines the intellect to most vigorous energy. The only profitable kind of reading is that in which we are compelled to think, and think intensely; whereas, that reading which serves only to dissipate and divert our thoughts is either positively hurtful, or useful only as an occasional relaxation from severe exertion. But the amount of vigorous thinking is usually in the inverse ratio to multifarious reading." Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh University, gives most excellent advice on this subject: "Keep in mind," he says, "that though the library shelves groan with books, whose name is legion, there are in each department only a few great books, in relation to which others are but auxiliary, or it may be sometimes parasitical, and, like the ivy, doing harm rather than good to the pole round which they cling. Stick, therefore, to the great books, the original books, the fountain heads of great ideas and noble passions, and you will learn joyfully to dispense with the volumes of accessory talk by which their virtue has been as frequently obscured as illuminated."

A wise man adds: "It would have been better, in my opinion, for the world and for science, if, instead of the multitude of books which now overlay us, we possessed but a few works, good and sterling, and which, as few, would be therefore more diligently and profoundly studied."

Bulwer, who had a great knowledge of books, gives this suggestion: "In science, read, by preference, the newest works; in literature, the oldest. The classic literature is always modern. New books revive and re-decorate old ideas; old books suggest and invigorate new ideas."

And yet it must be borne in mind that while the advice of these great men is eminently sound, and cannot be too closely followed by mature readers, yet it is necessary with many young people to first awaken a taste and love for reading in order to cultivate the habit. With such it is necessary often to begin with popular tales and works of fiction, but these can be selected so as to awaken an appetite for more substantial works. Much of the best literary talent of the age has been engaged in popularizing and presenting, in a fascinating style, history, science, incidents of travel, and the lives of great men, bringing all within the grasp of the child's mind, and making these subjects as interesting as the fairy tales of the old story books. With such books a love of reading can be created, and they will prove a pleasing introduction to the study of the great master-pieces in literature.

But, perhaps, the greatest danger to be avoided in the selection of books, is the undue importance given to works of fiction. Novels, like an army of locusts, penetrate everywhere, and with thousands they displace entirely the study of all higher forms of literature. As they are often written to sell, without any

moral object in view, they pander to unworthy tastes and base passions, and have a corrupting influence wherever they go.

A gifted divine, in speaking of novels, said: "The ten plagues have visited our literature; water is turned into blood; frogs and lice creep and hop over our most familiar things,—the couch, the cradle and the bread-trough; locusts, murrain and fire are smiting every green thing. I am ashamed and outraged when I think that wretches could be found to open these foreign seals, and let out their plagues upon us; that any satanic pilgrim should voyage to France to dip from the Dead Sea of her abominations a baptism for our sons."

Goldsmith, himself a novel-writer, said: "Above all, never let your son touch a novel or romance. How delusive, how destructive, are these pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed, to despise the little good that Fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave."

George Augustus Sala has thus depicted the evils of novel reading on girls, and the effect on boys is equally pernicious: "Girls learn from such books to think boldly and coarsely about lovers and marrying; their early modesty is effaced by the craving for admiration; their warm affections are silenced by the desire for selfish triumphs; they lose the fresh and honest feelings of youth while they are yet scarcely developed;

they pass with sad rapidity from their early visions of Tancred and Orlando to notions of good connections, establishments, excellent matches, etc., and yet they think, and their mammas think, that they are only advancing in 'prudence' and knowledge of the world—that bad, contaminating knowledge of the world which I sometimes imagine must have been the very apple that Eve plucked from the forbidden tree. Alas, when once tasted, the garden of life is an innocent and happy Paradise no more."

If a person is fed on sweetmeats and highly seasoned food he soon loses his appetite for plain wholesome diet; and so with the mind. When the imagination is excited by highly colored pictures of wonderful characters, and marvelous combinations of circumstances, the mind rejects the plain and wholesome nutriment of solid reading. Dr. Francis Wayland, the eminent professor on moral philosophy, relates of himself how, when about eighteen years of age, his taste for reading was completely changed. Before that time he had devoured novels, stories, travels and adventures, and wondered how people could take so much pleasure in didactic essays and become so much charmed with what they called "the beauty of the style." One day he happened to take up a volume of the "Spectator" and read one of Addison's papers on Milton. He enjoyed it, and found he understood it perfectly. He turned to other papers of like character, and from that time enjoyed solid and instructive

books, lost his relish for novels, in which he had delighted before, and scarcely read one afterwards.

As we unconsciously become like the company we associate with, so we grow like the books we read. Bishop Potter said: "It is nearly an axiom that people will not be better than the books they read," and we safely judge of a person's tastes and character by inspecting his library. An old writer applies this wise rule to the worth of books: "Where a book raises your spirit and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, seek for no other rule to judge the event by; it is good, and made by a good workman." How important, then, that our selections be carefully made. "Knowledge of books in a man of business," said Addison, "is a torch in the hands of one who is willing and able to show those who are bewildered, the way which leads to prosperity and welfare."

A successful business man who had risen to considerable distinction, in addressing the young men in the retail dry goods trade in Boston, gave them this excellent advice: "I advise you to read the best literature and commit to memory and treasure up its choicest passages." Daniel Webster said that he acquired the power of expressing his ideas in the fewest words by reading the Bible. With your other reading, peruse this book, not only for its literary value, but because it teaches men the best and surest road to business success, and also the way of eternal life."

Sir William Jones, who had a knowledge of twenty-eight different languages, and was one of the greatest scholars of any age or country, thus spoke of the Bible: "I have carefully and regularly perused the Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independent of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence than can be obtained from all other books, in whatever language written." Read the standard English poets, and if you can appreciate them they will yield you infinite delight. Poetry refines the mind, cultivates the imagination, purifies the affections, exalts the character, improves the language, and enriches us with the most exquisite illustrations and imagery, and the noblest conceptions of human reason and fancy. A college professor remarked, that "no young man or woman was fit for life until familiar with Emerson's essays on 'Behavior and Social Aims.'" There is something intensely stimulating and helpful in reading well written biographies of great and useful men, and many a noble life has been shaped in this manner. Read the acknowledged masters of thought in their respective fields of inquiry, and soon your mind will be so strong and active that it will require strong food, and will be sickened at the worthless trash with which the land is flooded. To a person who would be well-informed, it has become a necessity to be somewhat familiar with the current events of the day, and for this, too much

can hardly be said in favor of a good weekly religious newspaper in the home. Most of these, to their credit be it said, are edited by able, conscientious and progressive men, who bring to them the choicest fruits of their varied learning, sound wisdom, and high moral principle.

The chief events transpiring in the world are presented briefly, well-considered articles appear on the vital questions of the day, careful reviews of new books are given to guide the reader to the best reading, and choice selections from the best literature are made with fine discrimination.

The influence for good which such a periodical exerts upon family life and individual character cannot be overestimated. It is one of the choicest products of our modern civilization, and is doing noble work in its mission to elevate and improve mankind, both in respect to intellectual quickening, and the development of moral and religious principle.

HOW TO READ.

THERE are thousands of people who read in quantity, an amount of matter which is simply appalling, but add little to their stock of general knowledge, and nothing to their strength and discipline of mind. A man might as well be expected to grow stronger by always eating, as by always reading. When one reads merely to pass time, to be amused, or for the purpose of passively exciting the emotions, the mind becomes like a sieve,—whatever is put in, speedily passes through, and hardly a trace remains. A succession of characters and incidents flit before the mind; are perceived for a moment, and then pass away, never more to return. How many omnivorous readers, in a year after reading a book, not only fail to remember the barest outline of its contents, but even its title; and many would not be quite sure whether they had read it at all. Such reading is a positive injury to the mind, for it so fritters away its energies, that it becomes incapable of concentrating its powers for any length of time upon any subject that requires close attention and sound thinking. It is only what we remember and assimilate, so that it becomes a part of us, that is of real value. One great fault

in reading is, that we read too hastily, and so the memory is overtaxed, until it loses its power.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose transcendent genius entitled her to be ranked as one of the most gifted and brilliant women of any age or country, thus wrote in a letter to a friend: "We generally err by reading too much, and out of proportion to what we *think*. I should be wiser, I am persuaded, if I had not read half as much,—should have had stronger and better exercised faculties, and should stand higher in my own appreciation. The fact is, that the *ne plus ultra* of intellectual indolence, is this reading of books." F. W. Robertson, the English divine, who had one of the brightest intellects and most finely disciplined minds of his age, said in regard to the manner in which he read, "I know what reading is; for I could read once, and did. I read hard, or not at all; never skimming, never turning aside to merely inviting books; and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Thucydides, Sterne, Jonathan Edwards, have passed, like the iron atoms of the blood, into my mental constitution." He said that it would take him six months to read a small octavo on chemistry, and doubtless the discipline which came from this way of reading, was one of the secrets of his wonderful intellectual power. It is said that Miss Martineau read only a page in an hour. Edmund Burke always so read a book as to make it his own,—a possession for life.

One of the greatest modern jurists was asked how he acquired so profound and comprehensive a knowl-

edge of the law. He replied, that when he began to study, he made it a rule to read but little, but to understand thoroughly everything he passed over, and never to leave a subject or a point until he had completely mastered it.

Another indispensable condition of profitable reading, is to read systematically. Rufus Choate said that desultory reading was a waste of life. In reading, as in everything else, nothing can be accomplished to much purpose without system. To read volumes here and there, on every conceivable subject, without order or discrimination, is only to accumulate in the mind a blurred, undistinguishable mass of half-digested material, too ill-assorted and indefinite for use. It is well to make an outline of the course of reading you wish to pursue; by a little inquiry and care you can easily ascertain the best works on each particular subject; select such of these as time and convenience will allow, and while the subject is in hand follow it, trace it out, examine it consecutively from beginning to end, and your mind will then have a clear and comprehensive mastery of it. It is an excellent exercise, after reading a chapter, to close the book and state, in your own language, its contents, and thus fix it in the memory. If you can not recall the subject matter, read the second or the third time, for reading is of little benefit if you cannot remember the main points and incidents given by the author. After reading in this way it is advisable to write out a general outline of the book,

and thus review again its contents, and also state your impressions of the author, the manner in which he has treated his subject, and any well-considered criticism that may occur to you. Another great objection to hasty and rapid reading, is, that it wearies the power of attention.

Do not read after the mind is jaded and wandering, but while the faculties are fresh enough to do their work, without any sense of weariness or discomfort. Half reading, when the body and mind are in a stupefied condition, leads to an indolent, listless habit of inattention, and vacuity of thought. Read with a dictionary at hand, and do not pass a word or an expression until you understand its meaning. In this way you will enlarge your own stock of words, as well as get a clear knowledge of what the author means. It is well to understand the aim of the author before beginning a book, by reading the preface and table of contents, and also by having some general knowledge as to the character of the author and his book. In this way you will know what to expect, and can form a more accurate judgment as to the merits of the work.

In buying books, it is best to buy those that you wish to read at once,—a single book or work at a time; and as you will choose those first which you most desire to read, you will read with greater interest and profit. A library made up in this manner, becomes like a collection of old friends, for it consists of only invited guests. It is well to mark the choicest passages in the book by some simple system which any one can easily

invent, and thus indicate your admiration, assent, doubt, or inquiry, and also to make brief notes of any points that may occur to you. In this way you can readily refer to any particular passage, and see what was the impression made at the time it was read.

To own a library bearing in this manner the evidences of one's own thought and reflection, affords the most exquisite pleasure, and will lead to a more ardent attachment for books than ever.

Always read, if possible, something you are interested in, so that you will have the stimulant and zest of an awakened curiosity to spur your mind, and to engage your attention. Sometimes this choice is not practicable, for our duty or business may compel us to read that which relates only to it.

If this be so, exercise the will, and hold the mind to its work, and after a time you shall discover, in the barest and most unattractive subject, charms which you never imagined it possessed.

If these brief suggestions are followed, and they are entirely practicable for every reader, reading will become such a discipline that it will not only enrich the memory with vast treasures of knowledge and information, but will discipline and strengthen the mind in the most admirable manner. The number of books read may not be so great as by an indiscriminate selection and merely skimming over the surface, but the general result will be immeasurably more satisfactory.

THE PERILS OF SKEPTICISM.



HERE are few persons who have not, at some period of their lives, had doubts in regard to the essential doctrines of the Christian faith. Even eminent divines have had their faith obscured at times by clouds of darkness and distrust. But there is a difference between the honest doubts of the questioning mind, which earnestly desires to find the truth, as it grapples with the great problems and mysteries of our existence here and hereafter, and the shallow conceit which prides itself in its doubts as the sign of advanced thought or intellectual freedom, and thus cherishes them, without trying to satisfy them by rational investigation. The honest doubts of the earnest inquirer, when exposed to the light of truth as revealed in the Bible, are dissipated like mists before the morning sun.

Dr. Nelson, in his work on "Infidelity," says that for many years he had endeavored to persuade every infidel to read some work on the evidences of Christianity, and he never knew but two instances fail of conviction, and in these he did not know the result, for want of opportunity.

James B. Walker, a brilliant but skeptical young lawyer, once formed a plan to carefully and system-

atically study the Scriptures, with a view to finding out its inconsistencies and fortifying his infidel opinions, but, as he studied, the grand design of an overruling Being to reach, lift up and save a degraded race, opened before him, his doubts were removed, and the result of his study was a book called, "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," one of the most powerful and rational volumes written in this century, in defense of the Christian religion. The way to settle doubts is, not to seek for more doubts, but to say, like Goethe, "If you have any truth, let me have it; I have doubts enough of my own." Talk candidly with people who know more than you do, and read carefully the works of Christian scholars who have given these matters careful study.

A popular writer has thus touchingly related the struggles of a questioning mind, groping in the dark and seeking for light:

"Some years ago a young French nobleman, a friend of the Emperor Napoleon III., became affected by that mild form of insanity known as 'melancholy.' No one, not even the medical experts, could find out what ailed him, though the inference seemed to be that he was troubled by some mental burden which he would not confess.

"He was rational, with the sole exception of this unhealthy, brooding habit of mind; but this alone was sufficient to make him strange, and isolate him from all interest in passing things. His relatives grew more

and more concerned about him, and finally, despairing of his cure at home, they procured letters from the Emperor, and sent him over to London, to the care of the famous physician, Dr. Forbes Winslow.

"The great doctor soon divined his patient's case, and managed his examination with such tact and gentleness that he succeeded in getting at his secret.

" 'You are right, doctor,' said the young man, as if the confession cost him a strong effort. 'It is religious anxiety that troubles me. I was educated in infidelity. My father and grandfather before me were infidels. But for the last three years these words have haunted me day and night, Eternity! and where shall I spend it? They follow me like a horrible spell. I cannot shake it off. What shall I do?'

"There was a moment's pause, and then Dr. Winslow said, solemnly, 'Sir, you have come to the wrong physician. I cannot help you.'

"The young man sprang to his feet. 'Doctor, do you mean to tell me there is no hope?' he said. 'Is there no release from this terrible thought that chases me? When I wake, and when I sleep, I hear the voice, Eternity, eternity! Where shall I spend it? And you tell me you can give me no help!'

" 'Calm yourself,' replied the good physician, for he had not yet said his final word. 'For many years,' he continued, 'I was an infidel myself, but I am a happier man now. My cure was faith in Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God.'

"The young nobleman looked earnestly in the doctor's eyes. 'Do you believe, then, in Jesus Christ, and that he can help my case?'"

"'I do believe,' said Dr. Winslow. 'It was He who brought me out of trouble such as yours; and now I am well assured where I shall spend *my* eternity. He is the physician you want.'

"The doctor then read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah,—'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by His stripes we are healed,' and afterwards he knelt with his patient and prayed.

"The young nobleman's confidence in his adviser had made him teachable; prayer softened his heart and brought him light, and faith in Christ lifted him into the peace of God."

Do not make the mistake of supposing that it is necessary that you should fully comprehend all truth. The outer world about us is full of mysteries which we cannot explain, but which we accept and believe. The wisest men cannot grasp or understand them any more than the little child. In the great realm of human knowledge,—in science, law, medicine and art,—the most skillful experts in each have different opinions, and cannot see alike; and so, in considering the great themes of Christian truth, we cannot be expected to view them from the same standpoint. The mountain of truth remains the same, although we may see its

outline from different perspectives. Remember, that doubts prove nothing. If they undermine and take away your faith they give you nothing in return. They may so pervert and warp your judgment as to turn you aside from the absolute certainties of truth, and leave you helplessly to grope about among blind uncertainties. Rev. J. J. Munger finely illustrates this by this reference to the infidel author of that collection of shallow superficialities, long ago exploded, called "The Mistakes of Moses." He says: "Does the author of that book know what the Jewish system means, when you get down to the soul of it? Does he tell you that its key-note is mercy, and that its method and aim are simply those of deliverance and freedom from the actual ills of life? Does he tell you that it is a system shot through and through with great redeeming and liberating forces? Does he tell you that it takes a nation of slaves,—ignorant, barbaric, besotted in mind and degenerate in body,—and by a shrewdly adapted system of laws, lifts it steadily and persistently, and bears it on to ever bettering conditions, and always toward freedom? Does he tell you that from first to last, from center to circumference, it was a system of deliverance from bondage, from disease, from ignorance, from anarchy, from superstition, from degrading customs, from despotism, from barbarism, from Oriental vices and philosophies, from injustice and oppression, from individual and national sin and fault? Does he tell you that then the nation was organized in

the interest of freedom, planned to rescue it by a gradually unfolding system of laws, educational in their spirit, and capable of wide expansion in right directions? Nothing of this he sees, but only some incongruities in numbers and a cosmogony apparently not scientific."

The author of that production, when asked whether he believed in a hereafter, replied, "I do not know. I am aboard of a great ship. I do not know what port she left, nor whither she is bound. She may go down with all on board, or she may reach some sunny port. I do not know. It is no more strange that men should live again than that they have lived." When Gibbon, the eminent historian, was asked, when dying, "How does the world appear to you now?" he closed his eyes a moment, then opened them, and with a deep sigh, replied: "All things are fleeting. When I look back, I see they have been fleeting; when I look forward, all is dark and doubtful." Such are the consolations of skepticism,—they afford nothing but dark and gloomy forebodings for the future. How different this from the trumpet-toned assurance of the martyred Paul as he stood in the presence of a violent death: "I have fought the good fight; I have finished the course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." Since then millions have died with this same hope in their hearts, and have passed triumphantly to the same reward.

Depend upon it, many so-called skeptics are not sin-

cere in their unbelief. They *desire* to believe certain things, and so, after a time, almost persuade themselves that they do believe them. It is related of King George of England that he was accustomed to describe the part he had taken in the battle of Waterloo, and after a time came to believe that he was actually there. Once he was recounting his thrilling exploits to a company, in the presence of Wellington, the hero of the conflict. "Is that not true, Arthur?" the King said, turning to the Duke at the end of his story. Said Wellington: "It is as true, your majesty, as any of the narratives you have favored us with." The infidel would have neither a God nor a judgment, and this desire finally grows into a sort of belief. But there are moments when he doubts his skepticism, and when the truth flashes upon his mind. One of them said to a friend: "There is one thing that mars all the pleasures of my life." "Indeed," replied his friend; "what is that?" He answered: "*I am afraid the Bible is true.* If I could know for certain that death is an eternal sleep, I should be happy; my joy would be complete! But here is the thorn that stings me. This is the sword that pierces my very soul,—*if the Bible is true, I am lost forever.*"

Listen to the confession of Hume: "I seem," he says, "affrighted and confounded with the solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look abroad, on every side I see dispute, contradiction and distraction. When I turn my eye inward, I find noth-

ing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I? or what am I? From what cause do I derive my existence? To what condition shall I return? I am confounded with questions. I begin to fancy myself in a very deplorable condition, environed with darkness on every side."

A most striking incident has been thus narrated, that shows to what baseness and insincerity infidelity can subject the mind. A speaker once addressed an audience with great vehemence, denying God and immortality, and uttering the most fearful blasphemies. When he had done, a man arose and said: "I shall not attempt to confute the arguments of the orator, nor criticise his style, but will relate a fact, and you can draw your own conclusions. Yesterday," he said, "I saw a young man on yonder river, in a boat which was unmanageable, and nearing the rapids. He had given up all hope of saving his life, and was wringing his hands in agony. By and by he knelt down and said, with desperate earnestness: 'O God, save my soul. If my body cannot be saved, save my soul.' I heard him confess that he had been a blasphemer, and heard him vow that if his life was spared he would never be such again. I heard him implore the mercy of heaven, for Jesus Christ's sake, and earnestly plead that he might be washed in His blood. I plunged in, brought the boat to shore and saved his life. That same young man has just addressed you, and cursed his Maker. What say you to this, sirs?"

A shudder ran through the young man himself, as well as the audience, as they were confronted with such appalling insincerity and baseness of conduct.

The poet Shelley, although a great genius, was a bitter skeptic. On one occasion, while making a short sea voyage with Byron and others, during their residence in Italy, a tempest arose, and they expected every moment to be launched into eternity. Shelley went down below, and fervently prayed for deliverance. Unexpectedly they were saved, and soon after Shelley was the same bold blasphemer as before. This was his last warning, for he soon met a watery grave, and his life was quenched in darkness.

There is undoubted proof that the infidel writer, Thomas Paine, when on his dying bed, expressed the deepest regret that he had written the "Age of Reason," and also declared that if his life was spared he would write another book to refute its errors and sophistries.

What has skepticism done for mankind, except to take away faith, hope and comfort? Ask what has Christianity done, and the answer is, a history of modern civilization. A great educator has said: "Faith in God has been the corner-stone of all that is noble in human history, or valuable in human achievements." What vital force was it that could transform degraded and cannibal races like those of the Sandwich and Fiji Islands, into orderly and intelligent peoples, with their schools and churches, music and literature, until to-day

there is a larger proportion of church attendants among the native population, than even in older Christian communities? What power is it, which establishes, endows and carries on schools, colleges, hospitals, asylums, reformatories, and all the grand systems of instruction and charity, which, in a thousand different forms, meet the needs of our poor, weak humanity. Strike out Christianity from the world, and you strike out the light and glory of our modern civilization. Was it a chimera and delusion that could inspire with faith and hope such men as Milton, Locke, Bacon, Newton, Cromwell, Washington, Webster, Lincoln, and an innumerable galaxy of the greatest minds that earth has produced? These are among the mightiest intellects and geniuses of earth, and, depend upon it, they did not cherish a belief unless it had a stable foundation. Depend upon it, the evidences which were sufficient to satisfy the questioning of these master minds, will be sound enough to answer and satisfy all your doubts.

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.



ONE of the most beautiful tributes to the worth of the Bible has been given by the gifted Theodore Parker, in these words: "This collection of books has taken such a hold on the world as no other. It is read of a Sabbath in all the ten thousand pulpits of our land; the sun never sets on its gleaming pages. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colors the talk of the street. The barque of the merchant cannot sail the sea without it. No ships of war go to the conflict but the Bible is there. It enters men's closets, mingles in all the griefs and cheerfulness of life. The affianced maiden prays God in Scripture for strength in her home duties; men are married by Scripture; the Bible attends them in their sickness—when the fever of the world is upon them, the aching head finds a softer pillow when the Bible lies underneath. The mariner, escaping from shipwreck, esteems it the first of his treasures, and keeps it sacred to God. It goes with the peddler in his crowded pack, cheers him at eventide when he sits down, dusty and fatigued, and brightens the freshness of his morning

face. It blesses us when we are born, gives names to half of Christendom, rejoices with us, has sympathy for our mourning, tempers our grief to finer issues. It is the better part of our sermons; it lifts man above himself,—our best of natural prayers are in its storied speech, wherewith our fathers and the patriarchs prayed. The timid man about awaking from this dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture, and his eye grows bright; he does not fear to stand alone, to tread the way unknown and distant, to take the Death Angel by the hand and bid farewell to wife, and babes, and home! Men rest on this their dearest hopes. It tells them of God and of his blessed Son; of earthly duties and of Heavenly trust!"

Let us turn from this acute thinker and eloquent divine, to listen to one who was brought up in another faith, and whose training and associations were entirely dissimilar. A learned Brahmin, of India, before a large audience, voluntarily made this striking acknowledgment of its power and influence: "The Bible!—there is nothing to compare with it, in all our sacred books, for goodness, and purity, and holiness, and love, and for motives of action. Where did the English-speaking people get all their intelligence, and energy, and cleverness, and power? It is their Bible that gives these things to them; and now they bring it to us, and say: 'This is what raised us, take it and raise yourselves.' They do not force it upon us, as the Moham-medans used to force their Koran; but they bring it in

love, and translate it into our languages, and lay it before us and say, 'Look at it, read it, examine it, and see if it is not good.' Of one thing I am convinced—do what we will, oppose it as we may, it is the Christian's Bible that will sooner or later work the regeneration of this land."

The eloquent Gilfillian, of Scotland, one of the most brilliant of critics, said of the Bible: "It has been subjected, along with many other books, to the fire of the keenest investigation; a fire which has contemptuously burned up the cosmogony of the Shasta, the absurd fables of the Koran, nay, the husbandry of the Georgics, the historical truth of Livy, the artistic merit of many a popular poem, the authority of many a book of philosophy and science. And yet this artless, loosely-piled book lies unhurt, untouched, with not one page singed, and not even the smell of fire has passed upon it."

Salmon P. Chase, the noted statesman and jurist, who died holding the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, expressed himself a few days before his death, to one of his associate judges, as a firm believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and the plan of salvation as taught by the Savior. He said that early in his manhood, he had brought to the examination of the Scriptures all the powers of his mind, and carefully read all the leading arguments for and against the truth of those Scriptures; that he had deliberately made up his mind that the Bible was the

word of God, a divine revelation to man, and he had never in a long life wavered in his belief. He treated the subject as he would a question of law, and having carefully and duly examined the subject, and settled it in his own mind, it became to him as an axiom not to be disputed or departed from.

Lieut. M. F. Maury, one of the ablest scientists of this country, said:

“I have been blamed by men of science, both in America and in England, for quoting the Bible in confirmation of the doctrines of physical geography. The Bible, they say, was not written for scientific purposes, and is therefore of no authority. I beg pardon; the Bible is authority for everything it touches. What would you think of the historian who should refuse to consult the historical records of the Bible because the Bible was not written for history? The Bible is true, and science is true; and when your man of science, with vain and hasty conceit, announces the discovery of a disagreement between them, rely upon it the fault is not with the witness, or his records, but with the ‘worm’ who essays to interpret evidence which he does not understand. When I, a pioneer in one department of this beautiful science, discover the truths of revelation and the truths of science reflecting light one upon the other, and each sustaining the other, how can I, as a truth-loving, knowledge-seeking man, fail to point out the beauty, and rejoice in the discovery? And were I to suppress the emotions with which such

discoveries ought to stir the soul, the waves would lift up their voice, and the very stones of the earth would cry out against me."

It is said that an English barrister, who was accustomed to train students for the practice of the law, and who was not himself a religious man, was once asked why he put students, from the very first, to the study and analysis of the most difficult parts of the sacred Scriptures, said, "Because there is nothing else like it in any language, for the development of mind and character."

Richard Grant White, the brilliant essayist, left this testimony to the influence of the Bible on his life: "I had been brought up on the Bible, which I had read until even at this day, I know it better than I know any other book; and this, with the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the Waverly novels, both of which I read over and over again, had made poor books distasteful to me, and awakened in me a greed for the good, for which good fortune of my boyhood I cannot be too grateful."

Similar testimony has been given by John Ruskin, the great writer and art critic. He said that his mother forced him, by steady toil, to learn long chapters by heart, as well as to read the whole Bible aloud about once a year. "But," he continues, "to that discipline I owe, not only a knowledge of the Book, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature." He adds that it was impossible for one who knew by heart the thirty-second of Deu-

teronomy, the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, the Sermon on the Mount and the Apocalypse, even in the foolishhest times of youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English. He also says of the Bible: "it is the grandest group of writings in existence, put into the grandest language of the world, in the first strength of the Christian faith, by an entirely wise and kind saint, St. Jerome; translated afterward with beauty and felicity into every language of the Christian world; and the guide, since so translated, of all the arts and acts of that world which have been noble, fortunate and happy. And by consultation of it honestly, on any serious business, you may always learn what you should do in such business, and be directed perhaps besides, to work more serious than you had thought of."

Another critic has said that "One reason why the Bible has so great literary value is that its style is both simple and strong." Coleridge, a good critic of style, though he did not always heed his own criticisms, thought it a kind of providence, that the Bible was translated at about the time when the English language had its greatest strength. Any one may see for himself this simplicity and strength by comparing a chapter of the Bible with the leading article in a good newspaper. The contrast will teach him how much the modern style of writing has lost by sacrificing simplicity and strength for the sake of doing, what Goldsmith told Johnson he would do if he were to

write a book about animals, "Make all the little fishes talk like whales."

Rev. Dr. R. J. Breckenridge, the celebrated divine of Kentucky, once said to a friend: "I suppose that there is no book written on any subject, or in any language, that I could not master in one year, if I should set myself about it.

"But I have made the Bible a special study for thirty-four years, and I never open it that I do not discover something new. It reminds me of the great firmament. Penetrate as far as you may, with the aid of the most powerful glass that the ingenuity of man has produced, and still there is something beyond."

An anecdote is related of a conversation between Dr. Breckenridge and the brilliant Thomas Marshall, who did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures. Marshall asserted that any scholar could write as good parables as those of the New Testament. Said the doctor, "If you will write a production equal in its ideas and construction to the Parable of the Prodigal Son, I will agree that you are right and I am wrong, and I will give you three months in which to work. If it can be done, you are as well qualified to do it as anybody I know."

Marshall accepted the proposition, and said he would do the work in twenty-four hours. In a week or two he returned and said, "Doctor, that thing can't be done. I give it up."

Sir Walter Scott, just before his death, desired his

son-in-law to read to him. "From what book shall I read?" "And you ask?" said Scott. "There is but one." "I chose," said Lockhart, "the 14th chapter of St. John. He listened with mild devotion, and said, when I had done, 'Well, this is a great comfort. I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I was to be myself again.'"

A popular writer has finely brought out the influence which the Bible had on the intellect of Daniel Webster, the manner in which it inspired his eloquence, and his astonishing familiarity with the Scriptures. He says that, "While a mere lad he read with such power and expression that the passing teamsters, who stopped to water their horses, used to get 'Webster's boy' to come out beneath the shade of the trees and read the Bible to them. Those who heard Mr Webster, in later life, recite passages from the Hebrew prophets and Psalms, say that he held them spellbound, while each passage, even the most familiar, came home to them in a new meaning. One gentleman says that he never received such ideas of the majesty of God and the dignity of man as he did one clear night when Mr. Webster, standing in the open air, recited the eighth Psalm. Webster's mother observed another old fashion of New England in training her son. She encouraged him to memorize such Scriptural passages as impressed him. The boy's retentive memory and his sensitiveness to Bible metaphors and to the rhythm of the English version, stored his mind with Scripture.

On one occasion the teacher of the district school offered a jack-knife to the boy who should recite the greatest number of verses from the Bible. When Webster's turn came he arose and reeled off so many verses that the master was forced to cry, 'enough.' It was the mother's training and the boy's delight in the idioms and music of King James's version that made him the 'Biblical Concordance of the Senate.' But these two factors made him more than a 'concordance.' The Hebrew prophets inspired him to eloquent utterances. He listened to them until their vocabulary and idioms, as expressed in King James's translations, became his mother-tongue. Of his lofty utterances it may be said, as Wordsworth said of Milton's poetry, they are 'Hebrew in soul.' Therefore they project themselves into the future. The young man who would be a writer that shall be read, or an orator whom people *will* hear, should study the English Bible. Its singular beauty and great power as literature, the thousand sentiments and associations which use has attached to it, have made it a mightier force than any other book."

Horace Bushnell, one of the brightest intellects of this century, said of himself: "My own experience is that the Bible is dull when I am dull. When I am really alive and set in upon the text with a tidal pleasure of living affinities, it opens, it multiplies, discovers, and reveals depths even faster than I can note them."

Rev. DeWitt Talmage thus expresses his attachment

to the sacred Word: "We open our Bibles, and we feel like the Christian Arab who said to the skeptic, when asked by him why he believed there was a God, 'How do I know that it was a man instead of a camel that went past my tent last night? Why, I know him by the tracks.' Then, looking over at the setting sun, the Arab said to the skeptic, 'Look there! that is not the work of a man. That is the track of a God.' We have all these things revealed in God's Word. Dear old book! My father loved it. It trembled in my mother's hand when she was nigh fourscore years old. It has been under the pillows of three of my brothers when they died. It is a very different book from what it once was to me. I used to take it as a splendid poem, and read it as I read John Milton. I took it up sometimes as a treatise on law, and read it as I did Blackstone. I took it as a fine history, and read it as I did Josephus. Ah! now it is not the poem; it is not the treatise of law; it is not the history. It is simply a family album that I open, and see right before me the face of God, my Father; of Christ, my Saviour; of heaven, my eternal home."

Coleridge has said, "As the New Testament sets forth the means and condition of spiritual convalescence, with all the laws of conscience relative to our future state and permanent being, so does the Bible present to us the elements of *public* prudence, instructing us in the true causes, the surest preventions, and the only cure of public evils. I persist in avowing my

conviction that the inspired poets, historians, and sententiaries of the Jews, are the clearest teachers of political economy; in short, that their writings are the "Statesman's Best Manual," not only as containing the first principles and ultimate grounds of state policy, whether in prosperous times or in those of danger and distress, but as supplying likewise the details of their application, and as being a full and spacious repository of precedents and facts in proof."

We have thus presented tributes and testimonies from some of the greatest divines, scientists, jurists, statesmen and critics of modern times, showing the influence of the Bible on personal character, literature, oratory, statesmanship and national progress, and such testimony might be multiplied by volumes. Is it not worth while to accept the opinions of these great men, and like them make the Bible a careful and continuous study? What book is so worthy of our earnest perusal? As has been eloquently said, "Cities fall, empires come to nothing, and kingdoms fade away as smoke. Where are Numa, Minos, Lycurgus? Where are their books? and what has become of their laws? But that this book no tyrant should have been able to consume, no tradition to choke, no heretic maliciously to corrupt; that it should stand unto this day amid the wreck of all that was human, without the alteration of one sentence so as to change the doctrine taught therein—surely this is a very singular providence, claiming our attention in a very remarkable manner."

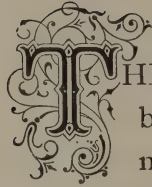
It furnishes invaluable counsel in all the practical emergencies of life, its influence will strengthen and purify the character, and exalt the motives of life and conduct. It has been the source of strength and hope to millions of despairing souls, who have triumphed over troubles and temptations which else would have overwhelmed them. It has been a shelter from the storms of life, a consolation in times of affliction, and a light in the darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Among the dead on one of the battle-fields before Richmond, was found a soldier beneath whose pulseless hand was an open Bible, and his fingers were pressed upon these precious words of the 23d Psalm: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Such has been and is its power and influence in life and in death.

"Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.



HERE are few who do not believe in a life beyond the grave, and that our happiness or misery there, will depend on our character and conduct here. There are few who do not also believe in the existence of a God, and that He has placed within us something, which we call conscience, by which we approve what is right, and condemn what is wrong. If we believe in the existence of right and wrong, our natural instinct teaches us that there exists a principle of justice, by which, somehow, wrong-doing will be punished, and well-doing rewarded. These are obvious truths which suggest themselves to our natural understanding, and even heathen races have an intuitive belief in the same doctrines. If, then, we believe in a future life, in the existence of God, and in a principle of justice, and all beyond that seems dark, what attitude should reason and common sense constrain us to take in reference to Christianity, and what judgment shall we pass upon the Bible? Here is a book which purports to come from God through divinely inspired men. It reveals to us our origin, our destiny, and the existence and character of God, and of his moral government. Without it, we should grope

in darkness, and have no light except the dim and uncertain glimmer which proceeds from the natural world and our dim and unaided intuitions.

The wonderful revelations of modern science are found to coincide with its account of the creation of the world, and in all other particulars; the recent discoveries of records which have been hidden for thousands of years, as well as profane history, all attest its historic accuracy; the oldest book in the world, it has strangely survived empires and dynasties, and has come down to us through seas of blood, and devastating famines and plagues which time and again have threatened to depopulate the earth. Its prophecies have been fulfilled to the very letter, although they were uttered by men of diverse temperament and surroundings, through a period extending over thousands of years. Its most malignant enemies have confessed that the system of morals which it teaches is without parallel elsewhere. The doctrines and precepts which it inculcates have swept over continents and the islands of the sea, and wherever they go they establish peace, happiness, refinement and intelligence. The Bible is the massive pillar on which rests happy homes, orderly communities, institutions of learning, noble charities and free governments. Millions have died with its words on their lips,—torn by wild beasts in Roman amphitheatres, in the thick darkness of the catacombs, at the stake and gibbet, and under every conceivable condition of bodily anguish,—and yet they

have triumphed even in their tortures, and often their grand lives went out with a song and a shout of victory. Thousands of the brightest intellects and most comprehensive minds of all ages have left testimony of their unalterable faith in its truth and inspiration, as well as their personal acceptance of its teachings. Millions of living voices, of every nation and tongue would joyfully add their testimony to the same effect, and now, in the face of all this, what course can a rational, sensible, fair-minded person take, except to receive the Bible for what it assumes to be,—the revealed will of God. If the Bible be thus accepted, then the personal obligation is admitted to diligently study it and conform to its requirements.

Christianity is adapted to the highest development of character and life. A writer has strikingly said: "It is too little considered what a breadth there is to Christianity in its relations to human wants. It is adapted to man's entire constitution. It addresses his reason. It enlarges his understanding and gives activity to thought. It stimulates the instinctive aspirations of the soul, awakens high desires, enkindles and purifies the imagination, and directs to the best ends. It refines the sensibilities, and imparts warmth and tenderness to the affections, and tends to produce the enthusiasm which is essential to all great action."

Religion thus tends to the harmonious growth of all the faculties; it is so suited to human needs that it elevates man to the highest degree of perfection, whether

considered as to his physical, mental, or spiritual nature.

Sir Matthew Hale, one of the purest and greatest jurists of any age, who was a devout Christian, said: "A man, industrious in his calling, if without the fear of God, becomes a drudge to worldly ends; vexed when disappointed, overjoyed in success. Mingle but the fear of God with business,—it will not abate a man's industry, but sweeten it; if he prosper, he is thankful to God who gives him power to get wealth; if he miscarry, he is patient under the will and dispensation of the God he fears. It turns the very employment of his calling into a kind of religious duty and exercise of his religion, without damage or detriment to it."

What a fine example was that of applying religion to the affairs of life, when the young Victoria, then a maiden of eighteen, on being aroused at midnight and informed that she was Queen of England, requested the venerable councilor who conveyed the message, to pray with her; and they both knelt in prayer together, asking God to endow her with strength to perform her responsible duties, and to bless her reign.

There is no other refuge like this, for those burdened with great trials and anxieties which well-nigh overpower them. Charles Lamb wrote of the woes of life, which few had felt more keenly than himself: "For ills like these, Christ is the only cure. Say less than this, and say it to the winds."

The famous Patrick Henry wrote in his will: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family;

there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

Among the last words of Sir Walter Scott were these to his son-in-law: "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

In the hour of death there is no hope or consolation except in the exercise of a religious faith. How lamentable the cry of the poor Roman Emperor Adrian as he felt the approach of death: "O my poor wandering soul! alas! whither art thou going? where must thou lodge this night? Thou shalt never jest more, never be merry more." How different the words of a Christian woman, who had been shipwrecked, and whose voice was heard singing in the darkness as she was lashed to a spar:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows o'er me roll,
While the tempest still is high."

When George III., King of England, was an old man, and nearly blind, he stood over the death-bed of his favorite daughter, the Princess Amelia, and said: "My dear child, you have ever been a good child to your parents. Your conduct has been above reproach. But I need not tell you that it is not by the excellen-

cies of your character alone that you can be saved. Your acceptance with God must depend on your faith and trust in the Lord Jesus." "I know it," replied the dying princess, "and I can wish for no better trust."


A few days before Coleridge, the poet, died, he wrote to his god-child: "On the eve of my departure, I declare to you that health is a great blessing; competence, obtained by honorable industry, a great blessing; and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful and loving friends and relatives; but that the greatest blessing, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian."

Such is religion,—the gracious power which can dignify and ennoble the character, develop the whole being, exalt the life, and fill it with rational enjoyment, and in the presence of death afford a hope and consolation more valuable than the whole universe beside.

Church of the living God! in vain thy foes
 Make thee, in impious mirth, their laughing stock,
 Contemn thy strength, thy radiant beauty mock;
 In vain their threats, and impotent their blows—
 Satan's assault—Hell's agonizing throes!
 For thou art built upon th' Eternal Rock,
 Nor fear'st the thunder storm, the earthquake shock,
 And nothing shall disturb thy calm repose.
 All human combinations change and die,
 Whate'er their origin, form, design;
 But firmer than the pillars of the sky,
 Thou standest ever by a power Divine;
 Thou art endowed with immortality,
 And can'st not perish—God's own life is thine!

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

A TALK TO THE BOYS.

ORACE MANN, one of the best friends to boys that ever lived, drew a picture of a young man over whom angels and demons were hovering, and contending for the mastery of his soul. The conception is not a flight of fancy, but is a terrible reality. Fortunately, however, you are not passive spectators, but have the power within yourselves to choose which of the two shall take possession of your lives. That line of Wordsworth's, "The child is father to the man," is worth thinking about. It means that the habits, the principles, and the drift of life which you choose while you are boys, will go with you into manhood, and will determine what kind of a man you will be. It has been said of Benedict Arnold, the traitor, that he "was the only general in the American Revolution who disgraced his country. He had superior military talent, indomitable energy, and a courage equal to any emergency. The capture of Burgoyne's army was due more to Arnold than to Gates; and in the fatal expedition against Quebec, he showed rare powers of leadership. Had his character been equal to his talents, he would have won a place beside Washington and Green, inferior only to them in ability and achievements. But he began life badly,

and it is not surprising that he ended it in disgrace. When a boy, he was detested for selfishness and cruelty. He took delight in torturing insects and birds, that he might watch their sufferings. He scattered pieces of glass and sharp tacks on the floor of the shop he tended, that the barefooted boys who visited it might have sore and bleeding feet. The selfish cruelty of boyhood grew stronger in manhood. It went with him into the army. He was hated by the soldiers, and distrusted by the officers, in spite of his bravery, and at last became a traitor to his country."

What a contrast to this picture is that of the gallant old Christian hero, Admiral Farragut. Listen to what he said of his boyish life, and of how he started to be a man: "When I was ten years old, I was with my father on board a man-of-war. I had some qualities that, I thought, made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of dinner, one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me, 'David, what do you mean to be?' 'I mean to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea! Yes, to be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast; be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign land. No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you

exhibit. You will have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.' My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast! Be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital! That is to be my fate,' thought I. 'I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor; I will never gamble.' I have kept these three vows ever since. Shortly after I had made them I became a Christian. That act was the turning-point in my destiny."

If you have the impression that people admire an impudent boy, who thinks it is smart and manly to drink, or smoke, or swear, you are greatly mistaken. Some one has drawn a picture of him, and we ask you whether you think it is worth while to try to be like him: "He may be seen any day, in almost any street in the village; he never makes room for you on the sidewalk, looks at you saucily, and swears smartly if asked anything; he is very impudent, and often vulgar to ladies who pass; he delights in frightening, and sometimes does serious injury to, little boys and girls; he lounges at the street corners, and is the first arrival at a dog-fight, or any other sport or scrape; he crowds into the postoffice in the evening, and multiplies himself and his antics at such a rate that people having legitimate business there are crowded out.

And he thinks himself very sharp; he is certainly very noisy; he can smoke and chew tobacco now and then, and rip out an oath most any time."

You must remember that if you amount to anything in the world, it will be mainly through your own efforts. You may have good friends, but they cannot make your character or habits,—these are of your own fashioning.

Some one, in an excellent talk to boys, says that a boy is something like a bar of iron, which in its natural state is worth about five dollars; if made into horseshoes, twelve dollars; but by being worked into balance springs for watches, it is worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and then adds: "But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating, and rolling and pounding, and polishing, and so, if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half as much to be made into horseshoes as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs, but think how much less valuable it is. Which would you rather be, horseshoes, or watch-springs? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood."

A wise man has said that "When forenoons of life are wasted, there is not much hope of a peaceful and fruitful evening. Sun-risings and sun-settings are closely connected in every experience."

Youth is the golden time in life for acquiring knowledge. Your minds are free from harassing care and anxiety, and you have the time to read the best books as you will never have again. It is worth while to be a boy, to read some good books for the first time. There is *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Schonberg Cotta Family*, *School Days at Rugby*, and many others, which afford the greatest pleasure to any boy who has a healthy, boyish nature. If you are working hard during the day, you have still the long evenings and rainy days, and the fact that your reading has to be done during your odd moments of leisure, gives it a relish that an idle boy can never understand.

A writer has given some excellent suggestions as to the use of one's evenings, and happy the boy who lays them to heart and profits by them: "The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on the street corners, wastes in the course of a year three hundred and sixty-five precious hours, which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments of almost any of the familiar sciences. If, in addition to wasting an hour each evening, he spends ten cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals of the country. Boys, think of these things. Think of how much time and money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner, or the cigar, is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in them with-

out seriously injuring yourself. You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are, that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you till your dying day. Be warned, then, in time, and resolve that, as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness."

It is well for you to learn early in life the value of money. As long as you spend what some one else has earned, you do not realize what it is worth, but probably the time will come when you will find out how much hard work a dollar represents. It is said that "A silver dollar represents a day's work of the laborer. If it is given to a boy, he has no idea of what it has cost, or of what it is worth. He would be as likely to give a dollar as a dime for a top or any other toy. But if the boy has learned to earn his dimes and dollars by the sweat of his face, he knows the difference. Hard work is to him a measure of values that can never be rubbed out of his mind. Let him learn by experience that a hundred dollars means a hundred weary days' labor, and it seems a great sum of money. A thousand dollars is a fortune, and ten thousand is almost inconceivable, for it is far more than he ever expects to possess. When he has earned a dollar he thinks twice before he spends it."

Another good thing to remember is the importance

of things which seem to you but trifles. Nothing is a trifle which tends to promote careful habits or build character. This story is told of the eccentric Philadelphia millionaire, Stephen Girard: "He once tested the quality of a boy who applied for a situation, by giving him a match loaded at both ends and ordering him to *light* it. The boy struck the match, and after it had burned half its length threw it away. Girard dismissed him because he did not save the other end for future use. The boy's failure to notice that the match was a double-ended one was natural enough, considering how matches are generally made; but haste and heedlessness (a habit of careless observation) are responsible for a greater part of the waste of property in the world."

Said one of the most successful merchants of a western city, to a lad who was opening a parcel, "Young man, untie the strings; do not cut them."

It was the first remark he had made to a new employe. It was the first lesson the lad had to learn, and it involved the principles of success or failure in his business career. Pointing to a well-dressed man behind the counter, he said: "There is a man who always whips out his scissors and cuts the strings of the packages in three or four places. He is a good salesman, but he will never be anything more. I presume he lives from hand to mouth, and is more or less in debt. The trouble with him is, that he was never taught to save. I told the boy just now to untie the strings, not

so much for the value of the string, as to teach him that everything is to be saved and nothing wasted."

I would say to every boy: "Be courteous." It costs nothing but a kind thoughtfulness and regard for the feelings of others, and it makes the atmosphere around you genial and sunny, and invariably wins friends. You owe it to yourselves as well as to others, to constantly practice the little courtesies of life. Many a situation has been secured, or lost, through courtesy, or the lack of it.

It is related that a boy once applied at a store for a situation. He was asked: "Can you write a good hand?" "Yaas," was the answer. "Are you good at figures?" "Yaas," was the answer again. "That will do—I do not want you," said the merchant. After the boy had gone, a friend, who knew him well, said to the merchant, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?" "Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,'" said the merchant. "If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month."

A willingness to work faithfully, though in the humblest capacity, has oftentimes proved a stepping-stone to positions of honor and trust.

Sir Humphrey Davy was once asked to give a list of the greatest discoveries which he had made. He replied that his greatest discovery was Michael Faraday. He found him, a poor boy, washing bottles in his

laboratory, and aided him, until he became one of the world's greatest men. If Michael had been at play instead of washing bottles, however, Sir Humphrey probably would not have become interested in him, and if he had not been faithful in his humble duties he would have failed when given greater work. It is the boy who washes a bottle honestly, who is most likely to have large success as a man.

Every boy who has any ambition is anxious to succeed in life. You may not have decided just what your life work shall be, but you feel a consuming desire to do something, and to do it well. Be sure and master some occupation or calling that will afford you, by industry, sobriety and frugality, a livelihood, and in time, a competence. Do not make the mistake of those deluded creatures who despise honest labor and seek some genteel employment, and finally drift into that large class who live by their wits, and their petty meannesses and deceptions. Live so as to look every man or woman squarely in the face, not in brazen impudence, but in the consciousness of an upright life. A wise man has given these rules, which, if followed, will do much toward the formation of worthy character and good business habits: "Attend carefully to details. Best things are difficult to get. Cultivate promptness, order and regularity. Do not seek a quarrel where there is an opportunity of escaping. Endure trials patiently. Fight life's battles bravely. Give when you can, but give from principle, not because it

is fashionable. He who follows two hares is sure to catch neither. Injure no one's reputation or business. Join hands only with the virtuous. Keep your mind from evil thoughts. Learn to think and act for yourself. Make new friends. Never try to appear what you are not. Question no man's veracity without cause. Respect your word as you would your bond. Say "no" firmly and respectfully when necessary. Touch not, taste not, handle not the cup which intoxicates. Use your own brains rather than those of others."

There are special temptations which will come to you with overwhelming power. One of these is the use of tobacco in some of its forms. It may seem to you a manly thing to puff a cigar, but depend upon it you will lower yourself in the estimation of your best friends by so doing. There are good physical reasons also why you should let it alone. A writer says of it: "It has utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to the softening of the bones, and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical, as well as mental power. We would warn boys, who want to be anything in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison."

"Then, too, it will be a daily leak in your pocket. Before you begin to imitate the boy or man who is fascinating to you, simply because he has in his mouth

a disgusting weed, or a few leaves rolled up, just stop and make an estimate of what this habit costs him daily. Multiply that by three hundred and sixty-five, and then by the number of years between your age and the good old age you hope to attain, and see if it does not look a little less worthy of your admiration and approval. Of how many comforts must the laborer and his family be denied that the father may have his pipe. If it is a desirable habit, then it is time that your mother and sisters shared it with you. Above all, boys, you who so enjoy your freedom that you are sometimes almost tempted to be impatient of the home control, which love makes only as a silken cord, consider well before you let this, or any other habit, forge its links about you day by day, until, instead of the God-given freedom which should be yours to exercise, you find yourself a slave."

And so, too, of the intoxicating cup. Let nothing persuade you to touch, taste, or handle it. Take warning from the fate of others, who once were as strong and promising as yourself. Gough, the great temperance orator, once related this incident to show to what depth our poor humanity could fall when in the power of this debasing vice: A young wife and mother lay in an ill-furnished and comfortless room, dying. Years before she had stood at the marriage altar, beside the man of her choice, as fair and hopeful a bride as ever took a vow. Her young husband

loved her, at least so he said, and he solemnly vowed to love her to the end; but he loved liquor more than he loved his young and beautiful wife. It soon began to dawn upon her mind that she was in that most horrible of all positions—a position a thousand times worse than widowhood or the grave,—a position than which there are only two worse possible,—Hell, and that of a drunkard's husband,—I mean the heart-rending, degrading position of a drunkard's wife. She used every means to reform him, but, like too many others, found her efforts useless. His cruelty and debauchery soon brought her to the grave.

A little before she died, she asked him to come to her bed-side, and pleaded with him once more for the sake of their children, soon to be motherless, to drink no more. With her thin, long fingers she held his hand, and as she pleaded with him he promised in this terribly solemn way: “Mary, I will drink no more till I take it out of this hand which I hold in mine.” That very night he poured out a tumbler of brandy, stole into the room where she lay cold in her coffin, put the tumbler into her withered hand and then took it out and drained it to the bottom. This is a scene from real life, and is not more revolting than hundreds of others which are happening in miserable, drink-cursed homes. In this matter do not be content with merely saving yourself, but work to save others. Take sides against this evil, and be a champion for purity, sobriety and a high manhood.

Learn early to value your good name, and guard it as you would your life. Your character is your best capital and fortune. During the war of the rebellion the most decisive movement of the whole campaign, depended on the character of a boy. It is said that the Confederate General, Robert E. Lee, while in conversation with one of his officers, was overheard by a plain farmer's boy to remark that he had decided to march upon Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg. The lad watched to see if the troops went in that direction, and then telegraphed the fact to Governor Curtin. The boy was sent for at once, by a special engine, and as the Governor and his friends stood about, the former remarked anxiously, "I would give my right hand to know that this lad tells the truth." A corporal promptly replied, "Governor Curtin, I know that boy. I lived in the same neighborhood, and I know that it is *impossible for him to lie*. There is not a drop of false blood in his veins." In fifteen minutes from that time the Union troops were pushing on towards Gettysburg, where they gained the victory.

There is one safeguard against all the allurements and pitfalls which are set to entrap the young,—and that is to take upon yourself the Christian life and profession, accepting the Bible as your guide and teacher. With your feet firmly established on the "Rock of Ages," you will have that strength and courage which will enable you to overcome the evil which assails you, and make the most of life both for yourself and others



A TALK TO THE GIRLS.



YOU desire to be a lady. Did you ever take time to think how much this involves, and how you are to become one? This is a picture of her: "A lady must possess perfect refinement and intelligence. She must be gracious, affable and hospitable, without the slightest degree of fussiness. She must be a Christian, mild, gentle and charitable, unostentatious, and doing good by stealth. She must be deaf to scandal and gossip. She must possess discrimination, knowledge of human nature, and tact sufficient to avoid offending one's weak points, steering wide of all subjects which may be disagreeable to any one. She must look upon personal cleanliness and freshness of attire as next to godliness. Her dress must be in accordance with her means, not flashy. Abhorring everything like soiled or faded finery, or mock jewelry, her pure mind and clear conscience will cause the foot of time to pass as lightly over the smooth brow as if she stepped on flowers, and, as she moves with quiet grace and dignity, all will accord her instinctively the title of lady."

Is it not worth while to strive to become such a being as the one we have described? Like her, you must be gentle and kind to others.

Queen Victoria once opened a large hospital with imposing ceremonies. Afterwards she passed through it, tenderly inquiring about the sufferers. One of them, a little child four years old, had said: "If I could only see the Queen, I would get well." Immediately the motherly Queen requested to be led into the little children's ward. Seating herself by the bed of the little sufferer, she said, in gentle tones: "My darling, I hope you will be a little better now." It was a simple act, but it was worthy of the queenly woman.

A charming story is told of Jenny Lind, the great Swedish singer, which shows her noble nature. Once when walking with a friend, she saw an old woman tottering into the door of an almshouse. Her pity was at once excited, and she entered the door, ostensibly to rest for a moment, but really to give something to the poor woman. To her surprise, the old woman began at once to talk of Jenny Lind, saying,—

"I have lived a long time in the world, and desire nothing before I die but to hear Jenny Lind."

"Would it make you happy?" inquired Jenny.

"Ay, that it would; but such folks as I can't go to the play-house, and so I shall never hear her."

"Don't be so sure of that," said Jenny. "Sit down, my friend, and listen."

She then sung, with genuine glee, one of her best songs. The old woman was wild with delight and wonder, when she added,—

"Now you have heard Jenny Lind."

One who could go out of her way to do such a kindness to a poor old woman, must have had a noble nature, worthy of her grand success.

Cultivate a sweet voice. Some one has said: "There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work, at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you, in the days to come, more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye."

Thoreau said: "Be not simply good, but good for something."

Aim to acquire a thorough knowledge of housekeeping, and to this end cheerfully take upon yourself such

parts of it as are suited to your age and strength. Is it not a pitiful sight to see a strong and naturally capable girl assume the indolent airs of a lady of ease, while her poor mother is nearly exhausted by the hard work of the kitchen. If your mother, from mistaken indulgence, would permit such conduct on your part, do not, for your own sake as well as hers, allow yourself to follow such a selfish course, but take some share in the toils and cares of the household, and you will then have the happy consciousness of doing your duty and living to some purpose. Learn to be self-reliant by fitting yourself for some occupation by which you can earn, if need be, a livelihood by your own efforts.

Madame de Stael, that brilliant French authoress, said: "It is not of these writings that I am proud, but of the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

The wheel of fortune never revolved more swiftly than now, and the rich to-day are poor to-morrow. The most pitiable instances of suffering and destitution are among those who have fallen from opulence, and are incapable of earning their own living.

A practical writer, in referring to this subject, thus alludes to the sensible girl: "She is not merely a doll to be petted, or a bird to be supported; but, though she may be blessed with a father, able and willing to care for her every want, she cultivates her capabilities. She seeks to prepare herself for possibilities, and, though she may not need to, she qualifies herself to

feed and clothe herself, so that, if left alone, she can stand upon her own feet, dependent upon no human being. With the multiplied ways of honest toil now open for young women, it seems quite excuseless for any one of them to be helpless. There are few nobler sights than that of a young woman who, though she may have a good home with father and mother who are willing to indulge her to the utmost, realizing the limitation of their means, and their hard self-denial, says, 'Father shall not be burdened by me; I will be self-reliant and clothe myself; yea, I will help him pay for the farm, help him educate the younger children.' Such an one is a thousand times superior to the pale-fingered, befrizzled, bejeweled substitutes for young women, who are good for nothing but to spend a father's hard-earned money."

The field of woman's work has been wonderfully widening, and there are now many pursuits in which she can profitably engage. Try to find out what you can do best, and then spare no pains to perfect yourself in it. There will always be a place for those who can do the right work in the right way.

Treasure your good name as your most precious jewel. Remember that your conduct now is the basis of your reputation, and you cannot guard it too carefully. A person of excellent judgment has well said: "When a young lady, no matter how innocent of anything worse than a determination to amuse herself at all hazards, condescends to flirt with gentlemen, or to

indulge in boisterous behavior in public places with other girls, she must not be surprised if, before long, she becomes aware of less heartiness in the greetings of the acquaintances whose society she prizes most, receives fewer invitations from anybody, and at last perceives, with painful clearness, that she is actually, even if undemonstratively, avoided, except by those whom she now does not wish to meet."

A lady is scrupulously particular as to the company she keeps, and scorns to associate with those who are unworthy of her. If you allow yourself to be indifferent in this regard, your good name will become tarnished. Besides, you expose yourself to the most terrible dangers, for thousands of wicked, miserable lives have been made so by a fatal lack of carefulness in this respect. There are two excellent rules which, if followed, would save thousands of young lives from ruin. One is, to make of your mother, or some one who stands in her place, a confidant and adviser, for you will never need the counsels of wisdom and experience more than now. The other is, if you are ever about to take a step, and have some doubts in your mind whether it is prudent or proper, stop short and refuse to go farther. You would say that the man was a lunatic who would step off boldly and confidently in the darkness, in a region full of pitfalls, but he would not be more so than you would be, if you entered dangerous and forbidden ground in spite of the warnings of your friends and your own better judg-

ment. Perhaps you are discontented with your home, and are longing to go out into the world to engage in some great and noble work. Beware! for many a heart, as pure and aspiring as yours, has gone forth from a loving home to pluck the tempting fruit of honor and renown, and found it like the apples of Sodom, bitter to the taste, and as dry as ashes.

Your life, beautiful as it is, and shielded by all that loving care can suggest, is yet open to temptation and dangers.

Cling close to the home, and your parents' sheltering love, and give your lives into the keeping of Him who alone can make them rich, beautiful and blessed.

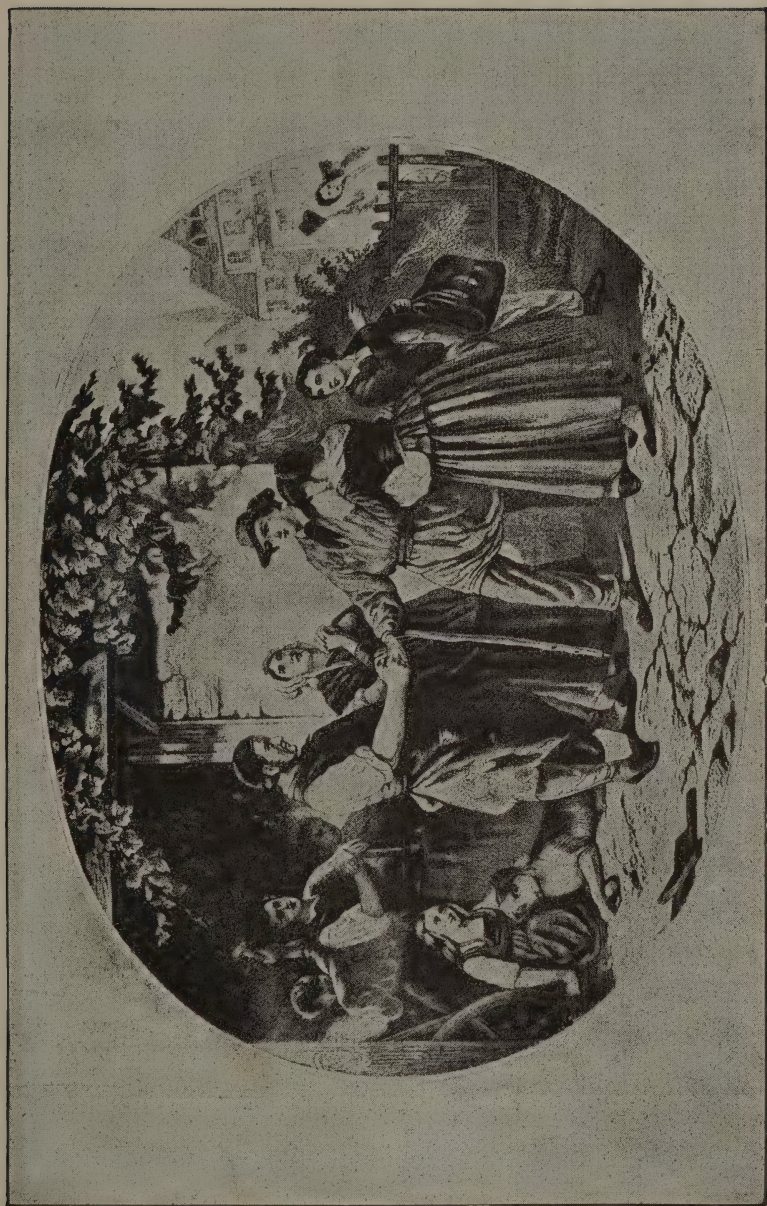
“ There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief!
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O! do not widely roam!
But seek that hidden treasure
At home, dear home.”

LEAVING HOME.



WHEN the period of life comes that you must turn from the dear and familiar scenes of childhood, and seek new friends and surroundings, though you may have longed for it, and fondly dreamed of its pleasures and advantages, yet, when the moment comes, what bitter tears are shed, and how the heart aches.

Perhaps you are going away to school or college. For years you have longed for the day to arrive which should bear you away, in order that your ambition to obtain a good education might be gratified. Or, perhaps, you are going away to make your fortune in a business career, as thousands have done before you; it may be to a large city, or to a remote part of the country, where you will be thrown amongst new influences and associates. Hitherto you have been under parental restraint, and your love for them and your own personal pride, have withheld you from doing any thing of which they would not approve; but hereafter you will be removed from this restraint, and left to act solely on your own judgment and impulses. If you have been accustomed to do right from principle, simply because it was right, then you will be likely to continue from the same motive; but if you have done so



LEAVING HOME

merely to keep the respect of your friends, call a halt, for you are in danger of a downward course.

It may be that among new scenes and friends you may sometimes find yourself almost forgetting the old home, and the loved ones there who are still following you with their thoughts and prayers. Do not grieve their true hearts by neglect or ingratitude, which will embitter your after life with remorse. Cherish in your heart all the pure and holy associations of your early years. They will be as a shield to protect you from the temptations which are ever ready to destroy the unwary and thoughtless.

Never may it be your experience to echo the pathetic song of Hood, as he recalled his early, happy home.

“I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!”

Said a most successful business man, who was surrounded with all the appointments that wealth could command: “These fortunate days of my life are all the results of incidents in my youth that I deemed unimportant at the time. My mother, in her letters, urged me to go to prayer meeting, and I used to pay close attention to that and the meetings, in order to write her what was said; and these habits gave me the confidence of my employers, and I was rapidly advanced over others in position of trust and responsibility.”

Amos Lawrence, the eminent Boston millionaire and philanthropist, said of his habit of writing home regularly: "My interest in home, and my desire to have something to tell to my sisters to instruct and improve them, as well as to have their comment on what I communicated, was a powerful motive for me to spend a portion of my time each evening in my boarding house, the first year I came to Boston, in reading and study." So, then, write frequently and regularly to the old home, keep up your interest in all that pertains to it, as well for your own sake as for those who welcome your letters, as more precious than gold. However busy you may be, you can spare time enough to scratch off, with pencil, if need be, a long letter at least once a week, in which you can interest them in all the little details concerning yourself, your work, associates and surroundings. It will give you, besides, a facility in the ready use of words, which of itself is a valuable discipline.

Another invaluable rule to form on leaving home is to keep holy the Sabbath. Thousands of young men leave home who have had excellent moral and religious training, who have been accustomed to observe the Sabbath strictly, and who intend to live exemplary lives, but, in their new homes, they are invited to take a ride, or a walk, to make calls, or go on some little excursion, and having no acquaintances in any church, and finding the day rather tedious, they consent, and little by little they get in the habit of thus spending

the day, until all relish for the observance of religious exercises becomes distasteful.

Aside from any religious considerations, and looking at it from a mere worldly point of view, no young man who has any regard for his future can afford to make the fatal and irreparable mistake of desecrating the Sabbath day, either by openly violating its sanctity, or by neglecting to attend its sacred ordinances.


Many years ago, an awkward young man went to New York city to engage in business as a shoemaker. He was in the habit of regularly attending church. So on the Sabbath day he sought the house of God, and in looking for a seat, happened to be noticed as a stranger by a Mr Robert Lennox, then a man very prominent and much esteemed, and was invited by him into his pew. The next morning he started out to buy a stock of goods for his new establishment, and being obliged to buy on credit, took his references, with which he had provided himself, with him. Said the leather merchant to whom he applied: "Did I not see you yesterday at church in the pew of Robert Lennox?" "I do not know, sir," said the young man, "I was at church yesterday, and a kind gentleman invited me to sit in his pew." Said the proprietor: "I'll trust any one that Robert Lennox invites into his pew. You need not trouble yourself about your references. When the goods are gone, come and get some more." The young man, as might be expected, became a successful and eminent merchant, and always considered that

he owed his success to attending church the first Sunday he went to New York.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has said: "The man or woman cannot utterly sink, who, on every seventh day is obliged to appear in decent apparel, and to join with all the standing and respectability of the community in a united act of worship."

So make it a fixed resolution, that as soon as you get to your new home, or even a temporary stopping place, you will attend church, and if circumstances make it practicable, not only attend, but make yourself useful in some way. Take a Sabbath-school class, or if you cannot do that, assist in the library, or act in any other capacity where you can be of use. If you are not needed in any of these, join a Bible class, and identify yourself with the school. This will bring you into contact with refining and elevating influences, with people whose friendship will be of the greatest value to you, and, better than all else, will lead you on in that life whose "ways are pleasantness and whose paths are peace." Avoid all company, habits and associations that you would wish to conceal from your parents, or that you cannot write about freely in your home letters; and you will escape the shoals upon which hundreds of thousands of lovely and promising youths have made shipwreck of their bodies and souls. To do this, you must exercise a firm resolution, and you will need every day, and continually, divine guidance and help.

FEMALE SOCIETY.

NE of the most marked men of this century, Disraeli, who achieved distinction in many different lines of thought and action, toward the close of a career of extraordinary success, made the remarkable statement that "a female friend, amiable, clever and devoted, is a possession more valuable than parks and palaces, and without such a nurse, few men can succeed in life,—none be content." The reason why multitudes of gifted and brilliant men fail in their career, is for want of the very traits of character which female society would impart. How many men are intellectual, well informed, and possess a complete practical knowledge of the pursuit they enter upon, but they are *brusque*, imperious, and over-bearing; they lack the urbanity of demeanor, the consideration of other's feelings, the gracefulness of expression, which are necessary to conciliate men and to draw them to themselves; and for the need of these qualities their progress is impeded, or they fail in their plans altogether. The female character possesses those qualities in which most men are deficient,—the delicate instincts, the acute perceptions, the ready judgment, the wonderful intuitions,—these all belong to her by native right, and are usually acquired by men through

her influence. The same brilliant author already quoted, in his "Lothair," makes one of his characters to say to a promising young man: "You have been fortunate in your youth to become acquainted with a great woman. It develops all a man's powers and gives him a thousand talents." That young man is in a perilous position who sneers at the society of pure and sensible women, and who turns aside from them to mingle with the coarse and depraved of his own sex. Thackeray, who was a keen observer of the world about him, and whose profound knowledge of human nature was truly remarkable, said: "All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, and have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely upon it, are deleterious in their nature."


That young man who can inspire the respect of a good and sensible woman, who by his powers of conversation can make the time pass agreeably to her, and who can convince her that he is prudent, well informed and honorable, is a man that can make men respect him also, and will be likely to make his way in the world in such a manner as to find and fill its best places.

One of the old English poets relates in charming verse a pretty story of a nobleman who had a son who, in his younger years, was so uncouth, so dull and averse to learning and society, that he despaired of

ever making him worthy of his name, and sent him out of his sight to be brought up with the swineherd. But the awkward, boorish youth happened one day to see a beautiful and noble maiden, and was at once smitten with admiration at her charms of person and manner. From that time he was another being; he was filled with a strong and unquenchable desire to make himself worthy of her notice, and to his father's surprise and delight he appeared before him and informed him that he was now ready to take up the tasks and books he had before despised. He was inspired by a new purpose, and changed as if by miracle, and in course of time, under the stimulus of his awakened aspiration, he became graceful in his demeanor, gallant in his conduct, learned and pleasing in his discourse, one of the most noble and accomplished of young men,—the favorite of his father and of the household, and at last won the fair lady who had been the cause of this wondrous change.

This is romantic, but it is the romance of real life, and thousands of young men have been awakened in a similar manner to noble aims and lofty aspirations. In this world we need all the aids we can command to lift us from the low plane on which we stand to more exalted heights of purpose and achievement; and rely upon it, young man, that if you possess one spark of a manly and chivalrous spirit, the society of pure and exalted women will fan it to a flame of more earnest endeavor.

WOMAN'S SPHERE AND MISSION.

URING the last fifty years a radical change has been effected in public sentiment, in regard to women's work in the world. It is only within a comparatively recent time that colleges and the learned professions have been opened to her, and a thousand occupations promise her fair remuneration, and an honorable place in the great catalogue of industrial pursuits. This sphere of woman's activity is continually widening, and new fields of labor are constantly inviting her to enroll herself in the great army of wage winners. In the olden time she was consigned to one of two places — either that of drudge or lady — either to do the most menial and dependent service, for a totally inadequate compensation, or to occupy an idealized place, where a few superficial accomplishments only, were allowable, and any exhibition of a cultivated intellect would be stigmatized as audacious and manlike. It is not strange that with such a transition, there has come a tendency to the other extreme — to ignore sex, and womanly instincts, and to regard men and women alike as on the same plane. But nature is more powerful than reformers, and while it is wise that every daughter should have

the ability to earn an honorable and independent livelihood in case of any emergency, yet it is the fiat of Providence, nevertheless, that it is the destiny of most women to become wives and mothers, and their training should recognize this great fact. But we must not forget that woman, when a wife and mother, is not belittled, but ennobled, and her influence vastly enlarged. What her influence may be in national affairs, is thus stated by that keen and sagacious statesman, De Tocqueville: "I do not hesitate to say that the women give to every nation a moral temperament, which shows itself in its politics. A hundred times I have seen weak men show real public virtue, because they had by their sides women who supported them, not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty, and by directing their ambition. More frequently, I must confess, I have observed the domestic influence gradually transforming a man, naturally generous, noble and unselfish, into a cowardly, common-place, place-hunting, self-seeker, thinking of public business only as a means of making himself comfortable—and this simply by contact with a well-conducted woman, a faithful wife, an excellent mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public duty was entirely absent."

Many of the greatest statesmen have had wives who co-operated with them in their labors, and helped to conduct diplomacies and mould the destiny of nations. The book which, more than any other of modern times,

aroused public sentiment as to the nature of a great national evil, was written by a woman; much of it in her kitchen with her child in her lap, in snatches between household duties. And yet Webster and Clay, with all the flights of their impassioned eloquence, amid listening senates, and applauding multitudes, never shaped public opinion, moved men's souls, or had as potent an influence in shaping our future as a nation, as the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And its mission did not end there; for, translated into nearly all languages, it has worked like leaven over nearly the whole world, to arouse in all nations a love for justice and universal freedom. Harriet Beecher Stowe as an orator or legislator might have been a total failure, but the whole world inclined its ear to listen to the voice of her womanly sympathy and pleadings for justice, as she spoke out of her own heart, and from her own hearthstone. Those women who affect to despise their womanly instincts, and long for a public career, generally reap a bitter harvest of disappointed hopes.

Nearly a generation ago there was in an eastern academy a bright young girl, full of theories as to how to uplift humanity, and longing to go out in the world as a reformer to revolutionize society. She was the daughter of a wealthy man, and scorning marriage as a condition too contracted for her powers, she went out to fulfill her life mission. About thirty years after, her former teacher called on her and found her a sharp, petulant and disappointed woman. She thus made her

complaint: "There is no high career open to our sex. I tried lecturing, but did not catch the public ear. I have written two or three books; they did not sell, and my publishers cheated me. I studied law, and for years tried in vain to fight my way into the courts. I am making no effort now. I was born a century too soon. The world is not yet ripe for women of my kind." Thus embittered against the world, her life was going out in failure and regret, and it was because she was not willing to lay hold of the work within her reach. This young lady had a classmate, the daughter of a poor farmer. She also went out into the world, without any exalted theories of benefiting the race, but found no difficulty in finding something that she could do. With her warm sympathy and sturdy good sense, she ministered to the needs of those about her. She took a course of study at a training school for nurses, watched by sick beds, and became a very angel of mercy. Afterwards she took charge of an orphan asylum, and then, hastening to the relief of stricken sufferers at the height of a terrible epidemic, she gave up her life for others, and thus became a noble martyr to duty and to humanity. Here are two examples, the one of theory, the other of action,—the one thirsting for distinction, the other actuated by a simple desire to do good.

There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that a woman can not be well read, possess a broad culture and a well disciplined mind, and at the same

time be a capable housewife. Mary Somerville, who in her day was the foremost woman of the world in scientific attainments, was also an excellent housekeeper, and one of her friends thus speaks of her home life: "Her friends loved to take tea at her house. Everything was in order; the walls were hung with her fine drawings; her music stood in the corner, her table was spread with good things, and she herself as ready to play the affable hostess, as though she had never worked out an astronomical problem." Hawthorne has said: "It should be woman's office to move in the midst of practical affairs, and to gild them all, the very homeliest,—were it even the scouring of pots and kettles,—with an atmosphere of loveliness and joy." One of the greatest needs of women is more education, not merely of the schools, but a general knowledge which will enable them to obtain a broader view of the world and its activities. Thousands of women have so much leisure that they become lonely, discontented and complaining. Why should they not go through the enchanting field of literature, and pluck the fairest flowers of thought and sentiment, or look back through the vistas of the past and familiarize themselves with its chief actors and events? Why should they not keep informed as to what is going on in the world, in science, philosophy, politics, inventions and general progress; and especially in the vital issues and perplexing problems which our own country is called upon to

face and to solve? Surely such training and culture would make woman better fitted to be the companion of her husband, and the instructor of her children, and a whole horde of petty and frivolous and often imaginary cares and annoyances would be dispelled.

Says that spicy and brilliant writer, Gail Hamilton: "Natural tact will do much, but it cannot supply the place of education. When a woman has learned to make a pudding she has learned but the smallest part of her duty. She needs to know how to sit at the table and dispense a hospitality so cordial and enlivening that the pudding shall be forgotten. There are a thousand women who can make a pudding, where there is one who is mistress of her servants, of her children, of her husband, of her home, of her position."

A woman who is all such a description implies, is one who must fit herself for it by cherishing great thoughts, and a noble appreciation of her responsibility. She must be mistress of a store of ideas and an exhaustless fund of general knowledge.

The sphere of the woman is to preside over the home as its light and inspiration. No charms so captivating, no grace so irresistible, no spirits so exuberant, no wit so cheery, no conversation so fascinating, no culture so varied, but can find in the home fit place for their varied charms.

A gifted writer has thus beautifully described the gentle, modest, unassuming and self-sacrificing mother, who, thank God, can be recognized in multitudes of

happy homes as she moves about quietly in the duties of her home life,—and where can be found a more deserving tribute to the worth and mission of woman: “She never dreamed that she was great; or that she was specially useful; or that she had achieved anything worth living for. Sometimes, when she read the stories of historic heroines, she, too, had her ‘dreams of fair women,’ and looked with a sigh upon her life, made up of little deeds, so little that even she who did them was not conscious of the doing. Her monument was her home. It grew up quietly, as quietly as a flower grows, and no one knew—she did not know herself—how much she had done to tend and water and train it. Her husband had absolute trust in her. He earned the money; she expended it. And as she put as much thought in her expenditure as he put in his earning, each dollar was doubled in the expending. She had inherited that mysterious faculty which we call taste; and she cultivated it with fidelity. Neither man nor woman of the world could long resist the subtle influence of that home; the warmth of its truth and love thawed out the frozen proprieties from impersonated etiquette; and whatever circle of friends sat on the broad piazza in summer, or gathered around the open fire in winter, they knew for a time the rare joy of liberty—the liberty of perfect truth and perfect love. Her home was hospitable because her heart was large; and any one was her friend to whom she could minister. But her heart was like the old

Jewish temple—strangers only came into the court of the Gentiles; friends into an inner court; her husband and her children found a court yet nearer her heart of hearts; yet even they knew that there was a Holy of Holies which she kept for her God, and they loved and revered her the more for it. So strangely was commingled in her the inclusiveness and the exclusiveness of love, its hospitality and its reserve."

Thus far we have spoken only of wives and mothers as home-makers; but far be it from us to lose sight of that noble company of unwedded home-builders who, as daughters, and sisters have been the guardian angels of the homes they have created, or maintained for those who otherwise must have been in their helplessness forced to depend upon strangers, or seek an uncertain foothold in homes not their own.

Who would withhold the homage due to such women as Caroline Herschel, Mary Lamb, Miss Mitford, Louisa Alcott, the Cary sisters, and the thousands of other gifted and noble women, who, though neither wives nor mothers, have made the world richer and better for the homes they have created and adorned? and, beautiful for all time will be the picture of that home of the sisters in Bethany toward which He—the greatest and best who ever trod this earth—loved to turn his weary feet, and which he so often blessed with his presence.

MARRIAGE.

“ Either sex alone

Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfills
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow.”



SIR WALTER SCOTT once gave this advice to a young friend: “ Settle yourself in life while you are young, and lay up by so doing, a stock of domestic happiness against age or bodily decay. There are many good things in life, whatever satirists or misanthropes may say to the contrary; but probably the best of all, next to a conscience void of offense, is the quiet exercise and enjoyment of social feelings, in which we are happy ourselves, and the cause of happiness to those dearest to us.”

“ What greater thing is there for two human souls,” wrote George Eliot, “ than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the last parting.”

“ Marriage,” says a recent writer, “ is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of the present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents,



THE ENGAGEMENT.

her companions, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness and for pleasure. Buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation to the happiness to come. *Then woe to the man who blights such fair hopes!* who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment and the watchful protection of home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions which have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired.”

Mrs. Browning has given voice to the same feelings in these words:

“If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
And be all to me? Shall I never miss
Home-talk and blessing, and the common kiss
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange
When I look up, to drop on a new range
Of walls and floors—another home than this?”

Theodore Parker says of marriage: “Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well sorted. But nature allows no sudden change—marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal-day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple and **gold, with its hopes of day to come.** Beautiful also is

the evening of love, with its glad remembrances and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth."

There is much food for thought in these suggestive remarks on the duties of the married relation:

"Happiness and selfishness can never flourish on the same stem; one kills the other. To be wedded happily, the promoter is congeniality and unselfishness. A good woman will endure much for her husband, the man for his wife. A true woman will smile, cheer, and help her husband should clouds come. Then is the time to test her character, to solve the problem,—the object of her matrimony. Men, look for women with a heart, a soul; do not let their facial beauty be their sole attraction, rather let it be their beauty of soul and character that inspires your love for them. For with these there is no autumn, no fading; their leaves will be fresh and beautiful forever."

Dr. Goodell thus expresses the relation, and mutual dependence of husbands and wives to each other: "Some complain that their home joys are meager. Let them remember how mean and beggarly are their contributions. They cannot reap where they do not sow. To make the home the happiest and most helpful place in the world, each must give the best to it. Not to society, not to business, not to outside intimates, but to the family circle, must the choicest gleanings be brought from all the fields of life, as the bee brings to his hive, and not elsewhere, honey from all the sweetest flowers. The husband and wife are in a true sense

one. Whatever is good for him is good for her. Whatever is due from him to her is also equally due from her to him. They move together. He owes no duty to her that she does not owe to him a counter part. It is an even thing. What the wife requires of her husband, that let her give to him. She is married 'for better or for worse;' let her resolve that it shall be for better. Matches are not made in heaven, and will be for the worse, if there be no watchful, patient care to work them out on earth for heaven."

The following maxims, if put in practice daily, would do much to promote harmony and good feeling in the home:

"Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is meanness."

"Never manifest anger."

"Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire."

"Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best judgment."

"Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. Besides, it may be that you will not meet again in life."

"Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other, which is the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness."

The biographer of Andrew Jackson draws this charming picture of his married life: "It was a happy marriage—a very happy marriage—one of the very

happiest ever contracted. They loved one another in the highest respect. They loved one another dearly. They *testified* the love and respect they entertained for one another by those polite attentions which lovers can not but exchange before marriage and after marriage. Their love grew as their years increased, and became warmer as their blood became colder. No one ever heard either address to the other a disrespectful, or irritating, or unsympathizing word. They were not as familiar as is now the fashion. He remained 'Mr. Jackson' to her always—never 'General,' still less 'Andrew.' And he never called her 'Rachel,' but 'Mrs. Jackson,' or 'wife.'"

The following words will be appreciated by every one who has been so fortunate as to experience the truth of them: "There is no combination of letters in the English language which excites more pleasing and interesting associations in the mind of man than the word 'wife'. It presents to the mind's eye a cheerful companion, a disinterested adviser, a nurse in sickness, a comfort in misfortune, and an ever affectionate partner. It conjures up the image of a lovely, confiding woman, who cheerfully undertakes to contribute to your happiness, to partake with you the cup, whether of weal or woe, which destiny may offer. The word 'wife' is synonymous with the greatest earthly blessing; and we pity the unfortunate wight who is compelled, by fate's severe decree, to trudge along life's dull pilgrimage without one."

Miss Muloch says, with much truth, that "Love alone is not sufficient in marriage. But wanting love, nothing else suffices; no outward suitability, no tie of gratitude or duty. All break like threads before the wrench of the ever-grinding wheel of daily cares."

Too often the husband allows his business or profession to shut him out from the one with whom he promised to walk, not only through the first brief months of wedded life, but all along life's journey, and the wife, alas, learns to find her daily solace and comfort in her children, or, if lacking these, in some social or benevolent work.

What a contrast is this picture to that home in which mutual love cheers every pathway, lightens every burden, and dispenses joy to all around.

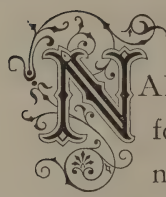
Tennyson has sung in beautiful and prophetic words of the perfect union of man and woman:

"In the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind,
Till at last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words,
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-Be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to man."

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

“The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.
Then crown her Queen o’ the World.”

—*Old Play.*

APOLEON never exhibited a more profound conception of the real sources of national power than when he expressed the sentiment, that upon the mothers of France depended the greatness and prosperity of the empire. Woe to the world when the pure, strong instincts of tender motherhood are disregarded, when the sweet voice loses its power to restrain, and the maternal kiss to conquer the perverse inclinations and willful passions of our unruly natures.

It has been said that “the intellectual calibre of the mother, her manner of conversation, her habits of reading and thought, all have a mighty influence on her children;” and it is a profound and well-recognized truth. To mothers are intrusted the shaping of lives which, in turn, shape the destinies of the world. Theirs is a power more potent than swords or bayonets, councils or senates.



THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Some one has finely said: "It is related of Phidias that in constructing the statue of Minerva at Athens, he so wrought *his own image* into her shield, that it could not be removed without destroying the statue itself. Thus ineffaceably does the mother engrave her mental likeness, her moral character, upon the soul of the child. Not until that soul shall be annihilated will the maternal image be removed."

It is a beautiful tribute to the influence of motherhood to observe how the greatest and purest minds recur with ever increasing satisfaction to the maternal influence and training in their early life, and attribute all their successes to her gentle teachings. The excitable temperament and passionate nature of the brilliant yet unhappy John Randolph was soothed by the remembrance of his mother, and he said: "I would have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'" His mother died when only thirty-six years of age, and in the bloom of her womanhood, and he always retained a vivid remembrance of her person, her charms, and her virtues, and often did he shed tears over her grave by whose side it was the last wish of his heart to be buried. "I am a fatalist," said he; "I am all but friendless; only one human being ever knew me—my mother."

The celebrated Benjamin West related that his

mother once kissed him eagerly, when he showed her a likeness he had sketched of his baby sister; and he adds: "That kiss made me a painter."

That sturdy and independent representative of western manhood,—Thomas H. Benton,—attributed his success to the influence of his mother, and in a speech made in New York thus spoke of her: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I have never used it from that time until the present day. She asked me not to game, and I have never gamed. She admonished me, too, against strong drink, and whatever capacity for endurance I may have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute to having complied with her highest and earnest wishes."

That silver-voiced orator, Henry Clay, who seemed to wake at will the chords of human sympathy, and to reach the hearts of men by his wondrous personal magnetism, always spoke of his mother in terms which denoted the most devoted affection and profound veneration. It is said that habitual correspondence existed between them to the last hour of life. He ever mentioned her as a model of maternal character and female excellence, and it is said that he never met his constituents after her death, without some allusion to her, which deeply affected both himself and his audience. And when the great statesman came to die, nearly his last words were, "Mother, mother, mother."

One of the strongest characteristics of the poet, Pope,

was his extraordinary attachment to his mother, in whose society he found an exquisite delight. Neither the flatteries of the great, nor the pride of his fame, could ever stifle his filial love, and among the most touching strains which his genius inspired are those addressed to his mother.

Benjamin Franklin was in the habit of referring to his mother with the most tender affection, and was ever solicitous for her comfort and happiness. Thomas Gray, the gifted author of the immortal "Elegy," was most affectionate to his mother during her life, and after her death it is said that he seldom mentioned her without a sigh. The inscription which he placed over her grave describes her as "the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom had the misfortune to survive her." He was buried by her side, according to his own directions. The regard of Washington for his mother is shown in her powerful influence over him, and in the nobility of character which was early developed by her careful training and wise counsel. When an ambitious youth longing to enter the arena of life, and battle for its prizes, he broke up an engagement to go to sea, because he saw that his going would occasion her great sorrow and solicitude. And in all the triumphs of his life, it was his pride first to acquaint her with the honors conferred upon him, as if to delight her eyes with the fruit of her planting.

Amos Lawrence, the great Boston merchant, always spoke of his mother in the strongest terms of veneration.

tion and love, and plainly showed that his heart overflowed with constant gratitude to her. It is said that amongst the earliest and most cherished recollections of his early years and his childhood's home, was the form of his mother, bending over his bed in silent prayer, when she was about leaving him for the night. Is it any wonder that a youth cherishing such memories, when thrown in the whirl of a large city full of snares and pitfalls for the unwary, should be armed to resist temptations and battle for the right, and win the choicest rewards of manly character and business success?

The mother of Gen. Houston was a superior woman, and, enduring all the privations of frontier life, struggled heroically to bring up her large family in such a manner as should ensure their own welfare, and make them useful to society. Gen. Francis Marion, of Revolutionary fame, was in his younger days an industrious young farmer, and was not distinguished above other young men of the neighborhood in which he lived, except for his devoted love and tender regard for his mother, whose influence over him awakened those qualities of manliness which made him a successful leader of men in those eventful times.

The celebrated Lord Macaulay, who earned honors and fame such as are the privilege of but few men to enjoy, thus tenderly recurs to the influence of his mother: "Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet deep security I felt,

When of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother." Thus do the sweet and silent influences of a mother's life reach that inner sanctuary of the soul which is silent to all the intoxicating strains of worldly glory.

Once, in one of our large cities, an idolized daughter was missed from a happy home, and for months and years the heartbroken mother endeavored to find trace of her, but in vain. It was supposed that through certain associations she had fallen into an abandoned life, but the mother did not despair. The fathomless depths of her love for her lost child suggested an expedient. She had her own portrait painted, and obtained permission to hang it up in a mission house, where miserable creatures sometimes came for a morsel of food, or for words of kindness and hope in their yearnings for a better life. At length, one night a poorly clad and haggard young woman came, and after hungrily eating the lunch that was provided, was turning to go away when she caught sight of the portrait. She stood transfixed as if in a dream; then the great tears began to rain down upon her pallid face, and she sank

to the floor, sobbing, "My mother, my mother, my mother!" The thought of that mighty mother-love melted her heart to repentance,—the mother's faith was triumphant, and the erring one was restored to her home, never more to return to her evil life. O, the wondrous depths of maternal love,—like the infinite sea, whose vast caverns no plummet e'er can reach; it is the truest type of that more wondrous tenderness of the all-wise Father above, for the teeming millions of this sorrowing earth. How many hearts that have struggled long and faithfully with the trials and temptations of life will give glad assent to the beautiful sentiment which a loving heart has embodied in these words: "Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now like the perfume of some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of hers will echo in our hearts forever. Other faces will be forgotten, but hers will shine on until the light from heaven's portals shall glorify our own. When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and, crossing the well worn threshold, stand once more in the quaint low room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us. How many times when the tempter lured us on, has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin."

As one has well said, "Who can fathom the depth of a mother's love? No friendship so pure, so devoted. The wild storm of adversity and the bright sunshine of prosperity are all alike to her; however unworthy we may be of that affection, a mother never ceases to love her erring child. Often when alone, as we gaze up to the starry heaven, can we in imagination catch a glimpse of the angels around the 'great white throne;' and among the brightest and fairest of them all is our sweet mother, ever beckoning us onward and upward to her celestial home."

The Edens of earth are the happy homes in which a gentle mother presides, and rules the charmed household with the precious influences of a noble womanhood; nurturing into fruition in those about her, the graces and harmonies of life and character, as the sunshine brings out the beauty, flavor and fragrance of rarest flowers and fruit. Better than all the gaud of wealth, better than all the fastidious tastes and refinements of luxury, better than highest æsthetic culture or intellectual superiority, is the presence in the home of one of these queens of the heart, whose realm is bounded by the affections and well-being of her household. Such mothers and such homes will send out sons such as the world needs, and men delight to honor, and daughters whose loveliest adornments are the virtues and graces which they possess.

T. S. Arthur, in speaking of his mother, has repeated the experience of thousands of men now in honorable

positions, and bearing manfully the heavy burdens of life. He says: "For myself, I am sure that a different mother would have made me a different man. When a boy I was too much like the self-willed, excitable Clarence; but the tenderness with which my mother always treated me, and the unimpassioned but earnest manner in which she reprov'd and corrected my faults, subdued my unruly temper. When I became restless and impatient, she always had a book to read to me, or a story to tell, or had some device to save me **from myself.**"


"Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

There are multitudes of the world's best workers to-day, whose wayward disposition in youth was subdued by the influence of their mothers, and so they were saved to become helps instead of burdens to society. One of the most delightful female writers of our age has given us this charming picture of a mother and the happy home-life which she created. She says: "The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house, into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. The mother was the creator of the home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen. Every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key note of the day;

and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover-leaf which, in spite of her hard work, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to be read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, home-maker."

Mothers, there is no honor on earth so great and so full of blessed rewards as that of sending out into the world a man or woman fully equipped for a noble life work. Co-workers, are you with God in the uplifting and regeneration of the race. Do not be discouraged if your toil to you seems fruitless, and your words unheeded, for away down in the deep recesses of the hearts of your children is your image deeply graven, your words and gentle teachings are there recorded, and in future years, and perhaps in distant climes, your lessons, and patience, and influence, will bring a rich harvest of reward.

INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN.

NE of the greatest contrasts between the present age and the boasted civilization of Greece and Rome in their palmiest days, is the place accorded to childhood. None of the great classic writers of the Roman Republic, or of the age of Pericles, in Greece, seem to have estimated the relation of childhood to the future of the world. It is true that Cornelia, the noble Roman matron, said of her children, the Gracchi, "These are my jewels," but she was the exceptionally fond mother. In Sparta only sturdy boys were esteemed of value, and they, because they would make soldiers, while it was allowable to put female infants, and the weak and maimed, to death. This inhuman people had a cruel custom of annually scourging their children at the altars of their deities, and sometimes this was done so violently that they died from the barbarous torture. But happily for the world, a better era has dawned upon it, and now the influence of childhood is recognized as one of the strongest agencies to uplift our race. The greatest men have shown their greatness by the freshness of their hearts, manifested by their love of children. When Michael Angelo was at the zenith of his fame, and popes and emperors were willing to pay fabulous



INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN

prices for his work, a little boy met him in the street, with an old pencil and piece of dirty brown paper, and asked him for a picture. He took the materials, went to the side of the street, sat down on a curbstone, and drew his little admirer a picture.

Wellington, the renowned hero of Waterloo, once met a little boy who was crying bitterly. He asked what was the matter, and the boy said: "We are going to move, and I don't know what will become of my tame toad." Wellington said: "Never mind, I will take care of your toad," and he kept his word, and regularly the little boy received a letter from the great soldier stating that the toad was well. An incident is related of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, which perhaps reveals one of the sources of his wonderful power to influence others for good: "When I was a little boy in Bristol," said Robert Southey, "I was running down a flight of steps with my sister—a beautiful girl with flowing ringlets. John Wesley took her up in his arms and kissed her, and blessed her, and then he laid his hand on my head and blessed me." His eyes were full, and the tears flowed down his cheeks as he said this, and he added: "I feel as if I had the blessing of that man upon me yet."

Henry Ward Beecher, who had a heart as fresh as a child's, thus speaks of them: "Nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now. There is no more childhood

for him, or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made, it is like ravelling a stocking, stitch by stitch gives way till it is all gone. The house has not a child in it; there is no more noise in the hall,—boys rushing pell-mell; it is very orderly now. There are no skates, sleds, balls or strings left scattered about. Things are quiet enough now. There is no delay for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task before you lie down, of looking after any body, or tucking up the bedclothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged. There was never such a peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down the front stairs! O, for some children's noise! What used to ail us that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic and reproving their slamming and banging the doors? We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two, to make a little noise in these premises."

"God bless the young!" exclaims Talmage, "they will have to live many a day if they want me to throw a cloud on their life by telling them it is hard, and dark, and doleful. It is no such thing."

The nephew of Lord Macaulay, the historian, thus speaks of his love for children: "He was, beyond all comparison, the best of playfellows, unrivalled in the invention of games, and never wearied of repeating

them. He had an inexhaustible repertory of small dramas for the benefit of his nieces, in which he sustained an endless variety of parts with a skill that at any rate was sufficient for his audience. An old friend of the family writes to my sister, Lady Holland: 'I well remember that there was one never-failing game of building up a den with newspapers behind the sofa, and of enacting robbers and tigers! you shrieking with terror, but always fascinated, and begging him to begin again; and there was a daily recurring observation from him, that, after all, children were the only true poets.'

"Macaulay was so devoid of egotism, and exacted so little deference and attention from those with whom he lived, that the young people around him were under an illusion which to this day it is pleasant to recall. It was long, very long, before we guessed that the world thought much of one who appeared to think so little of himself. I remember telling my schoolfellows that I had an uncle who was about to publish a 'History of England' in two volumes, each containing six hundred and fifty pages; but it never crossed my mind that the work in question would have anything to distinguish it except its length. As years went on, it seemed strange and unnatural to hear him more and more frequently talked of as a great man; and we slowly and almost reluctantly awoke to the conviction that 'Uncle Tom' was cleverer, as well as more good-natured, than his neighbors."

There is something inexpressibly touching in the provisions of the will of an eccentric millionaire, named McDonough, who resided at New Orleans, which contains the following clause: "And (I was near forgetting that) I have still one request to make, one little favor still to ask, and it shall be the last. It is, that it may be permitted, annually, to the children of the free schools, situate nearest my place of interment, to plant and water a few flowers around my grave. This little act will have a double tendency; it will open their young and susceptible hearts to gratitude and love to their divine Creator, for having raised up, as a humble instrument of his bounty to them, a poor, frail worm of earth like me; and teach them, at the same time, what they are, whence they came, and whither they must return."

Stern man of business though he was, yet his heart yearned to be remembered by merry-hearted children.

Miss Muloch draws a picture of childhood in these graceful words: "A child asleep; painters draw it, poets sing about it. Yet the root of its mystery remains a mystery still. About it seem to float the secrets of earth and heaven—life and death; whence we came and whither we go; what God does with and in us, and what He expects us to do for ourselves. It is as if, while we gaze, we could catch drifting past us a few threads of that wonderful web which in its entirety He holds solely in His own hand."

When the cares and burdens of life are upon us, and

our spirits sink and faint under the load, how refreshing it is to turn to the sports and prattie of children.

It has been well said: "Children may teach us one blessed—one enviable art—the art of being happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances, which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasure; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins, whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed fellow of four or five years old, who sits, with a large, rusty knife, and a lump of bread and bacon, at his father's door, with a serenity that might move the envy of an alderman."

Charles Kingsley confessed, after he had experienced the triumphs of a singularly successful life: "There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's midsummer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other

having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands, out of soundings."

We little realize how much inspiration we gather from child life, how we unconsciously take lessons from them in the difficult qualities of trust and simplicity. A graceful writer has said: "When we feel, like Wordsworth, that 'the world is ever with us;' that we are growing of the earth, earthy; that our perceptions of the beauty and truth of God's universe are becoming dull—we rush into the society of children—into the company of hearty, happy, silly children, who love flowers and birds, pet rabbits, clowns and pantomimes, strange, wonderful legends and mystic elfin traditions—not the abominably clever little men and women produced by the 'forcing system,' who have no relish for the simple joys of childhood. We join them in their revels; we listen to their prattle; we make their pursuits ours, their pleasures ours, and, as far as we can, their nature ours. It is as if we were in the company of angels unawares. Our heart grows purer, our mind grows healthier; something of a new life and a new spirit, however evanescent, lifts us above ourselves. Who is it speaks of children as 'birds without wings from Paradise?' His must have been a wise and kindly nature—the comparison is so apt, so true; for do they not, with their pleasant voices, make a sweet and happy music, which seems like an air from heaven,—like the tender strain of some angelic choir?"

Said Theodore Parker: "A baby is better for the heart than a whole academy of philosophers." How it softens the nature, and freshens the heart. Some sympathetic soul offers this fond tribute to babyhood, which will find a response in every fond parent's breast: "The baby rules everybody in the house; issues her mandates in the feeblest of voices, yet all hasten to interpret her wishes. It matters not that they be expressed in the most unintelligible of dialects, every one intuitively makes out a wondrously wise meaning, and watches with the intensest interest for the next utterance. Even papa is vanquished by baby's feeble cry, and when she stretches out her arms to go to him, he is prouder, happier far, than when news of gain, by sea or land, quickens ambition, but stifles the gentler voices of his soul, the music tones of humanity.

"Is baby asleep? Then is the household hushed, and the mother, as she sits by its side, sewing, and occasionally rocking the cradle with her foot, is most truly the 'guardian angel' of its happiness, and the smiles which flit across its innocent face might well be the reflections of her own love-lighted beauty.

"Is baby sick? How dull and dark seems the dwelling? How envied the mother, because she only can soothe the little sufferer and hush that plaintive moaning! and if the baby dies, how silently and shiveringly do the household gather round the family hearth, whence the light is departed, and the fire seems

quenched! Those who say it was only a baby, never knew how the tendrils of affection twine round the innocent helplessness, which we would fain guard from sorrow, and develop into the full maturity of truth and beauty. Such never knew how that tiny touch can magnetize into forgetfulness the pain of care; how the thought that upon that mind is yet unwritten the consciousness of sin, makes us emulate ourselves, in the desire to throw upon its impressive nature the light of a holy life; and how the wondrous mystery of its unfolding life sends us to the Mercy Seat seeking the wisdom that cometh from above, that we may train the child for God."

In the early days of California, during the fierce struggle for gold, there were no women for a long time in the mining towns. At length a miner brought his wife and young child to one of the camps, and on one occasion took them to the rude theatre. During the entertainment, when the orchestra was playing, the child cried. The rough miners had not heard a child's voice for many months, and it carried them back at once to the homes they had left. An old miner got up, and with eyes swimming with tears, and voice trembling with emotion, shouted, "Stop those fiddles," and the orchestra stopped, and the cry of the child was cheered until it became quiet." A lover of children made this observation: "People who habitually put children out of their hearts, and close their doors upon them, have no idea how much comfort they

set aside—what pleasure, what amusement. Of course the little creatures meddle with things, and leave the traces of their fingers on the wall, and cry, and ‘bother’ a little; but, when one gets into the way of it, as mothers and other loving relatives do, those things become of minor importance. Children say such pretty things, and do such funny things, the touch of their little hands is so soft, the sound of their little voices so sweet, their faces are so pretty, their movements so graceful and comical, the whole family goes baby-mad—and it is no wonder. No book was ever written that was half so interesting as a little child that is learning to talk and to think, developing from a tiny animal into a being with a conscience and a heart.”

Fanny Fern said: “To my eye, no statue that the rich man places ostentatiously in his window, is to be compared to the little expectant face pressed against the window pane, watching for its father, when his day’s labor is done.” What father’s heart does not respond to this little touch of every day life. How his heart swells with happy pride and joy, as he feels the little fingers, and receives the childish clasp of affection. The wealth of the Indies could not purchase such happiness or satisfaction. A loving nature has said: “Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he doats. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay

may be far from his dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbors, and his voice may be unheard by those among whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep may flee from his pillow, but he has a gem, with which he would not part for wealth, defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest health, or the sweetest sleep that ever set upon a mortal's eye."

There is a proverb, "He who takes the child by the hand takes the mother by the heart."

No truer words than these were ever uttered: "A house full of children composes as powerful a group of motives as ever moved a heart or hand; and the secret of many a gallant struggle and triumph in the world's battles may be found throned in its mother's lap at home, or done up in a little bundle of white flannel. A nation's hope, before now, has been found in a basket of bulrushes. Get ready to be afraid of the man that children are afraid of, and be sure that he who hates *them* is not himself worth loving."

One of the most beautiful and suggestive descriptions of the good time coming, foretold by prophets, is contained in the simple words, "A little child shall lead them."

Many an erring soul has been led back to purity of life and heart by a little, toddling child. The following incident has been related as a sketch from prison life:

"A wicked woman was arrested for drunkenness,

and, seeing a lost child, she pulled herself away from the officer and in a moment had the child in her arms, and her face pressed close to its face. 'I had one like you once,' she murmured, 'but he died. That was so long ago that I thought I had forgotten it,—there has been so much happening since—so much that I wish to God had never happened.' In a moment she looked up, as sober as a mother by the hearthstone, and asked whether she could take the child into the cell with her, and, having permission, she sat all night with the sleeping child held close to her bosom. The tears that fell from her eyes were as balm to her bruised heart, and the little one lifted her soul to purer heights than it had known for many, many weary days in the past."

A drunkard being asked how he reformed, kept repeating, "The little shoes did it." On being pressed to explain, he said that one evening the liquor seller's little girl came in and put out her feet to show her fine new shoes. He thought of his own little girl, with her bare feet; of his starving wife and wretched home; of health, friends and fortune lost. It pierced him like a knife. He went out the next day, went to work, and with his earnings bought some bread and a pair of shoes, and that was a turning point to a sober life.

A story is told of a rough, reckless man, who many years ago kept a rude tavern in the far West. He came from Wales, and from the evil expression of his eyes was known as "Wild Evans." He sold liquor,

fought, swore, gambled and drank fearfully, and was dreaded as the terror of that region. There seemed to be but one tender spot in his nature, and that was his affection for his child, a bright and beautiful boy, three years old. One day he drank a glass of liquor, and took up his boy in his arms to drain the sugar at the bottom. The child eagerly drank it, then looked up into his face and swore at him. The father was dumb with astonishment, put him on the floor, and looked about as if bewildered. His eye fell on the old family Bible, which they had brought from their far-away home in Wales, and he thought of his mother as he had often seen her reading it. That first oath from his boy had set his wicked life plainly before him. He seized a pack of cards and threw them into the fire, and then carried out all his liquors and poured them on the ground, and ever since, for many long years, has been known and loved as a good neighbor, a preacher in rough mining camps, and an active Sunday-school worker.


Children have sharp eyes, and parents must be wholly blinded to their responsibility who will not strive to put away evil habits for the sake of their children, if for no other motive.

A keen observer of children has said: "Every one who has been much among children and young people ought to have learned one thing about them—that they are keenly observant. Few things escape their notice. They are something like that mystic being

spoken of by the Hebrew seer, and described by him as being 'full of eyes.' They watch us when we little think it. People sometimes fancy it is an easy thing to deceive the young. Alas! they make a fearful blunder. It is easier to hoodwink adults than juveniles. One sometimes hears folks talk in an exceedingly 'knowing' and confident style about 'getting on the blind side of children.' But the fact is that it is not, after all, a very easy thing to *find* the said 'blind side,' and often, when we are deluding ourselves with the notion that we have found it, lo! there are a pair of large, watchful eyes fixed on us all the while! Rest assured, it is a dangerous thing to presume too much on the ignorance of the young."

The world is growing better as the influence of childhood upon it is more and more recognized. Never has there been a time when so much has been done to meet their needs and to make their lives happy and healthful. The most graceful exponents of art, the most brilliant minds in literature, the most ingenious contrivers of all that can amuse and instruct, are laid under contribution to minister to childhood, and in their happiness, is largely reflected the happiness of the world.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

OLUMES have been written, and theories without number have been advanced on this most important subject, and yet there are a few practical fundamental principles which underlie all mere theories, which can be reduced to a limited space.

One of the most important things is the training of the child to submission and obedience to proper authority. Without this, any system of instruction is radically defective, and nothing can make up for it. There must be discipline and obedience, for if the child is allowed to hold in contempt the law of the parent and household, he may reasonably be expected to hold in the same contempt the laws of society, of the state and of his Creator. Indulgence of parents is one of the crying evils of the age.

By proper discipline is not meant a brutal exercise of physical power over the child, for this would develop anger and stubbornness, but the exercise of reasonable methods. A practical educator gives this as his experience: "I know that many persons would think it wrong not to break down the child's self-will by main force, to come to battle with him and show him that

he is the **weaker vessel**; but my conviction is, that such struggles **only tend to make his self-will more robust**. If you can skillfully contrive to delay the dispute for a few minutes, and get his thoughts off the excitement of the contest, **ten to one he will give in quite cheerfully**; and this is far better for him than tears and punishment."

The following incident from the home-life of the royal family of Russia is a fine illustration of what can be accomplished by parental tact: "The Crown Prince of Russia was always a very sensible man in the management of his household, and he is ably seconded by his wife. On one occasion the governor of his children came to him and said:

"Your Highness, I must complain of the little prince; he refuses to have his face washed in the morning."

"Does he?" answered the Crown Prince. "We'll remedy that. After this let him go unwashed."

"Now, the sentries have to salute every member of the royal family—children and all—whenever they pass. The day after, the little four-year-old prince went out for a walk with his governor. As they passed a sentry-box where a grim soldier was posted, the man stood rigid without presenting arms.

"The little prince, accustomed to universal deference, looked displeased but said nothing. Presently another sentry was passed. Neither did this one give a sign of recognition. The little prince angrily spoke

of it to his governor, and they passed on. And when the walk was finished, and they had met many soldiers, and none of them saluted the prince, the little fellow dashed into his father's presence, exclaiming:

"Papa! Papa, you must whip every man in your guards! They refuse to salute when I pass."

"Ah, my son," said the Crown Prince, "they do rightly, for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little prince." After that the boy took a shower bath every morning."

Marion Harland gives this wise advice to mothers on this subject of tact: "Be tactful in the avoidance of needless issues. Never, except to defend a principle, throw down the gauntlet or give battle. But, the first shot fired, stand your ground. Break engagements, consume hours of time, bear your own pain and the sight of his—brave and do anything rather than yield the field to him as conqueror. He will never forget your defeat, nor let you do it."

Love will suggest many expedients for making obedience as easy as possible, but let no one fail to teach the child that obedience must be complete and unquestioning. It is a pitiful sight to see a parent standing helplessly before a child trying to invent some way of wheedling it into obeying, while the child daily grows more self-willed, and early learns to despise the authority he has never been made to respect.

A keen observer of children gives it as his opinion that "The first six months of a child's life shapes him

more than any subsequent six months; and his treatment in that period has a vast deal to do with the ease of all his future shaping in both spirit and conduct. In the first two years of his life, a child learns more than in all the rest of his life put together; more that is indispensable to him in life; more that goes to decide his place among others. By the time he is seven, it is pretty well settled how much of a child's original self is to be preserved in his personality, and how far he is to be conformed in likeness to the people about him. Commonly a child's character and future are mainly shaped, or directed, for all time, before he has passed seven years of age."

"Children," says Joubert "have more need of models than of critics." How important it is, then, that during these first, most impressionable years of a child's life, it should be in the care of those only whose influence and example are blameless.

Some one has related an incident in the life of John Quincy Adams, which shows at what an early age his mother laid the foundation of his sterling character: "Not long before the death of Mr. Adams a gentleman said to him, 'I have found out who made you.' 'What do you mean?' asked Mr. Adams. The gentleman replied, 'I have been reading the published letters of your mother.' 'If,' this gentleman remarks, 'I had spoken that dear name to some little boy, who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes would not have flashed more brightly nor his face

glowed more quickly, than did the eyes of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner and said, 'Yes, sir; all that is good in me I owe to my mother.' "

Parental influence is one of the most important elements in the formation of the child's character. An able essayist has truly said: "The spirit which his parents display toward one another, or toward their servants, or toward those with whom they are least on their guard, is a far more impressive pattern to the child than the model spirit described by the parent on a Sunday afternoon or a bed-time religious talk with the child. What the child is permitted to do, at the table or away from it, when the family is all by itself, is more likely to stand out in the child's conduct when visitors are there, than the company manners which were enjoined on the child most faithfully and repeatedly while he was being washed and dressed for the occasion. Habits of thought, standards of conduct, rules of taste, purposes of life, are given or promoted in the work of child shaping at home, by example rather than by precept; unconsciously more often than by design."

Said the mother of a large, well-ordered family: "I never fret about little faults of manner, nor even about transient irritability in my children. Children, as they are growing up, go through many temporary conditions which, if apparently unnoticed, pass away. In

fact, there are little moral disturbances to be expected, like whooping cough and measles in physical life, and if the general home atmosphere be wholesome and the trend right, I do not think it worth while to be too much distressed over occasional naughtiness."

Another home educator makes these sensible suggestions: "Let the children learn by experience in the loving atmosphere of home without fear of harsh criticisms or fault-finding. Home is the place for experiment and failure as well as for success, for sympathy and encouragement quite as much as for discipline. Guide their unsteady feet, but sometimes let them go alone, even though they may fall. Then pick up the little stumblers; but beware of blaming them, or laughing at their childish mistakes. A thoughtless laugh may rankle in the heart of a sensitive child for months — may never be wholly forgotten."

A great mistake is often made in confiding the care and management of children to those who are guided only by mercenary motives. The great responsibility of training children cannot be delegated by the parent, however wise and judicious the instructor whom they may select.

The first school of the child is in the home, and the child has the *right* to the personal supervision of the parents as its first teachers. How efficient and lasting such an influence may be, is thus attested by a prison chaplain of wide observation. He says: "The last thing forgotten in all the recklessness of dissolute

profligacy, is the prayer or hymn taught by a mother's lips, or uttered at a father's knee; and when there seems to have been any pains bestowed even by one parent to train up a child aright, there is in general more than ordinary ground for hope."

But it is the duty and privilege of the parents, not only by their own blameless life and example, and by every means in their power, to build up a good character in their children, but also to stimulate and direct their intellectual life. A lover of children has said: "Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of their parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their own children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own household. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant family conversation, and what unconscious, but excellent mental training in lively social argument. Cultivate, to the utmost, all the graces of home conversation."

The mother of several wide-awake boys thus tells how she makes home attractive to them: "I remember that children are children, and must have amusements. I fear that the abhorrence with which some good parents regard any play for children is the reason why children go away for pleasure.

"Husband and I used to read history, and at the end of each chapter ask some questions, requiring the answer to be looked up if not given directly.

"We follow a similar plan with the children; sometimes we play one game and sometimes another, always planning with books, stories, plays, or treats of some kind, to make the evenings at home more attractive than they can be made abroad.

"When there is a good concert, lecture or entertainment, we all go together to enjoy it; for whatever is worth the price of admission to us older people is equally valuable to the children, and we let them see that we spare no expense where it is to their advantage to be out of an evening.

"But the greater number of our evenings are spent quietly at home. Sometimes it requires quite an effort to sit quietly, talking and playing with them, when my work-basket is filled with unfinished work, and books and papers lie unread on the table.

"But as the years go by, and I see my boys and girls growing into home-loving, modest young men and maidens, I am glad that I made it my rule to give the best of myself to my family."

Henry Ward Beecher uttered these words of warning to parents, which, if heeded, would save many a home from darkness and disgrace: "If you want to make the ruin of a child sure, give him liberty after dark. You can not do anything nearer to insure his damnation than to let him have liberty to go where he will without restraint. After dark he will be sure to get into communication with people that will undermine all his good qualities. Nineteen out of every twenty allowed perfect freedom by night will be wounded by it. There is nothing more important than for a child to be at home at night, or, if he is abroad, you should be with him. If he is to see any sights, or take any pleasure, there is nothing that he should see that you should not see with him. It is not merely that the child should be broken down, but there are thoughts that never ought to find a passage into a man's brain. As an eel, if he wriggle across your carpet, will leave his slime which no brushing can ever efface, so there are thoughts that never can be got rid of, once permitted to enter; and there are individuals going round with obscene books and pictures under the lappels of their coats that will leave ideas in the mind of your child that will never be effaced. I don't believe in a child seeing life, as it is called, with its damnable lust and wickedness, to have all his imagination set fire with the flames of hell. Nobody goes through this fire but they are burned, burned, burned; and they can't get rid of the scars."

The spirit of the home should be kindness. A recent writer has made some excellent suggestions to parents on this point—particularly as employed in their methods of home instruction. “Kindness is the lever by whose power the machinery of intellectual progress should be kept in motion. Approval following success is of far greater efficacy, as a stimulus to further efforts, than severity on failure. The little triumphs and successes of the young mind should never be indifferently passed over without a token of just and fitting praise from the parent’s lips. The love of approbation is one of the strongest incentives to improvement and industry which the Creator has implanted in the human mind. In the child, this feeling is very predominant; and if disappointed of its justly-earned tribute, will be checked, and the child disheartened and mortified. Praise, then, when merited, should never be withheld. It is the chief, indeed generally the only, recompense for which children look; and it is a bitter and injudicious cruelty to deprive them of it. The approval and the censure of its parents and teachers should be the guiding stars of a child’s existence.”

Washington Irving, in a description of one of his imitable characters, says: “It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow.”

Another writer has beautifully said: "It takes but little to give a child pleasure, and the longest life is not long enough to banish the recollection. Remember the happiness of your own childhood, and ask your self what earth contains that could purchase from you the blessed memory of those golden days. Then store the children's minds with happy memories while you may. Soon, too soon, their childhood days will be past, and your loved ones must go out into their several ways to meet their share of life's stern discipline. Happy will it be for them if, amid all their perplexing duties, disappointments, joys and sorrows, they may carry with them the cherished memory of a happy childhood. And happy will it be for you if in their young, impressible years, you have forged a chain of love to bind their hearts to yours—a chain so strong that time cannot rust, life cannot sever, and death can only strengthen."

BE KIND.



ONE of the great needs of the world is more kindness,—the pure, natural, unaffected kindness of the heart. There are multitudes of people who are surrounded by all the comforts that wealth can bestow, and yet they carry with them hearts empty and starving for the simple kindnesses of life, and would gladly exchange their pretentious grandeur for poverty and its grim bareness, if it could be cheered by the sunshine and kindness of love. How many there are of good, true men and women who carry with them into their families and society an icy, reserved manner, which chills every circle they enter, and repels all who come in contact with them, unless by some chance discovery their better nature is revealed. Such people seem to look upon the joyous demonstrations of an impulsive nature as if they were crimes. These are they who make churches formal, congregations hypocritical, social gatherings cold and ceremonious, communities suspicious and fault finding, and themselves most miserable. It has been wittily remarked on this subject that the “man who stirs his cup of tea with an icicle, spoils the tea, and chills his own fingers.”

A group of children, in their careless play, might

furnish more practical wisdom on this subject than all the store of wise maxims and worldly etiquette.

Said a mother to her little daughter who had found a new playmate: "How did you come to know her so soon?" "Why," said the little girl, "we saw each other, and I smiled at her, and she smiled at me, and then we were acquainted."

Without ignoring those formalities of etiquette which are necessary for the protection and well-being of society, would not the world be far better if we had more of the simplicity and ingenuousness of childhood blended with our mature thoughtfulness and reserve? The truth is, many good people are ashamed to show the kindness they feel. They imagine it would indicate weakness and lack of dignity to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with them that rejoice, except in a very conventional manner. They entirely overlook the estimate in which the better part of the world holds kind words and actions. That daring sportsman, who, in the wilds of India, shot one of a pair of cranes, and saw the other one exhibit such grief and affection at the loss of its mate, that he stood overwhelmed with shame and grief, and threw his gun into a pool as an atonement for his cruelty, exhibited a feeling of tenderness and humanity that did him far more honor than all the trophies of his venturous daring in forest and field.

Who can estimate the influence of a kind act? It may affect an entire life, or save a soul. Some one

has truly said, "Blessed is he who gives joy even to a child, for he does not know where it will end."

There is a story told of the once famous editor of the London *Punch*, Douglas Jerrold, that when he was a little, barefooted boy, in his native village, he was one Sunday morning leaning over the fence before a wood cutter's cot, admiring some beautiful flowers. The wood cutter, seeing him, came out, plucked some of the most lovely ones and gave to him, neither of them saying a word; but Jerrold went home, his heart full of delight and gratitude, and who can tell how often the memory of that simple act of kindness cheered and softened his heart in the busy, prosperous after years?

Gladstone, the great English statesman and brilliant writer, when he visited a poor, sick boy, whom he knew from seeing him sweep the street crossings, endeared himself to the heart of the people more than by his ablest speech or most astute statesmanship.

That intrepid Arctic explorer, Sir John Franklin, though brave enough to face death in a thousand hideous forms, had yet such a kind heart that one of his men said of him that he would never kill a fly, and though teased by them beyond expression when taking observations, or performing other duties, he would quietly desist from his work and blow the half-gorged intruders from his hands, saying that the world was wide enough for both.

Even the savage breast responds to the power of kindness. When the explorer, Captain Ross, in his

perilous journeyings, met with a hostile band of Esquimaux, who threatened to attack his party, the brave commander made gestures of friendship, and gave salutations of peace, and soon the savages tossed away their knives and spears, and extended their hands, manifesting their gratification by laughter and strange gesticulations.

Some one has said: "The door between us and heaven cannot be opened, if that between us and our fellow men be shut." So that it is a part of our preparation for heaven that we should cultivate a kindly spirit while on earth, and be seeking opportunities to do good and scatter blessings.

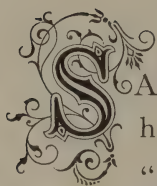
Be kind to the young, for the trials of life are before them, and in their hours of struggle and discouragement, how much they will be cheered by the bright memories of past kindnesses. Be kind to the middle-aged, who are carrying the burdens of life in the heat of the day, for sore is their need of the all-soothing influences to lessen the friction of their ceaseless toil and anxiety. Above all, be kind to the aged,—those who have struggled on amid the storms of life until they have grown weary, and long, as they approach the haven of repose, to feel that calm skies are above them, and the sunshine of kindly natures about them. Remember that the years are fast bringing nearer the time when you, too, shall stoop beneath the burdens of age, your pulse be slow, and your step feeble, and then how grateful to you will be those little attentions and

kind offices which it is now in your power to bestow on others.

Be kind, because you will pass through this world but once, and neglected opportunities will not come back to you, even should you recall them with floods of repentant tears. Be kind, in mercy to yourself, for every kind word that you utter, every kind deed that you do, will help to fill your own heart with gladness, and will afford you such unutterable satisfaction as the wealth of a Cræsus could not buy, nor the dreams of ambition attain.

Every heart hath its own sorrow and knows its own bitterness, and if we could look into its unexplored depths, and know how heavy is the weight of woe oft-times hidden from human eyes, we should judge differently of those infirmities of conduct which now so vex us, and should be filled with a God-like charity which would make our lives fruitful of kindly deeds.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.



SAYS the gentle Cowper, the poet of humanity:

“I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and
fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility), the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.”

There is something, even in the thought of torturing a dumb creature, which is inexpressibly revolting. It cannot explain or reason or expostulate, and if it shows any resistance to the fury of the human brute inflicting the injury, the cruelty is redoubled, and the outrage prolonged and aggravated. Man is placed on the earth to have dominion over all things; but this power is a trust, and like all other trusts, a day of reckoning will come in which an account must be rendered by man of all that is committed to him. The cruel persons who use this power to inflict needless pain on the dumb creatures under their charge, can but reasonably expect that “what measure they meet, shall be measured to them again.” There is another important phase of this subject to be considered, and that is, the *waste and loss* incurred by cruelty to animals. Thousands of people make themselves

poorer from this cause, and richly deserve it. A teamster or expressman has his capital in his team; but from overloading, want of proper care and feeding, or from cruel violence, he incapacitates it for work, and a heavy loss is the result. The farmer leaves his stock without shelter, or starves, or overworks them, and so loses a horse in the busy season, or a cow when his family need it, and suffers a loss which weeks of hard work will not replace. The cruel man thus finds a speedy retribution for his brutality in its result to his pocket. It *pays* to be merciful, as it pays to do what is right in all things. A man who is truly just and merciful will carry out the principle of justice and mercy wherever he is, and will be considerate of the comfort of everything in his keeping.

Rowland Hill said he would not give anything for a man's Christianity whose horse could not perceive a difference in him.

Said Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England: "I have always esteemed it a part of my duty to be merciful to my beasts, and it has always been my practice."

Channing, the gifted divine, thus relates an event in his childhood which influenced his whole life: "Thanks to my stars, I can say I have never killed a bird. I would not crush the meanest insect that crawls upon the ground. They have the same right to life that I have; they received it from the same Father, and I will not mar the works of God by wanton

cruelty. I can remember an incident in my childhood, which has given a turn to my whole life and character. I found a nest of birds in my father's field, which held four young ones. They had no down when I first discovered them. They opened their little mouths as if they were hungry, and I gave them some crumbs which were in my pocket. Every day I returned to feed them. As soon as school was done, I would run home for some bread, and sit by the nest to see them eat, for an hour at a time. They were now feathered and almost ready to fly. When I came one morning I found them all cut up into quarters. The grass round the nest was red with blood. The little limbs were raw and bloody. The mother was on the tree and the father on the wall, mourning for their young."

Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens were passionately fond of their dogs, and Bayard Taylor, in his beautiful poem, "The Arab to his Horse," reveals his kindness of heart for animals. He once related this incident: "A distinguished English poet told me that he was once walking in the country with Canon Kingsley, when they passed a lodge where an immense and fierce mastiff, confined by a long chain, rushed out upon him. They were just beyond his reach, but the chain did not seem secure; the poet would have hurried past, but Kingsley, laying a hand upon his arm, said: 'Wait a moment and see me subdue him!' Thereupon he walked up to the dog, who, erect upon his hind feet with open jaws and glaring eyes, was the

embodiment of animal fury. Kingsley lifted his hand, and quietly said: 'You have made a mistake; you must go back to your kennel!' The dog sank down upon his fore feet, but still growled angrily; the canon repeated his words in a firm voice, advancing step by step as the dog gave way. He continued speaking grave reproof, as to a human being, until he had forced the mastiff back into his kennel, where the latter silently, and, perhaps, remorsefully, lay down."

Would that all mothers would display the same wisdom in the early training of their children as did the mother of Theodore Parker. He thus speaks of his boyhood, and the precious lesson of mercy that was taught him. He says: "I saw a little spotted turtle sunning himself in the shallow water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill the harmless reptile; for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys, out of sport, destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'it is wrong.' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the turtle had vanished from sight. I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron, and taking me in her arms, said: '*Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man.* If you listen and obey, it will speak

clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear, or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you all in the dark without a guide. *Your life depends, my boy, on heeding that little voice.'*"

What an example is this for those careless mothers who, without intending to be cruel, see their children inflict the most brutal torments on dumb animals, without so much as lifting their voice in reproof or displeasure. Think you that it is by chance that the bosoms of those mothers are often torn with anguish at the cruel heartlessness of those children in later years, which had its first development and growth in their cruelty to animals?

Read this graphic scene of one hundred and fifty years ago, drawn by the gitted pen of Eugene Sue, and appalling as it is, it is equaled by the brutal ferocity of the cruel men of to-day. He writes: "The winter of 1732 was very cold. The pavements became very slippery by the frost, and did not present any hold for the horses' feet; and one of these animals, harnessed to a large cart heavily laden with wood, was utterly unable to advance a step forward, while the carter, a powerful fellow, was belaboring the poor brute with his heavy whip, striking him over the head with relentless ferocity. Breathless, and struggling violently, the poor horse was so exhausted by his continued and severe efforts, that, in spite of the cold, he was covered with sweat and foam. Now, throwing

himself into his collar with desperate exertion, he tugged so that the stones beneath his feet threw out sparks of fire; now, far from being discouraged, he backed a few paces to take breath, and again tried, but in vain, to draw his load. Twice did he nearly fall,—his knees touched the pavement; the carter raised him by the bit, leaving the mouth of the animal raw and bleeding. A third time, after a violent effort, he fell on his knees, one leg entangled beneath him; he could not recover himself, but fell on his side, where he lay trembling, bathed in sweat, and his eyes fixed on his brutal owner. The rage of his master then knew no bounds; and after breaking his whip over the head of the horse, who, kept down by the shafts, lay groaning on the stones, he began kicking the unfortunate animal on the nostrils. The spectators of this cruel sight looked on with apathy. The fellow, finding the horse did not move, took a bundle of straw, twisted it in the form of a torch, and, taking a match from his pocket, said, ‘I’ll roast him; p’r’aps that’ll make him get up.’ At this moment a Quaker stopped, and pushed his way among the crowd. When he saw the carter go toward the fallen horse, with the intention of applying the blazing straw to his body, a shudder ran through his frame, and his countenance expressed the utmost compassion. Unable for a moment to endure this scene, the Quaker approached the carter and took him by the arm, who turned with a menacing look as he shook the torch. ‘Friend,’

said the Quaker, in a calm tone, showing the carter fifteen *louis d'or*, which he held in his hand, 'Wilt thou sell me thy horse for this gold?' 'What do ye say?' inquired the carter; 'will ye give me that sum for the brute?' and stamped out the light beneath his feet. 'Fifteen *louis*,' said the Quaker. 'But why should ye buy the horse?' 'That is nothing to thee. If thou sellest thy horse, thee must unload thy cart, unharness the horse and assist him to rise.' 'Is the gold good?' 'Take it to the nearest shop and inquire.' The carter soon returned, saying, 'It is a bargain.' 'Then unshackle the poor horse, for he is crushed by the weight of his burden.' The by-standers lent their aid to free the horse. The poor animal was bleeding in many places; and, such was his terror of the carter, that he trembled at his approach. 'But I cannot tell why you bought the old brute,' said the carter. '*I can tell thee; it was to free him from thy cruelty that I bought him,*' replied the Quaker."

Blessings on the noble souls who, like the Quaker, are ready with their voices, their sympathy and their purses, to take the part of those unhappy creatures who cannot plead for themselves. Prof. David Swing uttered these brave words: "It ill becomes us to inflict tortures upon the helpless man or the helpless brute. We can not do this and still claim any of the honors of true manhood. Let us see our world in ever newer and fairer colors. Why are we here unless we can make our race better by our sojourn? Let us

break up these hiding-places of cruelty with which our earth abounds. Let us, if possible, unite love and mercy in the streets where our dumb brutes toil; let us teach better the man whose ear can draw music from a whip; let us write mercy in the woods where the wild deer runs, mercy in the air where our birds fly, and along the city streets, where the tempter has held a sway too terrible and too long. When a cruel driver lashes his horse, it is not a mere incident of the hour not worthy of your notice; it is a link in a chain which binds you and me to all the monsters of the black past, to the Romans who exposed their infants to the beasts of the woods, to those tribes in the desert which cut a steak from an ox without killing the ox, and if we do not break this chain by action and protest it will bind us forever to this long ancestry of shocking deeds. It is high time for us to ponder upon these things, and to wash our hands from this form of guilt, and from all indifference to this form of human error and vice."

That noble apostle of the gospel of mercy, George T. Angell, who has devoted his life to this noble work, thus calls for the aid and co-operation of all those who have a spark of mercy in their natures: "When you see boys robbing birds' nests or stoning birds, or squirrels, or other harmless animals, or shooting them, or catching, destroying or tormenting them, tell such boys that all these have their mates and companions just as we have, and feel pain as we do, and are per-

haps as fond of life and liberty as we are, and were all created and put here for useful purposes; and ask them what fun there can be in killing or wounding them or making them suffer. Ask them whether it is brave to torment the weak; whether it would not be nobler and more honorable to protect, and more pleasing to our Father in Heaven, who created and cares for them all? And the larger animals, you will have many chances of doing them good. Feed them; give them water; speak kindly to them; try to make them happy, and see how grateful they will be, and how much they will love you for it, and how happy *it will make you* to see them happy. My young friends, every kind act you can do for the weak and defenceless, *and every kind word you say to them*, will make you happier, nobler, and better; all good people will love you and respect you the more for it, and as your bodies grow, your hearts will grow larger and richer, to bless the world."

Such words are worthy to be treasured up in every heart, and in every home.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.



R. NOTT, the venerable President of Union College, once took a newly married pair aside and said: "I want to give you this advice, my children,—don't try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go on quietly, and do your duty, and she will come to you." These few plain words contain more real wisdom than years of moralizings, or whole volumes of metaphysical vagaries. It is a great truth, often forgotten, and still oftener unheeded, that those who make happiness a pursuit, generally have a fruitless chase.

Madame Recamier, one of the most fascinating queens of French society, with every surrounding seemingly favorable to the highest earthly happiness, from the calm, still depths of her heart wrote to her niece: "I am here in the center of fetes, princesses, illuminations, spectacles. Two of my windows face the ballroom, the other two the theater. Amidst this clatter I am in perfect solitude. I sit and muse on the shore of the ocean. I go over all the sad and joyous circumstances of my life. I hope that you will be happier than I have been."

Lord Chesterfield, whose courtly manners and varied accomplishments made him a particular favorite in the highest society of his day, after a life of pleasure thus sums up the results: "I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world; I appraise them at their real worth, which is, in truth, very low. Those who have only seen their outsides, always overrate them; but I have been behind the scenes. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions: and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose."

A man in great depression of spirits once consulted a London physician as to how he could regain his health and cheerfulness. Matthews, the noted comedian, was then convulsing great crowds by his wit and drollery, and the physician advised his melancholy patient to go to hear him. "Ah," said the gloomy man, "I am Matthews." And so, while he was amusing thousands by his apparent gayety and overflow of spirits, his own heart was suffering from the canker of despair.

After the death of a powerful caliph of a Spanish province, a paper in his handwriting was found, on which were these words: "Fifty years have elapsed

since I became caliph. I have possessed riches, honors, pleasures, friends,—in short, everything that man can desire in this world. I have reckoned up the days in which I could say I was really happy, and they amount to fourteen.”

Madame De Pompadour, who possessed such boundless influence over the king of France, and for a time swayed the destinies of that country, thus discloses her misery even in the plenitude of her power, and at the full height of her dazzling career: “What a situation is that of the great! They only live in the future, and are only happy in hope. There is no peace in ambition; it is always gloomy, and often unreasonably so. The kindness of the king, the regards of the courtiers, the attachment of my domestics, and the fidelity of a large number of friends, make me happy no longer.” Then, after stating that she is weary of, and cannot endure, her magnificent furniture and residences, she adds: “In a word, I do not live; I am dead before my time. I have no interest in the world. Every thing conspires to embitter my life.” The remorse of an outraged conscience could not be assuaged by any display of worldly splendor.

On the monument of a once powerful pope is engraved by his order, these words: “Here lies Adrian VI., who was never so unhappy in any period of his life as that in which he was a prince.”

Edmund Burke, after attaining the most exalted position as an orator and statesman, said that he would

not give one peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame in this world. Byron, after making the whole earth ring with the music of his measures, confessed that his life had been passed in wretchedness, and that he longed to rush into the thickest of the battle, that he might end his miserable existence by a sudden death. Rothschild and Girard, both possessing millions, were wretched men, living and toiling like galley-slaves, and knew nothing of that happiness which, like the sunshine, brightens and cheers everything.

Some one has happily defined happiness as "the result of harmonious powers, steadily bent on pursuits that seek a worthy end. It is not the lazy man's dower, nor sensualists' privilege. It is reserved for the worker, and can never be grasped and held save by true manhood and womanhood."

A great deal of the unhappiness in the world is caused by want of proper occupation. The mind is incessantly active, and if not occupied with something more worthy it will prey upon itself. It is one of the greatest misfortunes in life to be without a purpose; to drift hither and thither, at the mercy of every whim or impulse.

How many there are, like a certain wealthy French gentleman of taste and culture, who had read much and traveled much, but, having no high aim in life, became surfeited with worldly pleasure, and grew weary of existence. He said: "I am at a loss what to do. I know not where to go or what to see that I am

not already acquainted with. There is nothing new to sharpen my curiosity, or stimulate me to exertion. I am sated. Life to me has exhausted its charms. The world has no new face to me, nor can it open any new prospect to my view."

A noble purpose is the cure for such disorders of the mind, and no better advice could be given than that which the poet Rogers gave to Lady Holland, whose life was almost intolerable from ennui: "Try to do a little good."

Sir William Jones, himself a prodigy of industry, in speaking of the necessity of labor, said: "I apprehend there is not a more miserable, as well as more worthless being than a young man of fortune, who has nothing to do but to find some new way of doing nothing."

Many who have gained distinction have declared that the happiest period of their lives was when they were struggling with poverty, and working with all their might to raise themselves above it.

William Chambers, the famous publisher, of Edinburgh, when speaking of the labor of his early days, says: "I look back to those times with great pleasure, and I am almost sorry that I have not to go through the same experience again; for I reaped more pleasure when I had not a sixpence in my pocket, studying in a garret in Edinburgh, than I now find when sitting amid all the elegancies and comforts of a parlor."

But happiness demands not only that our powers

shall be worthily employed, but that we shall be actuated by a generous and unselfish spirit. There is nothing so bracing as to live outside of one's self; to be in some way the means of making brighter and happier the lives of others. We know little of true enjoyment unless we have spoken kind words of encouragement to those in distress, or lent a helping hand in time of trouble.

A gentleman was once asked: "What action gave you the greatest pleasure in life?" He replied: "When I stopped the sale of a poor widow's furniture, by paying a small sum due by her for rent, and received *her blessing*."

Happiness may be found in the line of duty, no matter where the way leads.

Many have been the attempts to correctly define happiness. Varrow made note of two hundred and eighty different opinions, but the secret is one of the heart, and not of the intellect. A clear conscience, a kind heart, and a worthy aim, will do much toward making life a perpetual feast of joy; but this feast will be made up of a succession of small pleasures, which flow from the round of our daily duties as sparkling ripples from a fountain.

"Happiness," says a writer, "is a mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each, taken apart and viewed singly, may be of little value; but when all are grouped together, and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole,—a costly jewel."

The kind words we speak will be echoed back to us from the lips of others, and the good that we do will be as seed sown in good ground, bringing forth an hundred fold.

“An Italian bishop, who had struggled through many difficulties, was asked the secret of his always being so happy. He replied: ‘In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look abroad in the world, and see what multitudes are in all respects less happy than myself. And then I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I ever have to murmur or to be otherwise than thankful.’”

True happiness, then, which defies all change of time and circumstances, and is perfect and unalloyed, can be found only in that source of all goodness—God himself.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.



THE world is full of beauty. It is everywhere lavished without stint. In the shifting panorama of cloud-land; in gorgeous sunsets; in the bewildering loveliness of flower-strewn fields; in sparkling cascade; in silvery stream; in majestic ocean, and towering mountains,—all above, around and beneath us, the earth, and air, and sea are filled with ten thousand forms of beauty. In response to them the love of beauty is implanted in our nature, to awaken our finer feelings, and to raise our minds to exalted heights of rapture and adoration. What a wondrously rare world is this to one who sees it aright; what ceaseless pleasure is afforded in beholding its perpetual succession of shifting scenes. Said a blind girl, who suddenly received her sight, and saw for the first time the outer world, “Why did you not tell me before how beautiful the sky, and trees, and grass, and flowers were?” and she trembled in a transport of delight as the sight surpassed all the impressions that language had conveyed to her. There are multitudes of people who have no more conception of the beauty about them, than had this blind girl with her darkened vision; and they plod on through life, missing the exquisite delight which might be theirs, if the love of the beautiful were awakened and developed in them.

Some one has said, "Place a young girl under the care of a kindhearted, graceful woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Teach your children to love the beautiful. If you are able, give them a corner in the garden for flowers; allow them to have their favorite trees; teach them to wander in the prettiest woodlets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning to view the beautiful sunrise." We are prone to make our lives too commonplace and monotonous, and to plod in a matter-of-fact way, forgetting that there is anything higher than our every day tasks. In this condition we only half live; our eyes are not lifted from the dead level of mere existence, and our hearts are strangers to the refined enjoyments which might be ours.

O, cherish a love for the beautiful, for often our spirits are so vexed with the cares and perplexities of life, that we need something to raise our minds above them, and cause us to forget ourselves.

"God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small;
The oak tree and the cedar tree
Without a flower at all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All decked in rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Up-springing day and night?

To comfort man,—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim.
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him."

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.



FROM time immemorial, in all climes and among all peoples, there have been arts of beauty. The wish to look well is an inherent part of our nature, and, confined within due limits, it is a laudable desire. There is an art of beauty which is too much overlooked because it is so easy and practical to obtain; but it will survive all the fountains of youth, the charms, lotions and other nostrums which have ever been invented to delude and disappoint the multitudes who sought them. This art does not consist of mysterious compounds or artificial disguises, but is based on a few simple, natural laws of life. One of the conditions of beauty is good health. There is something in the clear, ruddy complexion, the bright eye, the active movements and the flow of spirits which accompanies good health, which can never be obtained by recourse to artificial means.

A writer, in commenting on Bayard Taylor's description of the beauty of Polish women, truly says that there can be no true beauty without health, and there can be no permanent health in the future man or woman unless the child is properly cared for; that in Poland girls do not jump from infancy to young lady-

hood, but a period of childhood is recognized. They are not sent from the cradle to the parlor to sit still and look pretty; but during childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, allowed to run, romp and play in the open air, and to take in sunshine as do the flowers. They are not rendered delicate and dyspeptic by a diet of candies and sweetmeats, as are too many American children. Simple food, free and varied exercise, abundant sunshine and sleep during the whole period of childhood, lay the foundation for beauty in later life. A medical authority, speaking of the early loss of beauty among American women, attributes it to the fact that they are shut up in houses nine-tenths of their time, with either no exercise, or that which is of irksome sameness, and, as a consequence, they become unnaturally pale and delicate, their blood poorly organized and watery, their muscles weak and flaccid, and the force and functions of their body run low in the scale of life. English ladies of rank, who are celebrated for retaining their beauty to old age, think nothing of a walk of half a dozen miles, which our ladies would think impossible.

Another element of beauty is bodily carriage. Many a fine face is marred by a stooping figure and awkward gait. But the highest quality of beauty is not merely in the regularity of features, the fairness of complexion, the gracefulness of movement, or the vigorous condition of the body, but in what is called the

"expression,"—the soul which looks out from this mortal tenement.

Some one has said that "there is nothing that so refines the face and mien as great thoughts," and who has not seen a positively homely face which has been lighted up and glorified by the nobility of soul which illumined it, until it became singularly attractive.

A learned professor, who was also an acute observer, said: "I have come to the conclusion, that if man, or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes; by having something to do and something to live for which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expression and symmetry to the body which contains it." One of the most gifted and powerful minds that this century has produced, has forcefully elaborated this thought by saying that he holds that the mind is continually impressing itself on the body, and that gesture and attitude, and a thousand physical appearances, are the result of mental processes within. The words used, the tones of the voice, the general expression of the face, the carriage and manners, are unquestionably made beautiful by the predominant influence in any one of noble thoughts, benevolent acts and a pure affection.

A lady was wondering why a friend had lost his beauty, and the answer was: "O, 'tis because he never did anything. He never worked, thought or suffered. You must have the mind chiseling away at the features

if you want handsome middle-aged men." The lady who heard the remark said, that since hearing it she had been watching to see if it were generally true, and she found it was, and further observed, "A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink, grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work keeping them in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design," and the observation applies as well to women as to men.

That great educator and noble character, Horace Mann, gave utterance to the following words on this subject: "Where minds live in the region of pure thoughts and happy emotions, the felicities and sanctities of the inner temple shine out through the mortal tenement, and play over it like lambent flame. The incense makes the whole altar sweet; and we can understand what the poet means when he says that

"Beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

On the other hand, no man can live a gormandizing, sordid or licentious life, and still wear a countenance hallowed and sanctified with a halo of peace and joy." Charles Kingsley, who had an extraordinary attachment for children, uttered this thought, which should be remembered by every parent and teacher: "Children can hardly be brought up among good works of art, or, I believe, among any fair sights and sounds, without the expression of their faces being softened and ennobled,"

and the same principle applies to children of a larger growth. We never outgrow the influence of our surroundings.

In infancy the child's face is like a fair unwritten page; but if brought up in squalor, seeing only unlovely sights, and its violent passion left to run riot without restraint, it soon becomes seared with evil, and covered with a moral repulsiveness which stamps itself upon the features; while those who are surrounded by pleasant and beautiful objects, who breathe an atmosphere of love, and whose passions are restrained and subdued, grow up with a pure and refined expression which becomes more and more strongly marked so long as they are subject to the same gracious influences. The secret, then, of acquiring beauty consists in the judicious care of the body, the occupation of the mind by pure and lofty thoughts, and a spirit of love and gentleness, which is the crowning glory of all. When a fine poem is read, a part of its beauty and sublimity is transferred to the face of the reader. When a noble act is done, the moral grandeur of it is reflected in part in the countenance of him who performs it, and thus the joyous forces of life, the harmonious actions of the intellectual powers, and the lofty conceptions of the soul, are so many sculptors at work on the features,—refining and perfecting them as the years roll on, until they become beautiful as the soul within.

MANNERS AND DRESS.



WHILE it is true, as Thackeray observed, that "Nature has written a letter of credit upon some men's faces which is honored almost wherever presented," yet it is also true that "manners make the man," and are to a certain degree an index of his character. It cannot be said that fine manners always indicate high moral qualities, for many a knave has a captivating address, and can readily insinuate himself into the good opinion of the unwary, while many a man of worth has such a forbidding aspect, that he at first repels all whom he approaches. But because good manners are sometimes acquired and perverted by the evil minded, is no reason why the worthy should not possess all the charms and advantages which are derived from them. In fact, it is a duty to make ourselves pleasing to others, and extend our influence by this means as far as possible.

Addison said, "that the true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather to seem well entertained with them than to bring entertainment to them. A man thus disposed may not have much learning, nor any wit; but if he has common sense, and something friendly in his behavior, it conciliates men's minds more than the brightest

parts without this disposition. It is true, indeed, that a man should not flatter and dissemble in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasing assent where he can."

Politeness has been called the oil which makes the wheels of society run smoothly; and certainly it does greatly lessen the friction of daily contact with each other. Keen perceptions, a wise discernment, and a natural power of imitation, with much contact with the world, are the essential requirements of polished manners.

It has been said, "that the best bred man is he who is possessed of dignified ease, to reconcile him to all situations and society." This is not attained so much from a knowledge of the rules of etiquette, as by an innate nobility of character, a greatness of soul, and proper self respect. True politeness is never the product merely of punctilious conformity to established usages, although it is necessary to have a knowledge of these, but rather of an overflowing kindness of heart, a generosity of spirit, and a sacred regard for the golden rule. Indeed, the grand foundation on which the etiquette of all civilized countries is based, is that of doing to others as you would they should do unto you, and in preferring others to yourself. If such be the rule of conduct, it will be exhibited in a kindly spirit toward others, and a disposition to please them by doing and saying such things as will afford pleasure, and by omitting to do anything which would be dis-

tasteful. Such a person would not indulge in sarcastic remarks, nor faultfinding, nor speaking of one's self or friends in an egotistical manner, nor would he broach any subject that might occasion painful reflections to any present, nor deal in profuse, unmeaning flattery,—for all these are violations of the golden rule. A person actuated by this sublime principle of conduct, with proper self respect, and with a well-informed and cultivated mind, need not hesitate to enter any company, for these qualities will make his company delightful and acceptable, even though he should not be familiar with all the well-turned phrases and fulsome compliments of so-called polite society.

As we unconsciously judge a person's character and disposition by his manners, so, also, we do by his dress.

Some one has observed on this subject, that a careless slovenliness in regard to personal appearance is a threefold sin,—against ourselves, as it detracts its proper portion of the affection and esteem which we might otherwise receive,—against others, to whom we do not afford all the pleasure of which we are capable; and against God, who has formed the dwelling and given it to our keeping to be honored and cherished.

Looking at the subject from this broad view, it becomes a very important one, and deserving of its proper share of our attention. An incident is related of a lady, who, on being asked what opinion she formed from the conversation of a young gentleman whom she had met, replied: “Do not ask *me!* I can re

member nothing of it all but a horrible, great red coral ball in his cravat, which rolled against all my ideas, and knocked them down like ninepins."

This gives point to the remark which a celebrated English divine once made to a lady: "Madam, so dress and so conduct yourself, that persons who have been in your company shall not recollect what you had on."

To be well dressed does not necessarily mean that your apparel should be a copy of the latest whim of fashion, or made of the costliest material. That person is well dressed whose attire shows a suitability to circumstances of time and place, and the position and means of the wearer. Neglect and inattention to the small externals of dress should be carefully guarded against.

Another important matter in regard to dress is that it should be arranged with a view to comfort and health. The daughters of European aristocracy set us a commendable example in this respect, for in their out-door exercise, which they take freely, their attire is noticeable for its simplicity, suitability and air of comfort.

How foolish and shortsighted are those votaries of fashion, who are willing to sacrifice health, and even shorten life itself, in obeying her imperious dictates.

Let your politeness be genuine, your manners such as will evince true courtesy and regard for others, and your dress betoken the modesty and refinement of your nature.

MOCK MODESTY.



PROPER sense of modesty is a virtue which makes real merit more charming, because seemingly unconscious of excellence. But carried to an excess it will tend to dwarf the powers, cripple the energies and defeat the great purposes of life. When a man is well qualified to do a certain thing, and feels that he can, and ought to do it, but is impelled by modesty to shrink back into obscurity for fear of bringing himself into notice, then has his modesty degenerated into cowardice, and instead of consoling himself that he is cherishing a great virtue, he needs the lash of stern rebuke for his lack of manliness. Richard Steele, one of the most charming English essayists, says: "I have noticed that under the notion of modesty men have indulged themselves in a spiritless sheepishness, and been forever lost to themselves, their families, their friends and their country. I have said often, modesty must be an act of the will, and yet it always implies self-denial, for if a man has a desire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and from an unmanly bashfulness shrinks away and lets his merit languish in silence, he ought not be angry with the world that a more unskillful actor succeeds in his part, because he has not confidence to come upon the stage himself."

A lawyer who started in life a poor young man, and had risen to eminence, said that he owed much of his success to the advice which his wife gave to him soon after they were married. She said, "John, never make an excuse," and he never did. If he was called upon to do anything, instead of excusing himself, holding back, or avoiding it altogether, he did it promptly, cheerfully, and to the best of his ability.

Such men are valued, and often succeed beyond others who have superior qualifications, because of their readiness to do the best they can, while those who make excuses are soon dropped, and sink into the oblivion which they invite. A man must have confidence in himself if he would be worthy of the confidence of others.

A young man goes to a new home among strangers. He is invited to participate in literary or social entertainments, or to identify himself with the church, or Sunday school, where a place of usefulness awaits him, but from a feeling of timidity, or distrust of his powers, he holds himself aloof, and turns away from the opportunities of happiness and advancement which are offered him. Thus, thousands of deluded people have barred themselves from much of the highest pleasures and service of life.

If this spectre of false modesty has confronted you with a thousand nameless terrors, turn now, resist it, and call all the latent powers of manhood to your aid to free you from its enthrallment.

MAKE THE MOST OF YOURSELF.



MANY times in personal encounters have men been placed in desperate situations where the odds have been overwhelmingly against them, and where it would seem there was not the remotest chance for escape, and nothing left for them but to give up, and submit in the utter hopelessness of despair to their fate. Under such circumstances there is something grand and sublime when the unfortunate victim, in the face of death, instead of cowering in terror, and letting his arms fall in the palsy of despair, resolves to sell his life as dearly as possible, and with superhuman strength which is born of his strong determination, contests every inch of his ground with as much persistency and enthusiasm as if he were assured of victory.

The hero in such a conflict simply makes the most of himself,—realizing that he has but one life, he resolves not to throw it away, but to make it cost his assailants as dearly as possible.

In the conflict of life, when struggling with trials and misfortunes, and at times well nigh overwhelmed, let us also call to our aid the same indomitable heroism. We have but one life to live; a few short years are all that is allotted us in which to show of what stuff we are

made, and how we shall acquit ourselves; and then the opportunity for glorious, heroic action is over forever, the harvest time will have ended, and the night will have come when no man can work.

The man who has resolved to make the most of himself will strive to develop to the utmost all his faculties, and improve all opportunities for honorable advancement. No matter if he is not gifted with genius,—no matter if he is even below the standard of mediocrity, he will be lifted up into the bracing atmosphere of earnestness, and roused to a life of activity and devotion to duty.

That great educator and noble man, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, said: "If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, when they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated." Thousands of men who are active in every good work, and are the props on which the dearest interests of our social order rest, answer to this description, and yet they are commonplace men of ordinary intellect, and in early life were very unpromising. The hardest and best work of the world is done by men who have had little to help them, except the high resolve that they would make the most of themselves, and because of this resolve, and guided by sincere convictions of duty, they have outstripped and left far behind in the race of life, many gifted by genius, favored by fortune, blessed with friends, and surrounded by powerful social influences.

A hard-hearted worldly man said to a poor boy

who was struggling to get an education, and to raise himself in the world by his industry: "You can never succeed; it is impossible. Born a servant you were, and a hewer of wood and drawer of water you must remain, and leave book learning to those who have better advantages."

The boy was a Christian, and his answer did honor to his profession: "All things are possible with God, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." That boy became a good and useful man, honored and trusted, and beloved by all around him.

Dean Swift said: "It is in men as in soils; there is sometimes a vein of gold, which the owner knows not of," and so in your nature there lies hidden rich mines of thought and purpose awaiting development.

Bishop C. H. Fowler said in a lecture: "The reason why there are not more great men, is because we are not waked up. Our brains are capable of a million pounds to an inch, and we work them with about fifty," which is but another way of saying that we do not make the most of ourselves.

Many years ago a young man went to the East Indies to seek a fortune. After arriving, he sought employment, but every door seemed to be closed against him, and at length, his funds being exhausted, and feeling thoroughly disheartened by his disappointments, he became desperate and resolved to terminate the struggle for existence by taking his life. He went to his room, loaded a pistol, put the muzzle to his head

and pulled the trigger, but it hung fire. Astonished at this remarkable deliverance, he thought that he would attempt to fire the pistol out of the window, and then, if it went off, that he would accept the event as a token from God that his life was spared by His providence, and that there was something for him yet to do in the world. So he opened the window, pointed the pistol in the open air, again pulled the trigger, and the pistol was discharged at the first attempt. Trembling with excitement, he resolved to hold his life sacred, and to make the most of it, and he went out again into the world with an indomitable determination to succeed. That young man became the famous General Clive, whose achievements read like a romance, for with but a handful of European soldiers he secured to the East India Company, and ultimately to Great Britain, the control of an immense country containing marvellous riches, and about two hundred millions of people.

Then strive to make the most of yourself, however unpromising you may be in yourself, however discouraging your surroundings, and dark may appear your future. The simple resolve on your part to do this will give you strength, and nerve you with new courage and hope. With laudable motives to urge you on, it will lead you to the heights of success where, looking back on the path you have traversed, you will be astonished at the mountains of difficulty you have scaled, and the depths of perplexity and discouragement through which you have safely passed.

GUARD THE WEAK SPOT.

IN our physical life we are no stronger than our weakest point. If a man have weak lungs, but otherwise a superb physique, his feeble respiratory organs will probably be the measure of his life. And, as in the physical life, the infirm, by shielding their infirmities, prolong their lives for many years, even outgrow their weakness, and outlive the strong and vigorous, so in our moral nature, the consciousness of weakness and the great effort made to overcome it will strengthen and build up a robust character. Alexander the Great, with all his greatness, had a love for the intoxicating cup, and this weakness ended his career before middle life. It is related of Peter the Great, that he made a law which decreed that if any nobleman abused his serfs he should be looked upon as insane, and a conservator appointed to have charge of his person and estate. He had himself a most violent temper, and one day in a passion struck his gardener, who, being a man of great sensibility, took to his bed and died. The great monarch, when hearing of this, exclaimed in tears, "Alas, I have civilized my own subjects; I have conquered other nations yet I have not been able to conquer and civil-

ize myself." He did not guard the weak spot, and so committed the very offense that he was anxious to restrain in others.

So every man, however strong, has some weakness in his character from which, more than from any other cause, he is in danger of making his life a failure. It is the highest wisdom to so understand ourselves as to be aware of our infirmities, and so guard against them with constant watchfulness. It would seem reasonable to suppose that the principle of self-preservation would lead us to a rigorous self-examination for this purpose, but strange to say, it is often the case that the very weaknesses of men are precisely the points on which they pride themselves as being strong. A man has a taste for drink, and he indulges himself in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, because he imagines that he can completely control his appetite. He cannot be made to believe that his habit of drinking is a weakness which is overmastering him, and which, ere long, may prove his destruction. Another man may have a miserly and avaricious disposition, and instead of resisting its encroachments, and counteracting them by enforced generosity, and thus guarding his weak spot, he refuses to exercise what feeble benevolent impulses he may have remaining. So, a proud man, instead of watching against pride, is vigilant only against any occasion of humility, and thus his weakness becomes more confirmed.

One of the most difficult things for us to understand,

is our own nature and character; we are willing to study everything but ourselves, and consequently have entirely a false estimate of our condition and our needs. Seneca, one of the greatest of the ancient philosophers, said that, "We should every night call ourselves to account: What infirmity have I mastered to-day? what passion opposed? what temptation resisted? what virtue acquired?" and then he follows with the profound truth that "Our vices will abate of themselves if they be brought every day to the shrift."

If we were using an implement with a weak place in it, how careful should we be not to throw any unusual strain on that part. Let us apply the same practical wisdom in our treatment of ourselves. Let judgment and reason, like faithful sentinels, give the note of alarm when the hour of temptation comes, and call into exercise our principles of right, our convictions of duty, our sentiments of honor, and all the powers of our manhood or womanhood. As many a noble ship has stranded because of one defective timber, when all the other parts were in excellent condition, so thousands of men are destroyed by one vice or weakness.

Then guard the weak spot with ceaseless vigilance; watch it with impassioned earnestness, that it may not destroy in you the perfect work which God has planned.

HOW GREAT MEN HAVE RISEN.



WHAT a list of illustrious names have come up from the ranks of poverty and toil. No one need be dismayed because he is poor, for, if he has talent, industry and a purpose, he can make his way to a high position, as others have done before him.

Homer, the prince of ancient poets, was a beggar, strolling from city to city. Virgil, the Latin poet, was a potter's son, and Horace, the son of a shopkeeper.

Shakspeare, the greatest of English dramatic poets, was the son of a wool stapler, and, according to Pope, his principal object in writing his plays and cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence.

Milton, the greatest of English epic poets, and Gray, the author of the famous *Elegy*, were the sons of money scriveners.

Chaucer was in early life a soldier, and Hogarth, the celebrated painter, was apprenticed to an engraver of pewter pots.

Wordsworth was a distributor of stamps, and Sir Walter Scott a Clerk to the Court of Sessions; each uniting a genius for poetry with punctual and practical habits as men of business.

Robert Burns was the son of a poor farmer; his early life was humble, and his education very limited.

Brought up to labor with his hands, he was yet a very ardent reader, and, though toiling like a slave to support his parents, he found time to study the *Spectator*, Pope's works and many other useful books.

John Stuart Mill was in one of the departments of the East India Company, and won the admiration of his colleagues by the ability with which he conducted the business of his office.

Alexander Murray, the distinguished linguist, learned to write, by scribbling his letters on an old wool card, with the end of a burnt heather stem.

James Watt, who was practically the inventor of the steam engine, was an instrument maker in Glasgow, and while working at his trade studied French, German and Italian, in order to avail himself of the valuable works in those languages on mechanical subjects.

The Royal Exchange, in London, was built about three hundred years ago by Sir Thomas Gresham, who was a foundling. When a babe he was left, probably by his unnatural mother, to perish in a field, but a boy who was passing in a lane near by, was attracted by the loud chirp of a grasshopper to discover where he lay. The boy carried him home to his mother, who brought him up. He grew to be a strong man, went to London, became a merchant, one of the most noted men in the city, and counselor to Queen Elizabeth, who consulted him on great affairs of state.

An eminent man, who attained a high place in the estimation of men by his talents, thus gives an account

of his life when a schoolboy: He said that he rose at six in the morning in winter, and made the fires; spent the time until eight in sawing wood enough to keep three fires during the day; attended school from half past eight till eleven; ran errands till one; dined at half past one; attended school again from two till half past four; after tea wrote for his employer until nine; then studied until eleven o'clock. This was his daily routine, with very slight changes. Said he: "I do not think I spent half an hour a week in idleness."

Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer, and every one is familiar with the picture of the shabbily dressed boy, going through the streets of Philadelphia, with a roll of bread under each arm, and munching a third.

Neander, the famous German scholar and historian, was the son of poor Jewish parents, and had few advantages. He used to glide into a bookstore almost every day, and sit for hours so absorbed as to be unconscious of what was passing around him. The bookseller, noticing his selection of standard books, became interested in his progress, assisted him in securing a thorough education, and afterwards became the publisher of his former pupil's books.

Hundreds of other instances might be added to these, showing that great men come from the ranks of the toilers, and that the discipline which comes from honorable labor, whether of the hand or the brain, is one of the greatest essentials to success.



A LITERARY LIFE.

A LITERARY LIFE.

IN no other country in the world is there a greater inclination to enter the field of literature than in ours. There are few ambitious men or women of average ability who have not at some time in their lives attempted to write a poem, or a newspaper article, if not something more pretentious, with a belief that they had a special gift for literary work. One of the standing burlesques of the age, is the editor's basket crammed with contributions doomed to the remorseless flames, or the unpoetical ragman.

A literary life is one of infinite labor,—severe patience, exacting, unappreciated hard work. Johnson said that a man must turn over half a library to write one book. Wordsworth replied to an authoress who told him that she had spent six hours on a poem, that he would have spent six weeks. Bishop Hall labored thirty years on one of his works. The Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews was in Owen's hands at least twenty years, and Gibbon devoted as much time to writing his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Dr. Adam Clarke was at work for twenty years on his Commentary, and Noah Webster was

thirty-six years in completing his dictionary. Moore spent several weeks in finishing one of his musical stanzas, which reads as if it were a flash of genius evoked without any effort. Thackeray worked faithfully for fifteen years before his ability was recognized; and so hundreds of instances might be given, showing what indefatigable labor is required, even when united with genius, before the merits of the author are recognized.

There is probably no calling which is beset by greater discouragements, and this accounts for the fact, that out of the multitudes of ambitious competitors for literary honors, there is only here and there one who ever wins them.

The success of literary work is determined largely by the critics, reviewers, and publishers, upon whose judgment the great mass of readers rely; and although these are generally men of acute perceptions, and fine literary taste, yet they possess the common infirmities of human nature, and have often failed to appreciate or even to recognize the greatest merit. In a work written in the last century, entitled the "Lives of the English Poets," the author says of Milton: "John Milton was one whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place among the principal of our English poets, having written two heroic poems, and a tragedy. But his fame has gone out like a candle in a snuff." Edmund Waller, one of the most famous poets contemporary with Milton, refers to "Paradise Lost" as

a tedious poem by the blind old school-master, in which there is nothing remarkable but the length. A critic once remarked that nothing short of an act of Parliament would induce people to read the sonnets of Shakespeare. Byron was received by the reviewers with the most bitter sarcasm, and when Dickens brought out "Pickwick," a critic condescending to notice the "low cockney tale," shrewdly perceived that the author was already proving himself unequal, and that the "thin vein of humor" was rapidly showing signs of exhaustion. When Robert Bloomfield took his poem, upon which his fame rests, "The Farmer's Boy," and offered it for publication to a London magazine, the critic who looked over the manuscript, laughed long and loud as he read it, and advised the editor to recall the author and give him some sound advice in order to dispel the illusion that he was a poet. Henry Ward Beecher, in the early part of his career, sent half a dozen articles to the publisher of a religious paper, offering them in payment for his subscription, but they were "respectfully declined." Miss Alcott, one of the most sparkling writers of this generation, when a young school teacher, sent a manuscript to a publisher which was returned to her with the suggestion that she had better stick to teaching. Tennyson's first productions, when offered to the public, provoked the ridicule of a leading review, and were duly consigned by it to oblivion. Buckle, the gifted author of the "History of Civilization," which has

been pronounced the most original historical work of this century, trudged from publisher to publisher in London with his first volume but could not find one who would take it, and was obliged to publish it at his own expense. Wordsworth, Bulwer, Washington Irving, Charlotte Bronte, and many others who became famous, all encountered the ominous shakings of the head, and serious misgivings of the critics, who endeavored to discourage them in their career. It is said that when Thomas Campbell sent his famous poem, "Hohenlinden," to an English newspaper (for publication) there appeared this paragraph among the "Notices to Correspondents": "To T. C.—The lines commencing, 'On Linden when the sun was low,' are not up to our standard. Poetry is not T. C.'s forte."

If these illustrious children of genius encountered such rebuffs, what can be expected for the young aspirant for literary honors, who is modestly treading the first steps of the pathway to fame? But their examples also contain encouragement. If you have burning within you the God-given spark of genius, and feel that you have a work to do with your pen, let nothing deter you, for, if you are willing, like them, to pay the price, you will rise to your proper place, and disprove the false judgments which would rashly doom you to failure.

A literary life does not usually bring great pecuniary rewards. Probably no kind of brain work is so poorly paid. Although literary labor is better rewarded now

than when Johnson and Goldsmith lived and toiled in their garrets on Grub street, yet comparatively few writers, even among those who have attained eminence, have become wealthy from the products of their pens. It is said that Bayard Taylor, who had an intimate personal friendship with most of the literary celebrities of this and other countries, expressed the opinion that there is not one first-class author who has obtained wealth from his best and most enduring literary work; and it is also said that Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote books for forty years, never wrote but one that had a remunerative sale, and found it necessary to live in a simple and frugal manner. Bryant, who was a poet from his youth, received comparatively but a small amount of money for his poems, and Washington Irving was nearly seventy years old before the income from his books met the expenses of his household, although he was one of the most gifted, popular and prolific of American authors.

A contributor to periodical literature, in speaking of the compensation he received, said that he had been writing for ten years, and during that time he estimated that he had worked fifteen months' time at eight hours a day, during each year. He furnished during this period nineteen articles for magazines, for which he was paid nine hundred and twenty-seven dollars; received one hundred and thirty-eight dollars for nine articles in five weeklies, and seventy-eight dollars for correspondence and reviews in two dailies. He also

wrote one romance, which netted him one hundred and ninety-eight dollars, and three others which brought him in five hundred and sixty-two dollars, making a total of nineteen hundred and one dollars for the ten years' labor,—or less than two hundred dollars a year.

Milton only received about twenty-five dollars for "Paradise Lost," and Shakspeare about the same amount for "Hamlet." Ben Jonson was given fifty-five dollars for one of his best plays, and Dryden was happy when he received five hundred dollars for one of his best productions. Goldsmith sold his "Vicar of Wakefield" for three hundred dollars, and the "Deserted Village" for five hundred. Charles Lamb agreed to write for two years for the *London Magazine*, for the sum of eight hundred and fifty dollars. Dr. Johnson received five hundred dollars for "Rasselas;" Fielding, three hundred dollars for his "Tom Jones," and Dean Swift fifteen hundred dollars for "Gulliver's Travels." Edgar AllanPoe received but ten dollars for his poem, "The Raven."

On the other hand, there are many instances where literary labor has received generous remuneration. Pope's translation of Homer brought him about ten thousand dollars. Tennyson was once paid five thousand dollars for a single poem, and an English publisher offered him sixty-five thousand dollars down, and fifteen thousand dollars a year, to write exclusively for him. It is said that George Elliott was paid fifty

thousand dollars for ' Daniel Deronda.' The author of "Rutledge " received for it eight thousand dollars; while she who wrote "Beulah," realized one hundred thousand dollars for her novels in eight years. Sir Walter Scott made by his pen the immense sum of two hundred and fifty-nine thousand dollars, and Byron forty-five thousand dollars. The copyright on "Barnaby Rudge," for six months, brought Dickens fifteen thousand dollars.

But do not be dazzled by these exceptional instances of great pecuniary profit, nor be deluded by the rapid and brilliant success which now and then attends some genius of striking originality, or the lucky author who has got himself before the public by a fortunate hit. Dr. John Brown, in his book "Spare Hours," says that "every man should deny himself the luxury of taking his hat off to the public, unless he has something to say, and has done his best to say it aright."

A literary life is a toilsome road; do not attempt to enter it unless you have the genius, the energy and the dauntless courage which will support you through years of weary labor and discouragement, or you will fail to achieve success.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.



UNDER our form of government every man is liable to be called to fill some office of trust and responsibility; and no citizen is properly fitted to discharge his duty in public life without being able to express his views before an audience in a clear and intelligible manner. Then how numerous are the occasions in private life where, if one is capable of ready expression, he can double his own influence and render valuable service to others. Cato defined an orator as a good man, skilled in the art of speaking. The ability to make a fine speech may be ranked among the highest accomplishments. It requires the rare combination of a well modulated voice, graceful and appropriate gestures, a ready flow of words and ideas,—and all kindled into flame by the fire of a sublime enthusiasm. While few attain this rare excellence, yet it is within the power of every man of ordinary ability to speak well if he will bestow the required labor and practice.

Macaulay, who was himself a most fluent and ready speaker, observes: “The art of speaking is one which men of respectable abilities, with assiduous and intrepid practice, seldom fail to acquire.” Another eminent author remarks: “Nor should it ever be forgotten,

that though the constitution of mind which is necessary for the highest eloquence is very seldom to be met with, there is no faculty whatever which admits of such indefinite growth and development, or in which perseverance and diligence will do so much, as in that of public speaking."

It is true, that some have a natural facility of expression, and can acquire the art much sooner than others, but it is a mistake to suppose that great orators derive their power entirely from natural gifts. Every great orator, with rare exceptions, is the product of careful training. To make a speech acceptable and effective, there must be a pleasing and impressive delivery.

Many men of undoubted learning and ability, largely waste their efforts by a failure here; while on the other hand, many of limited knowledge and little application make their shallow logic tolerable, and even attractive, by their fine manner of presenting it. Those modulations and intonations of the voice, which make oratory so effective, are merely a matter of drill, and no one need despair who possesses the ordinary powers of utterance.

The late Dr. E. N. Kirk, who was one of the finest pulpit orators of this century, possessed a finely modulated voice, which, like an exquisite harp, was responsive to every phase of tenderness or gust of passion; and this of itself served to charm and fascinate many of his auditors.

Who would have thought that, when a young man,

the distinguished divine was remarkable for defects of voice and utterance, and was the butt of ridicule in his class at college for these peculiarities. In his old age and in the ripeness of his fame, he used to relate how he cured himself. After stating that, soon after entering Princeton Seminary, he was called upon to declaim before a venerable professor and the college, he says: "When I spoke, I was so hurried, so indistinct, so embarrassed, so confused and awkward, that the older classes were in a titter, and the instructor along with them. I went to my room, overwhelmed with mortification, and at once began a reformation. I took a familiar declamation, and pronounced each letter of each word, thus: M-y, my; n-a-m-e, name; i-s, is; N-o-r-v-a-l, Norval; etc., etc. I continued this with similar exercises for weeks. When I next declaimed before the class, the professor lifted up his hands in amazement and exclaimed: "Is it possible that this is the young man at whom we laughed a few weeks ago!" This shows how the defects of pronunciation and intonation can be easily overcome by systematic application of the simplest methods; and this is within the power of every speaker to do. Appropriate gestures come of themselves when confidence is acquired, and when the mind is fully aroused by the theme under consideration, these may be largely trusted to the inspiration of the occasion.

To acquire a ready flow of choice language, is by far a greater task than the two preceding qualities of

voice and gesture. Mere fluency of speech is often the product of natural loquacity, but a command of words, necessary to elegant and copious expression, can only be obtained by continued study of language itself, and much practice in speaking.

Martin Farquhar Tupper, in his "Proverbial Philosophy," gives the key to success, both in facility of expression and the formation of clear ideas. He says:

"When thou walkest, musing with thyself, in the green aisles
of the forest,
Utter thy thinkings aloud, that they take a shape and a being;
For he that pondereth in silence, crowdeth the storehouse of his
mind,
And though he have heaped great riches, yet is he hindered in
the using."

The eloquent Henry Clay, who, with Webster and Calhoun, formed the triumvirate of American oratory in their day, in an address to young men, thus gave the secret of his wonderful power: "I owe my success in life to one single fact, viz.: that at the age of twenty-seven, I commenced, and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical and scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and, not infrequently, in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the art of all arts, that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and molded my entire subsequent destiny." And then he adds the fol-

lowing excellent advice and stimulus: "Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day."

It is said that when Webster was trout fishing, he would round off his periods for future use, and that, on one occasion, when having caught two fine fish, he passed them into his basket with a burst of language which, with appropriate modifications, was afterwards admired as one of the most remarkable passages in his famous Bunker Hill oration: "Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this day."

Lord Erskine was one of the most brilliant of advocates during a period of extraordinary eloquence; and he acquired his remarkable command of rich, copious and elegant language largely by his thorough and continuous study in early life of Milton and Burke, of whose diction Rufus Choate said: "It is the finest, richest and most remarkable English extant." Rufus Choate, himself, was remarkable for his astonishing facility of expression; but, although he was a natural orator, his power to marshal words at will was the result of continued study. His biographer says that it

was his habit daily to translate from Greek and Latin into English, and practice the multiplication of synonyms, and that his idea of diction was to get hold of striking and strange expressions, which should help him to hold a jury's fatigued attention; but that in every part of study he relied vastly on the pen, which he valued as the corrector of vagueness of thought and expression.

But there must not only be facility of expression, the power to array words, but there must be ideas for the words to clothe and adorn. The orator should be a man possessed of large stores of varied and extensive knowledge, and should have the happy faculty of so using it, as to animate and illustrate the views he sets forth, so that they will be strongly impressed on the minds of his auditors, and be received with pleasure.

A writer has forcibly said: "A public speaker should lay under tribute all knowledge. Let him, like the Roman general, try to gather spoils and trophies from all nations and from every age, to deck the triumphs of his cause. Nothing, which in all his researches he gathers, should he despise. What seems useless to-day may prove of greatest value to-morrow. What seems a dull pebble, may flash when held up to the light, with the brilliancy of a diamond. More than one public speaker has done what the old alchemists failed to do,—taken materials which seemed bare and insignificant, and by genius and skill transmuted them into gold."

Edmund Burke was one of the world's great orators. and ranks with Demosthenes in the elements of the highest oratory. He was a man of wonderful erudition, and had the tact and skill to so use his learning as to make his speeches worthy to be classed among the most finished models of excellence.

Macaulay, in his matchless essay on Warren Hastings, thus speaks of Burke, and depicts in glowing language one of the secrets of his wonderful power: "Burke had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal. In every part of those huge bales of Indian information, which repelled almost all other readers, his mind, at once philosophical and poetical, found something to instruct or to delight. His reason analyzed and digested those vast and shapeless masses; his imagination animated and colored them. Out of darkness, dullness and confusion, he drew a rich abundance of ingenious theories and vivid pictures.

George Whitefield, whose extraordinary eloquence would hold spell-bound immense out-door audiences, sometimes numbering twenty thousand people, representing all classes and conditions of society, from beggars to the highest nobility, made use of everything which his ingenuity and industry could produce, to make his efforts powerful and effective.

Phillips, the famous Irish orator, thus alludes to some of the characteristics which partly formed the

secret of his wonderful power: "Whitefield understood the power of illustration. He ever kept the volume of nature before him, delighting to unfold its magnificent pages. The ocean, the thunder storms, the bow encircling the heavens, furnished him with themes to illustrate his subject; or a trial, or a pilot fish, or a furnace—in fact, anything and everything, whether magnificently grand, or ever so insignificant, he made subservient to his oratorical powers. His eloquence reminded one of the ocean, adding, as it does, to its own boundlessness, contributions from every part of the universe. Well has it been said that he 'ransacked creation for figures, time for facts, heaven for motives, hell for warnings, and eternity for arguments.' "

The late Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, one of the most fascinating pulpit orators of his day, once related to Newman Hall, how in early life he had begun a habit which he doubtless considered had contributed much to his success. He said: "When I was in my first parish, I used to have a class of young pupils whom I questioned about my sermons. Thus I learned what parts were best remembered, and I found that they had always remembered best the parts that had illustrations. So I resolved never to shoot off an arrow without winging it." The orator must understand human nature; he must have the tact to adapt himself to his audiences, and to employ such arguments and illustrations as will best engage their attention, and reach their understanding.

The celebrated Lord Cockburn practiced the following method of addressing a jury. He said: "I invariably pick out the stupidest fellow of the lot, and address myself especially to him, for this good reason: I know that if I convince him, I would be sure to carry all the rest." This plan might be adopted to some extent by every speaker, for if the stolid and indifferent in an audience can be interested and convinced, it is fair to assume that all others would be effectively reached.

The great orator must not only possess a copious command of language, a good delivery, a perfect knowledge of his subject, wide and varied learning from which to illustrate and adorn his theme, and tact to understand and manage his audiences, but he must also have the fire which will fuse all these qualities together and make them irresistible.

Said a writer who often heard Daniel Webster in his palmiest days: "I have seen him when every nerve was quivering with excitement, when his gestures were most violent, when he was shouting at the top of his clarion voice, when the lightnings of passion were playing across his dark face as upon a thunder cloud." The impassioned fervor which can thus call into action the utmost powers of mind and body, comes from having the mind so completely absorbed and surcharged with the subject and occasion, as to be wrought to its utmost tension. This is largely the result of careful and thorough preparation.

When Webster made that marvelous reply to Hayne,—the greatest of all his speeches,—instead of being due to the inspiration of the occasion, as the world supposed, it was a consequence of the most elaborate preparation. Webster said, in the closing part of his life: “No man is inspired with the occasion; I never was.” It was said of Rufus Choate, by his biographer, that “Like Clay, Grattan, Chatham and Curran, he trusted to no native gifts of eloquence. He practiced eloquence every day for forty years. He would take some approved author, and utter a page aloud, but not noisily,—struggling to accomplish two things,—to get the feeling, and to express it passionately;” and he adds, that for this purpose he chose the works of Edmund Burke. Burke, who was one of the best judges on this subject, said of Mr. Fox: “It was by slow degrees that he became the most brilliant and powerful debater that parliament ever saw,” and Fox himself attributed his success to his habitual practice in speaking, and said, that “during five whole sessions I spoke every night but one.” Plutarch states that Cicero, in the early part of his life, “suffered not a day to pass without either declaiming or attending the most celebrated orators.”

These instances show that these illustrious masters of eloquence acquired their great perfection by long-continued and assiduous cultivation of their natural gifts. In this, as in everything else, it is practice that makes perfect, and nothing else will take its place. It

is as impracticable to learn to speak without practice, as to learn to swim without water; and one has gained a great advantage when he has acquired the confidence and resolution to speak at every favorable opportunity. The great majority fail, because they have not the courage to make repeated attempts.

It requires a strong will for a young speaker to conquer his timidity, calm his fears, and to attempt to speak before men who are more experienced than himself. But this will-power must be cultivated and exercised continually, for even many of the greatest orators, after years of practice, have confessed that the fear and timidity which they experienced before speaking, never forsook them. It is said that Cicero began his speeches with trembling, which scarcely left him even when he got thoroughly into the current and substance of his speech. The bold and jovial Luther said that he could never enter the pulpit without fear. The late Lord Derby, who was called "The Rupert of debate," said that his principal speeches cost him two sleepless nights,—one in which he was thinking what to say, the other in which he was lamenting what he might have said better.

Sir William Follett, a celebrated English advocate, was once congratulated on his perfect composure before trying an important case. His answer was to ask his friend to feel his hand, which was wet with the nervousness of anxiety. It is generally only the flip-pant who are free from timidity.

When the famous George Canning was Prime Minister of England, and was about to speak, a friend said to him: "Why! how nervous you are!" "Am I?" was the reply; "then I shall make a good speech."

When the late Salmon P. Chase was a young lawyer, on attempting to make his first argument in the United States Court in an important case, he was so agitated that he could not utter a word. He sat down, and in a few moments recovered himself, and made his plea. On its close, one of the judges came and shook hands, and congratulated him. Chase, who was nettled at his failure to speak at first, asked in surprise what he was congratulated for. "On your failure," replied the judge; and he added: "A person of ordinary temperament and abilities would have gone through his part without any such symptoms of nervousness; but when I see a young man break down once or twice in that way, I conceive the highest hopes of him." The future career of the young lawyer proved that the judge's knowledge of human nature was accurate.

It is well to acquire the habit of using simple, short words as much as possible, and making the language plain, direct and forcible. Many make the mistake of stringing together high-sounding words and phrases, which have but a vague meaning, and are often entirely beyond the comprehension of many hearers, and are thus utterly lost. A man, in addressing a school, used the word "abridgement," but, thinking that some

of the younger children might not understand what it meant, he explained that "abridgement" was a synonym of "epitome."

Spurgeon said of high-sounding preachers, "that they must have understood the Lord to say, 'Feed my camelopards,' instead of 'Feed my lambs,' for nothing but giraffes could reach any spiritual food from the lofty rack on which they place it."

The first requisite in speaking is to make the thought expressed, clear and apparent; failing in this, all figures of speech and rhetorical flourishes are worthless. All rhetoric that obscures the meaning of the speaker, or even makes it less forcible, is a serious defect, however beautiful and ornate the style may be.

An eminent minister said that his style of preaching was moulded through life by a single criticism. When a young man, he read a paper, exuberant with rhetoric, to his tutor. "Joel," said the wise man, "I kept school once. When I whipped the boys, I always stripped the leaves off the rod," drawing an imaginary rod through his fingers. This apt and forcible illustration entirely cured him of a tendency to burden his style with the excessive use of rhetorical embellishment.

Another mistake often made is that of speaking too long,—of being so diffuse that the leading thoughts are lost in a multitude of words, and nothing remains clearly defined in the memory. It is said that three of the most influential members of the Congress which

framed our national Constitution never made a speech more than twenty minutes long, in all the protracted and exciting debates of that illustrious convention.

Alexander Hamilton, perhaps the greatest lawyer of his day, reckoned that a diffuse speaker, in the longest argument in a trial, would not occupy more than two hours and a half, and his rival, Aaron Burr, seldom occupied more than an hour and a quarter in the most intricate cases, while many of their most important causes were disposed of in half an hour.

“Let your speeches be short, that the remembrance of them may be long,” said Confucius, and there is sound philosophy in the maxim. But it is by practice alone that a good speaker can be made, and no system of mere study or of theory can supply its place.

THE LAWYER.



OME years ago, it was ascertained that of the seventy-six members of the United States Senate, fifty were practicing lawyers; also that their profession furnished the heads of most of the government departments. Lawyers, therefore, rule the country. It speaks well for a profession that can, to such an extent, so command the respect and confidence of the people. It may safely be assumed that most of these were successful in their profession, and the question naturally arises, What were the causes of their success?

To young men entering professional life, this is a most momentous inquiry. Every place seems to be already filled by those who have experience and social prestige, and their hearts sink with heaviness and discouragement. J. G. Holland has left for such these words of advice and encouragement:

“It is well, first, that all young men remember, that nothing will do them so much injury as quick and easy success, and that nothing will do them so much good as a struggle which teaches them exactly what is in them, educates them gradually to its use, instructs them in personal economy, drills them into a patient and persistent habit of work, and keeps them at the

foot of the ladder until they become strong enough to hold every step they are enabled to gain. The first years of every man's business or professional life are years of education. They are intended to be, in the order of nature and providence. Doors do not open to a man until he is prepared to enter them. The man without a wedding garment may get in surreptitiously, but he immediately goes out with a flea in his ear. We think it is the experience of most successful men, who have watched the course of their lives in retrospect, that whenever they have arrived at a point where they were thoroughly prepared to go up higher, the door to a higher place has swung back of itself, and they have heard the call to enter. The old die, or voluntarily retire for rest. The best men who stand ready to take their places will succeed to their position and its honors and emoluments.

"It is related of Webster, that when a young lawyer suggested to him that the profession to which he had devoted himself was over-crowded, the great man replied: 'Young man, there is always room enough at the top.' Never was a wiser or more suggestive word said. There undoubtedly is always room enough where excellence lives. Webster was not troubled for lack of room. Neither Clay nor Calhoun were ever crowded.

"The young men will say that **only a few can reach the top**. That is true; but it is also true, that the further from the bottom one goes, the **more scattering**

the neighborhood. One can fancy, for illustration, that every profession and every calling is pyramidal in its living constituency, and that, while only one man is at the top, there are several tiers of men below him who have plenty of elbow room, and that it is only at the base that men are so thick that they pick the meat out of one another's teeth to keep them from starving. If a man has no power to get out of the rabble at the bottom, then he is self-convicted of having chosen a calling or profession to whose duties he has no adaptation.

"The grand mistake that young men make, during the first ten years of their business and professional life, is in idly waiting for their chance. They seem to forget, or they do not know, that during those ten years they enjoy the only leisure they will ever have. After ten years, in the natural course of things, they will be absorbingly busy. There will then be no time for reading, culture and study. If they do not become thoroughly grounded in the principles and practical details of their profession during those years; if they do not store their minds with useful knowledge; if they do not pursue habits of reading and observation, and social intercourse, which result in culture, the question whether they will ever rise to occupy a place where there is room enough for them will be decided in the negative. The young physicians, and the young lawyers, who sit idly in their offices, and smoke and lounge away the time, 'waiting for something to turn

up,' are by that course fastening themselves for life to the lower stratum, where their struggle for a bare livelihood is to be perpetual. The first ten years are golden years, that should be filled with systematic reading and observation. Everything that tends to professional and personal excellence, should be an object of daily pursuit. To such men the doors of success open of themselves at last. Work seeks the best hands as naturally as water runs down hill; and it never seeks the hands of a trifler, or of one whose only recommendation for work is that he needs it. Young men do not know very much, anyway, and the time always comes, to those who become worthy, when they look back with wonder upon their early good opinion of their acquirements and themselves."

It is interesting and valuable to catch the spirit of some who have stood in the front rank of the world's greatest advocates. It has been remarked, that the persons who have reached the highest eminence in the law were at first dissatisfied with it. But, however this may be, at the close of their career they came to have an intense love for their profession. Said Rufus Choate of the law: "There's nothing else to like in all the world."

Edmund Burke declared: "Law, in my opinion, is one of the first and noblest of human sciences, which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together."

All these men were laborious in their methods.

"To be a successful lawyer," said Lord Eldon, "a man must live like a hermit, and work like a horse."

Daniel Webster told William Pitt Fessenden, that "when he began to practice law, he never let a legal document pass out of his hands without reading it three times, at least, that all his fine figures and sentences were carefully studied, and that he studied hard while other young men slept."

Rufus Choate searched among literature for words and illustrations to make effective his matchless oratory. His biographer says: "Literature to Choate was of direct service in a double way. It quickened his fancy and ingenuity, and enlarged his mind without taking away from him the power to narrow down its proportions again to legal dimensions, and was also of essential service as a mental relaxation and pastime."

He gave this advice to young lawyers: "If you languish in the pursuit of the law, read Quintilian and Cicero and enthusiastic legal writers." And earnestly recommended them to this practice: "Take a reported case, read the marginal statement and get the facts, shut the book and study out what should be the law, write out the decision, and then compare with the decision of the court. This to improve powers of reasoning."

Said Coke, one of the greatest legal minds that ever lived: "There is no knowledge, case, or point in law, seem it of never so little account, but will stand the student in stead one time or another."

Tact, and a profound knowledge of human nature,

are essential to the successful lawyer. A rough man extinguished Choate, after a long and dizzy speech, by saying it was "altogether too big a box for so small a calf."

A judge of a superior court said, that when he plead before a jury he expected to turn over and repeat his main points about as often as there were men in it, so that they would have a clear comprehension of them.

Sir James Scarlett, when asked the secret of his success as an advocate, said that he took care to press home the one principal point in the case without much regard to others. He knew the secret of being short. I find, said he, that when I exceed half an hour I am always doing mischief to my client. If I drive into the heads of the jury an important matter, I drive out matter more important I had previously lodged there.

An eminent judge used to relate this anecdote of Justice Parsons: "When Parsons was a young lawyer, he was retained to argue an important case in a Maine court. He was unknown to the people, and even to the lawyers. The judge had heard of him as a rising man, and was drawn to the court-room by curiosity to learn the secret of his power. Parsons began his plea by putting one foot in a chair; then, leaning one elbow on his knee, he talked to the jury as a man would tell a story at his fireside. 'Pretty soon I thought I understood him,' said the judge. 'He was winding the jury round his fingers. He made no show. He treated the case as if it were a very simple affair, of which the

conclusion was obvious and inevitable; and he did not talk long. He got a verdict at once; and after the jury were dismissed, one of them, whom I happened to know, came to me and said: "Who is this Mr. Parsons? He isn't much of a lawyer, and don't talk or look as if he ever would be one; but he seems to be a real good sort of a man."

"Monsieur Chaix d'Est Ange was one of the greatest lawyers of France, and one of the greatest triumphs ever obtained at any bar, was achieved in the case of a man called Benoit, whom he was prosecuting for parricide. Benoit had all along persisted in declaring he was innocent, and there was nothing but circumstantial evidence against him. M. Chaix d'Est Ange resolved to employ one of the most startling and dramatic figures of rhetoric ever used in a court of law. Turning to the prisoner, he placed the scene of the murder in vivid and striking language before him. 'There,' he cried, 'sat your father, quietly reading the newspaper, near the window. He could not see who came into the room. You stole in on tiptoe and crept close behind him. You paused one moment and then raised the hatchet'— 'Yes, yes!' cried Benoit, 'that's it; that's how I did it!' What the repeated interrogatories of the examining magistrates had failed to elicit from the murderer, was forced from him by the eloquence of the barrister."

One of the strongest qualifications of a good lawyer is integrity, for that is as much a part of his working

capital as his professional skill, and without it he is but half equipped for his work. The greatest trusts in the world are held by lawyers, and it is to the credit of the profession, that there are a larger proportion of them capable of exercising important trusts with absolute integrity, than in any other class of business or professional men. This comes in large part from their training and discipline, a part of which is to define rights with nice discrimination and absolute impartiality.

The lawyer must be devoted to his profession. The law has been called "a jealous mistress," and it requires the absorption of all the forces of mind and body, and a steady purpose, to succeed.

Lord Erskine, early in his career, wrote these words to a friend who sought to persuade him to seek honors in parliament rather than in the law: "Keep, then, the path," he says. "That means the path which leads to where one is going. *Keep* the path, *i. e.*, be steady in your exertions, read your briefs thoroughly, let your arguments be learned and your speech to juries be animated. There is no advantage in keeping the path, except it be the right one. I am in the path, and mean to keep it. To a grave lawyer like me Westminster Hall is the only path to greatness."


Another distinguishing trait of the legal profession has been their fairness and love of justice.

Samuel J. Tilden said of O'Connor, the distinguished advocate, "that during his fifty years' practice, he

was never known to misstate facts or present unsound propositions of law," and in saying that, he pronounced an encomium on his distinguished friend more effective than could be contained in volumes of panegyrics.

A former client of Abraham Lincoln said no one could consult him on professional business without being impressed with his absolute honesty and love of the right, and especially was this noticeable in his conscientious scruples in charging moderate fees. These expressions and characteristics of some of the greatest names in jurisprudence, though few, are yet suggestive, and show in a measure some of the elements of their success. But the basis of the fame of every great lawyer is character,—without that he may be brilliant and learned, but he will fall short of a high place in his profession.

THE PREACHER.

EV. JOSEPH PARKER, of London, one of the most original preachers of this age, has made this criticism: "Preaching to-day is often a sublime flight in the air, in the exciting progress of which the contestants strike at nothing, and hit it with magnificent precision."

Notwithstanding this scathing remark, it may be truthfully said, that preachers were never abreast of the times more than at the present day. Never has there been more careful and systematic preparation for the sacred office than in these modern days. Dr. William M. Taylor, of New York, himself one of the ablest divines of this generation, has given as the result of his experience and observation, these invaluable hints among others, on the preparation of the preacher.

First. The study of the works of standard authors, which should include Shakespeare, Milton, Gibbon, Macaulay, Motley, Locke, Reid, Hamilton, Mill, Butler, Edwards and Chalmers.

Second. The free and constant use of the pen in original composition.

Third. The limited use of adjectives.

Fourth. The cultivation of elocution, and an earnest delivery.

Fifth. The use of *common sense*, and a perception of the fitness of things; and sums up his suggestions in these words:

"Finally, let all your abilities, natural and acquired, be vitalized by your devotion to the Master. The question is not, "Lovest thou the work?" but, "Lovest thou *me*?" Such love will consecrate the whole man, and make him all magnetic. One of the most effective features in preaching is simplicity."

Arthur Helps tells a story of an illiterate soldier at the chapel of Lord Morpeth's castle in Ireland. Whenever Archbishop Whately came to preach, it was observed that this rough private was always in his place, mouth open, as if in sympathy with his ears. Some of the gentlemen playfully took him to task for it, supposing it was due to the usual vulgar admiration of a celebrity. But the man had a better reason, and was able to give it. He said, "That isn't it at all. The Archbishop is easy to understand. There are no fine words in him. A fellow like me, now, can follow along and take every bit of it in."

An old church member made this remark to his pastor: "I dinna ken a part of your sermon yesterday. You said the Apostle used the figure of circumlocution, and I dinna ken what it means." "Is that all," said the minister. "It's very plain. The figure of circumlocution is merely a periphrastic mode of diction." "Oh, is that all! What a puir fool I was not to understand that."

The following description by Dr. Hanna, of the manner and style of Dr. Guthrie, the stalwart and eloquent Scotch preacher, is more suggestive than any set rules. He says: "No discourses ever delivered from the pulpit had more the appearance of extempore addresses. None were ever more carefully thought over, more completely written out beforehand, or more accurately committed to memory. If ever there was any one who might have trusted to the spur of the moment for the words to be employed, it was he. No readier speaker ever stepped upon a platform; but such was his deep sense of the sacredness of the pulpit, and the importance of weighing well every word that should proceed from it, that he never trusted to a passing impulse to mold even a single phrase. Yet in the manuscript there were often phrases, sentences, illustrations, that one on hearing them could scarcely believe to have been other than the suggestion of the moment, linking themselves, as apparently they did, with something that was then immediately before the speaker's eye. The explanation of this lay in the power (possessed in any considerable degree by but few, possessed by him in perfect measure) of writing as if a large audience were around him; writing as if speaking; realizing the presence of a crowd before him, and having that presence as a continual stimulus to thought and a constant mold of expression. The difference, in fact, that there almost invariably is between written and spoken address, was by his vivid imagina-

tion and quick sympathies reduced to a minimum, if not wholly obliterated. Herein lay one secret of his great power as a preacher.

“ Another lay in the peculiar character of the imagery and illustrations of which he made such copious use. It has been remarked by all who have passed a critical judgment of any value upon his attributes as a preacher, that his chief, if not exclusive, instrument of power was illustration. In listening to him, scenes and images passed in almost unbroken succession before the eye; always apposite, often singularly picturesque and graphic; frequently most tenderly pathetic. But it was neither their number nor their variety which explained the fact that they were all and so universally effective. It was the common character they possessed of being perfectly plain and simple, drawn from quarters with which all were familiar; few of them from books, none of them from ‘the depths of the inner consciousness,’ supplied by ingenious mental analysis; almost all of them taken from sights of nature or incidents of human life:—the sea, the storm, the shipwreck, the beacon-light, the life-boat; the family wrapped in sleep, the midnight conflagration, the child at the window above, a parent’s arms held up below, and the child told to leap and trust. There was much of true poetry in the series of images so presented; but it was poetry of a kind that needed no interpreter, required no effort either to understand or appreciate; which appealed directly to the eye and the heart of

our common humanity; of which all kinds and classes of people, and that almost equally, saw the beauty and felt the power."

Dr. Guthrie, visiting an artist's studio, ventured to criticise an unfinished picture. The artist, with some little warmth, remarked, "Dr. Guthrie, remember you are a preacher, not a painter." "Beg your pardon, my good friend," replied the clergyman; "I *am* a painter; only I paint in words, while you use brush and colors."

The manner and arrangement of presenting truth, has its place in successful preaching, but nothing can take the place of the theme. The pulpit is not a professor's chair, nor a poet's corner, nor merely a lookout place for wise and instructive observations on science, society, human achievement, or worldly success; but a place consecrated for the presentation of the great truths according to the Bible; and if it falls short of this, it is a failure. The strong hold which the sermons of D. L. Moody have taken upon the world, is due to the fact that he has preached on the great essential truths of the Christian religion. A clergyman in a village on the seashore, who found his congregation rapidly diminishing, asked an old Scotch sailor why the people did not come to church. The Scotchman thus replied: "I canna exactly tell, mon; ye preached on spring and autumn most beautiful discourses, and ye improved the great accident and loss of life on the Sound; ye might try them with some-

thing out of the Bible, and being fresh, maybe it would hold them another Sunday or two."

The successful preacher must come into close contact with the people. He must cultivate and use his social powers to first make friends of those whom he would save. A religious writer has truly said: "Sinners will not be converted while they are kept at arm's length. The faithful shepherd calleth his own sheep by name. The measure of the church and the ministry's power over men, is in general exactly proportioned to their degree of personal contact with them. It is not enough to harangue them. We can hardly call that preaching which springs from an ambition to address them in a mass, dis severed from an interest in them in detail and as individuals. True preaching, evangelical preaching, finds its themes and draws its directness and point from pastoral observation, and then carries the preacher, with fresh impulse, back to the sphere of personal labor again. Evangelical preaching is the distant artillery which thunders at the frowning fortress, and rains its iron storm upon it until a breach is made in the walls, and the way is clear for a hand-to-hand conflict, a rush to the battlements, and the planting of the victorious standard upon the walls."


The power of personal influence is a mighty power in the pulpit as elsewhere. How often has it been noticed that "One speaker will deliver a certain set of opinions in suitable words, and with all the aid which

art can give him, and his words will fall cold and flat upon the ears of those who hear him. Another will utter the same words, with less apparent eloquence, it may be, but he will reach the heart and stir the emotions of every person within reach of his voice. Yet the truth proclaimed by both speakers was the same; the difference lies in some subtle distinction of personality which makes the one man a living magnet, and which leaves the other without the power to command either conviction or sympathy."

The preacher, of all professions, should not forget the nature and importance of his calling. He is dealing with the most tremendous issues that belong to our destiny; and the day is short in which he can work. With this solemn responsibility ever pressing upon him, making all things subservient to the effectiveness of his holy office, and relying on the sustaining power of Him in whose name he speaks, he may hope for, and realize a blessed ministry.

THE TEACHER.

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds,—if we imbue them with right principles,—with the just fear of God and their fellow-men, we engrave upon these tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity."
—*Webster.*

ORD BROUGHAM left this fine tribute to faithful teachers: "The conqueror moves on in a march. He stalks onward with the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of war'—banners flying, shouts rending the air, guns thundering, and martial music pealing to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lamentations for the slain.

"Not thus the schoolmaster in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and prepares in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers around him those who are to further their execution; he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, laboring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots the weeds of vice. It is a progress not to be compared with anything like a march; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won.

Such men—men deserving the glorious title of teachers of mankind—I have found laboring conscientiously, though perhaps obscurely, in their blessed vocation wherever I have gone. I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded but enslaved Italians; and in our country, God be thanked, their numbers everywhere abound, and are every day increasing. Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the property of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of these great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course—awaits in patience the fulfillment of the promises—resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed—and sleeps under the humble, but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating ‘one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy.’”

Luther said, if he were not a preacher he would be a teacher; and he thought the latter was the most important, since it was easier to form a new character than to correct a depraved one.

There is a significant fable in the Jewish Talmud, which illustrates how the power of the teacher has

been recognized for thousands of years. The fable relates that at a time of great drought in Palestine the priests and the pharisees, the rabbis and the scribes, had assembled together to pray for rain; but notwithstanding their united intercessions the rain came not. Then there stood up among them one whom none knew, and, as he prayed, immediately the sky became dark, and the rain fell in torrents. "Who art thou, whose prayers are heard when all ours have been rejected?" asked the astonished people. And the stranger answered: "I am a teacher of little children."

What nobler work can there be than to develop the character and mould the lives of those who will live after us,—to set in motion trains of influences which will reach out into eternity.

An incident has been related which shows what wonderful transformation of character may result from successful teaching. Recently, a brilliant and finely educated young man was sent to represent one of the powerful religious denominations in a new territory. Twelve years before, he was one of the wild Arabs of New York city, sleeping by the docks, or in doorways, and finally was sent to one of the institutions of Blackwell's Island. While there, an officer of the Aid Society saw and became interested in him, and he was sent out West on a farm. Three months every year of the district school developed in him a passion for learning; then, when he had served out his time on the farm, he got appointed as bell-ringer

at Yale College, and so paid his expenses while going through that institution. His good conduct and brilliant record won him influential friends, who, after he graduated, sent him to a theological seminary for three years, and thus he was fitted for a career of active usefulness.

Who can estimate the power for good of such a life? Yet how much of it was due to the faithful work of the teacher in the humble district school of his Western home?

Oftentimes the teacher becomes discouraged at the seeming fruitlessness of his labors.

Dr. Arnold once observed of a bad pupil, and his efforts to help him: "It is very often like kicking a football up a hill. You kick it upwards twenty yards, and it rolls back nineteen. Still you have gained one yard, and then in a good many kicks you make some progress."

How carefully the gardener prepares his ground, chooses his seed, and improves the right time for sowing; and then, if he be a wise man, he does not fret and worry because he does not see immediate results, for he knows there must be a time for growth. So the teacher must await in patience the development of the seeds of knowledge, principle and purpose, which it is his mission to implant in the minds of his pupils.

The successful teacher must have a love for the work. He must take a personal interest in his pupils; study each character by itself, and, to attain the best

results, must gain their confidence and love. What a charming picture a poet has drawn of the simple school of our forefathers, thus describing the gentle old teacher of the olden time:

“He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history, too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew.
‘Learn while you’re young,’ he often said,
‘There is much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living and rest for the dead,’
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.
With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school—
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said:
‘We should make life pleasant down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,’
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.”

No work except the mother’s, to which that of the true teacher is allied, calls for more varied qualities than the teacher’s work.

It is not enough that he be learned in all wisdom, so that he may stand before his pupils the embodiment of the thought and culture to which they should aspire, he must know how to *impart* that knowledge; nay, often to create and foster a desire for it. He must be wise in his ways of presenting truths, and patient when results seem to be almost lacking.

The true teacher must also be firm as well as loving.


There must be no compromise with rebellion against rightful authority, otherwise he is fostering the seeds of anarchy. It is the teacher's right and duty to be obeyed, and he must expect nothing else.

He must be full of vital force and power which will be contagious. He must know how to handle his little corps of undisciplined troops as a body, so that no time may be wasted, and the inspiration which comes from numbers may be made the most of,—and at the same time he must have every heart and will so thoroughly under his loving mastery that they will respond to his touch as keys to the touch of the master musician.

Much of this skill is heaven-born, but there must be years of patient striving before either the musician or the teacher can be sure of no discord.

Would that every teacher in the land would take to heart these words of Payson: "What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and shown there as an index of your own thoughts and feelings; what care, what caution, would you exercise in the selection! Now, this is what God has done. He has placed before you the immortal minds of children, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are to inscribe, every day, and every hour, by your instructions, by your spirit, or by your example, something which will remain and be exhibited for or against you at the judgment."

YOUR DUTY IN POLITICS.

HARLES SUMNER said that the citizen who neglects his public duty is a public enemy. There is a large class of such public enemies, and they are the most serious menace to the purity and prosperity of our government. They are men who hold politics in reproach, because of its pollutions and rottenness, but who, instead of doing their part to purify it, scornfully take up their skirts, and say that they will not descend into its mire, forgetting that they themselves are responsible for such deplorable conditions by their own neglect of duty. They may, too, be so absorbed in their own private interests that they satisfy themselves with the excuse that they cannot spare the time.

Said the Earl of Derby, in an address to students: "If there is one thing more certain than another, it is this,—that every member of a community is bound to do something for that community in return for what he gets from it; and neither intellectual cultivation, nor the possession of material wealth, nor any other plea whatever, except that of physical or mental incapacity, can excuse any of us from that plain and personal duty."

The man who neglects his duty in this matter is

guilty of a moral wrong, for society and the nation is made up of an aggregation of individuals, each of whom is under a tacit obligation to sustain and preserve them, in return for the protection and benefits which he derives from them.

Says R. W. Dale, an English divine: "I think it possible that the time may come when men who refuse to vote will be subjected to church discipline, like men who refuse to pay their debts."

There was a law of Pythagoras which pronounced every man infamous who, in questions of public moment, did not take sides; and well were it for us to-day if we were subject to such a law.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon thus speaks of men who neglect their public duties: "The fact is, a certain class of men love to be quiet, and are ready to sell their country to the evil one himself, so that they may live at ease and make no enemies. They have not the manliness to plead for the right, for it might cost them a customer or a friend, and so they profess a superior holiness as a reason for skulking."

An able writer, of our own country, has spoken words which are worthy to be treasured up in the heart of every true citizen. He says:

"In our days it seems that men who are almost completely destitute of all proper ideas of their relations to free institutions, have a greater influence than those who fully understand this relationship.

"Men of refinement, of high social position, of the

highest mental culture, ministers of the Gospel, have, in a very large measure, stepped back, and given way to the preponderating forces of ignorance and personal advantage; so that now our officers, to a great extent, hold their positions by the votes of those who fail to comprehend the real significance of the ballot.

“Because politics have become so miserably corrupt, being almost synonymous with fraud, are the cultured, the refined, and the ministers justified in holding themselves entirely aloof, and, by their very refusal to become interested in these high concerns, making an increase in corruption still more possible?

“The government is for all,—for the artisan who lives and earns his bread and clothing by manual labor, and for those who seek and obtain the same results by brain efforts. Every citizen is equally brought under all the advantages that may be gained by the form of government which has been agreed upon; which has been established in harmony with such agreement; and no one class is, or can be, justified in ceasing to exert individual effort for the maintenance of every institution which has grown out of the form of government under whose protection we live. And this is still more true when these institutions are, in their very nature, free, therefore liable to be misused, and very liable to work out an entirely different result from the original intention,—this end accomplished by the ignorance of the very ones who should derive a large share of benefit from their continuance.”

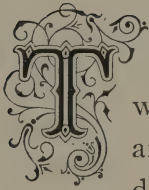
A part of public duty which is more universally ignored by men of seemingly high character and influence, than any other, is that of holding public office. There are hundreds of men who have the qualifications of integrity, mental capacity, great business experience, with leisure, and who command the confidence of the community in which they live, but who refuse to hold offices of trust and responsibility. The consequence is, that a lower grade of men take the offices from motives of gain or personal ambition. Is it not a shame that the desire to benefit the world by faithfully performing the duties of a public office should not be as strong as the selfish considerations of personal gain? A man who is called to an office, and is fitted for it, has no more right to refuse to serve than to deny to the thirsty the cup of cold water, or to omit any act of kindness or charity. It is not a trifling matter which he can excuse by whims, impulses, or caprice, but he does a positive wrong to the interests of society and good government, and is morally accountable for it. This feeling has its root in selfishness, which is as reprehensible in this form as in any other. If good order, just laws, and a righteous administration of justice are to be maintained, it must be not by those who are in conflict with them, but by those who are willing to uphold and stand by them, and give something more than a mere negative support to them. Citizen of a free and enlightened government,—do you consider what a rich and glorious heritage has been

committed to your keeping? It is a sacred trust which you hold for future generations.

See, then, that you transmit it unimpaired to your posterity. If you are called upon to hold office, do not shirk it because it conflicts with your ease, or even with your business; but accept it, and hold it worthily. If there is work in the primary caucus, do not despise it because it may seem unimportant, but remember that the bulk of the work of the world is drudgery, of which politics has its share, and it should be your duty, as much as others, to bear it. Remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and our institutions cannot be maintained without the support and active co-operation of all intelligent and high-minded citizens.

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute a state."

TRUE CULTURE AND PROGRESS.



HERE is a so-called culture abroad in the world which is calculated to foster the pride and exclusiveness of its adherents. It would draw its inspiration from art, literature, music, travel, and create an aristocracy of mind, in society, whose select circle no one less favored can hope or enter. It is merely a refined form of selfishness,—having elegant manners, subdued tones, and an attractive bearing, to be sure, but yet selfish and narrow in its spirit and purpose. Its object is the glorification of the individual, and it aims at culture for its own sake only. How different this from the culture which has been thus defined by an able essayist:

“Professor Huxley somewhere says, in substance, that a cultured man is one whose body is trained to obedience; whose passions are brought to heel under the mandates of a vigorous will; whose mind is thoroughly informed as to the laws of nature, and whose whole nature is in obedience to them. If there is no future, this definition of culture will do well enough, though even then it does not comprehend all the uses of the mind. But if heaven continues all good apprenticeship of the mind here, and engages it ac-

according to its skill, then how important that education should take in all our nature, and that the mind should be trained to the best thoughts. Culture, then, is not wholly nor mainly a thing for this world. The laws of matter are not its chief concern. Rather, study upon those objects of knowledge that are endless and changeless, should most seriously engage it. Culture should, then, be cognizant, not only of natural science, but also of truth and duty, and God and immortality. And subjects of study should be ardently pursued in proportion to their tendency to fit us for endless development of our powers, and endless fields of activity. The wise student now-a-days shapes his course toward his profession. He reins himself on to the 'one thing' he proposes to do in life. When the culture of the mind is seen to have a direct bearing upon immortal energies, those who value those energies, and live for them, will shape not only their worship, but also their education, for the pursuits of heaven. Indeed, we know not what the saints' work will be in glory; but we know it will be within certain lines; we know it will be in the highest ranges of action. It will be according to eternal truth and righteousness. And, therefore, the studies now that will be of most use then, are those that tend to elevation and purity of thought. The knowledge of God's works; the study of his providence; the consideration of truth in its action on human minds; the relations between knowledge and character; and, above all, the excellence and glory of God—these are

the themes that will form a culture most in harmony with God's word, and, therefore, most in harmony with heaven."

The venerable Mark Hopkins, who was in mind, spirit, attainment and character, one of the rarest examples of true culture, said that "the aim of the highest education is to give *character*, rather than *knowledge*; to train men to *be* rather than to *know*." True culture leads to broad and generous views of life and its duties, not desiring self improvement for personal gratification merely, but as the acquisition of new powers and forces with which to do good. A generous heart has said: "Just as we are stewards, and not owners, of the material possessions with which we are favored by the good God, so are we bound to use what knowledge we acquire, for the benefit of our fellow-men, and in the service of its Giver. Culture, for culture's own sake—of which the apostles of "sweetness and light" have so much to say—is a culture which not only misses the real value, even to its possessor, of daily use for the benefit of others, but also is misused in the sight of God. To hoard a fact may be of a far greater wrong than to hoard a gold dollar; for both knowledge and money are talents which ought to have some better use than to be securely hidden. Any well-informed person may be quite sure that he knows *some* things, at any rate, which his friends and neighbors do not know, and which he can make very effective weapons in the war

against ignorance and sin. When you have well learned any fact, lay it up in your mind, not as an adornment of your own mental parlor, or as a prized possession to gloat over at your leisure, but as something for which others have need now, or will soon have need. It is a constant surprise to any person who really tries to help others with his religious and secular knowledge to find how soon he can utilize the last thing he has learned." This is the culture that will renovate the world, and is worthy to be sought by every earnest soul.

On this subject Coleridge writes: "Alas! how many examples are now present to memory of young men the most anxiously and expensively be-school-mastered, be-tutored, be-lectured, anything but *educated*; who have received arms and ammunition, instead of skill, strength, and courage; varnished, rather than polished; perilously over-civilized, and most pitiably uncultivated; and all from inattention to the method dictated by Nature herself—to the simple truth that, as the forms in all organized existence, so must all true and living knowledge proceed from within; that it may be trained, supported, fed, excited, but can never be infused or impressed.

Another benefit of true culture, is to counteract the narrowness of views and life which comes from following closely an absorbing pursuit or profession. A professional journalist has said, that "the man who is professional only, whatever his profession be, is apt to

find his ideas fashioning themselves after a set pattern, his thoughts running into set grooves, and his influence after a while growing circumscribed and partial. The minister whose entire time and attention are occupied by theology; the lawyer who lives exclusively for the rewards of legal ambition; the merchant whose brain never emerges from the atmosphere of the warehouse, and the doctor who never lifts himself from inspecting the pathology of the human body, all alike discover, in the course of years, that the world is going on and leaving them. They may be profound, but nevertheless they have their shallows. Young people, who have not a tithe of their erudition, pass them in the race. Their own families begin to regard them with a certain benevolent toleration, not unmingled with kindly contempt. And this is not the worst result of their narrowness. They become insensibly the victims of prejudice, and it no longer is in their power, even if it be in their will, to form a free, strong, truthful judgment of any new thing presented to their view.


“Every professional man should cultivate a knowledge of things and of men outside of his special department. He should scorn no knowledge that comes to him, even if it be of facts quite removed from his ordinary needs.

“Whatever be our dominant engagement in life, we need to be broadened and kept sympathetic by something which takes us out of ourselves, and leads us up from the rut of our ordinary days. ‘How cross I

could be,' said a tired mother one day not long since, 'if I could not rest myself by an hour now and then at the organ!' Some accomplishment, pursuit or study, as far removed as possible from our accustomed work, is valuable as an adjunct to broad culture, and is beyond price as an assistant to contentment and peace of mind."

After all, the basis of culture is character: "Above all things in the world," lately wrote the editor of one of our leading American magazines, "character has supreme value. A man can never be more than what his character — intellectual, moral, spiritual — makes him. A man can never do more, or better, than deliver, or embody, that which is characteristic of himself. All masquerading and make-believe produce little impression, and, in their products and results, die early. Nothing valuable can come out of a man that is not in him — embodied in his character. Nothing can be more unphilosophical than the idea that a man who stands upon a low moral and spiritual plane can produce, in literature or art, anything valuable. He may do that which dazzles or excites wonder or admiration, but he can produce nothing that has genuine value; for, after all, value must be measured by the power to enrich, exalt, and purify life."

GOOD TALKERS AND TALKING.

OME one has said that, "Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the health of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit."

There is no accomplishment more desirable than that of having the ability to express our ideas in an intelligible and agreeable manner, and yet nothing is more neglected than the art of acquiring this most inestimable faculty.

That profound scholar and famous philosopher, Sir William Hamilton, says: "Man, in fact, only attains the use of his faculties in obtaining the use of speech, for language is the indispensable means of the development of his natural powers, whether intellectual or moral."

If, then, the growth of the mind and character depends so largely on our powers of expression, how important that we employ every method of cultivating our natural ability in this direction.

Some one has said, that "the most necessary talent in conversation is good judgment."

"The secret of success lies not so much in knowing

what to say, as in what to avoid saying." There are brilliant talkers of whom we are always in dread, lest they sting us by some careless sarcasm or witty rejoinder. Better an eternal silence than to scatter firebrands and cause heartaches; such conversers bring upon themselves the well-merited contempt and condemnation of mankind.

One of the first requisites of conversation is to have something worth saying. Lowell once said, "Blessed are they who have nothing to say, and cannot be persuaded to say it;" and another remarked, "There are few wild beasts to be dreaded more than a communicative man with nothing to communicate."

Carlyle, in his rugged, vigorous style, expresses himself quite as strongly to the same point: "Thou who wearest that cunning, heaven-made organ, a tongue, think well of this: Speak not, I passionately entreat thee, till thy thought have silently matured itself, till thou have other than mad and mad-making noises to emit; *hold thy tongue* till *some* meaning lie behind it to set it wagging. Consider the significance of SILENCE; it is boundless,—never by meditating to be exhausted; unspeakably profitable to thee! Cease that chaotic hub-bub wherein thy own soul runs to waste, to confused suicidal dislocation and stupor; out of silence comes strength."

The ground work of conversation is knowledge of the subject under consideration, and without this, words are but useless twaddle.

Montesquieu said that "a man generally talks in proportion to the small degree of thought which he possesses, but if he does, he is digging the grave of his own reputation." The most brilliant talkers have been invariably those whose thirst for knowledge was unquenchable. Madame de Stael could converse with the most astute diplomat on political affairs in Europe, or meet the most subtle philosopher on his own ground in the realm of metaphysics. Burke, one of the most wonderful talkers of his time, had an appetite for facts and information which was absolutely insatiable. Scarcely anything escaped him, and all his vast knowledge was at command. He would draw from others their knowledge of the subject with which they were most familiar, and next to his ability for talking himself, was his ability to make others talk. Fox, his friend and contemporary, also one of the best talkers of his day, was equally distinguished in this respect; and it is related that when out once with a hunting party, which became scattered by a shower, he engaged in conversation with a ploughman under a tree, and became an attentive listener to his description of a new method of planting turnips.

Next in importance to knowing what to say, is the ability to say it — clearly, forcibly and magnetically. Thousands who have knowledge, have not the power of expression, and thus their wisdom is but of small account to others. Even some of the greatest names in literature were men who were singularly deficient

in conversational powers, and sorely disappointed all who came in contact with them. Addison, whose felicitous style of composition made his writings models of purity and grace, was, notwithstanding, a dull talker. Buffon, the great naturalist; Descartes, the famous philosopher; Gibbon, the famous historian; and a host of other renowned characters, although possessed of remarkable genius in their several fields of labor, were nevertheless lacking in conversational powers. Indeed, William Hazlitt, who was gifted with one of the keenest and most critical minds of his day, and who enjoyed extraordinary opportunities for observation, was of the opinion that authors were not fitted, generally speaking, to shine in conversation. It is said that neither Pope nor Dryden were brilliant conversers; and Horace Walpole used to say of Hume, the historian, that he understood nothing until he had written upon it, so much better were his writings than his conversation. Goldsmith, whose sparkling genius made his books so delightful, was such a bungler in speech that one of his friends said of him: "He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

Butler, the author of "Hudibras," which charmed all England with its humor, and keen satire, once elicited from a nobleman who sought an interview with him, the remark that he was like a nine-pin, "little at both ends, and great in the middle." It is said that Hogarth and Dean Swift were both absent-minded in company; that even Milton was unsocial, and almost

irritable when pressed into conversation; that Dante was either taciturn or satirical; that Tasso was neither gay nor brilliant; that La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid, and could not describe what he had just seen; that Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation; that Corneille was so stupid that he never failed to weary his auditors; that Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism, and that even "rare Ben Jonson" used to sit silent in company.

But, on the other hand, it is said of Curran, that he was a convivial deity,—soaring into every region, and at home in all; of Leigh Hunt, that he was like a pleasant stream in conversation; but of Carlyle that he doubted, objected and demurred, as might have been expected. A niece of the Countess of Blessington, who had attained considerable celebrity in literary circles, said she had known most of the celebrated talkers of the day,—among whom were, Rogers, Moore, Sidney Smith, Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, and Douglas Jerrold. But she says of Buckle, the author of the "History of Civilization," that "for inexhaustibility, versatility, memory and self-confidence, I never met any to compete with Buckle. Talking was meat and drink to him; he lived upon talk. He could keep pace with any given number of interlocutors, or any given number of subjects, from the abstrusest point on the abstrusest science to the lightest *jeu d'esprit*, and talk them all down, and be quite ready to start afresh."

It was the custom of Theodore Hook, whose powers of talking were marvelous, to be always on the alert for bits of brilliant conversation and stray jokes, which he took good care to jot down in his note book for future use.

Boswell, that inimitable biographer of Samuel Johnson, tells us that Sir Joshua Reynolds asked the great moralist, who was noted for his wonderful command of words, how he obtained his extraordinary accuracy and flow of language. Johnson replied that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion, and in every company; to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in, and that, by constant practice, never suffering any careless expression to escape him, but always attempting to arrange his thoughts in the clearest manner,—it became natural to him. In that answer he laid bare the secret of his success, and no further hint need be expressed as to the best method of improvement in this direction. The simple plan which made Johnson one of the best talkers of his time, will, if followed as faithfully by you, improve your power of thought and expression until you are amazed at the change observable even by yourself.

Another of the essentials of good conversation is a wide range of information covering almost every conceivable subject, and the power to marshal it into use at a moment's notice. Without this substratum of knowledge, a stream of words may have no more

practical significance than the unmeaning chattering of a parrot. A good talker is generally a well informed man,—he is posted on the current questions of the day, is familiar with the intellectual celebrities of his own and other countries, is aware of the leading discoveries of the world of science, and has an intelligible estimate of current and standard literature; with such material at hand, and with the ability to express himself, how can he help but interest and attract all who listen to him. This knowledge can be gained only by infinite labor and application; and what seem to be the brilliant flashes of genius when uttered, are more often the product of careful and painstaking thought.

One of the most princely intellects of modern times, despite his dissipated habits, was Richard Brinsley Sheridan; but when he attempted to make his first speech in parliament, it was a total failure. An ordinary mind would have been so chagrined at the defeat as to be discouraged from future attempts, but Sheridan was made of different mettle. He went to work for seven years cultivating his wit and perfecting his powers of expression, and what the result was, the history of British statesmanship will attest. One witicism which the world will not soon forget, he saved for fifteen years before he had an opportunity to use it. It was his description of a certain person of whom he said that "he trusted to his memory for his illustrations and to his imagination for his facts," and, doubtless,

all who heard it supposed it was an impromptu scintillation of his brilliant wit.

Rufus Choate said of Pinckney, the great lawyer: "He made it a habit from his youth, whenever he met with a choice thought to commit it to memory, and Choate himself was not far behind his distinguished rival in following the same practice.

But to converse well, requires more than mere information, or knowledge, combined with a ready facility of expression. There must also be sound judgment and a good heart, for without these all other triumphs are hollow and delusive. Our conversation should be such as will be agreeable to others; the subject of it should be appropriate to the time, place and company, and we should avoid all bitterness, all thoughtless criticisms, all unseemly ridicule, and the heartlessness which wounds the feelings and disturbs the peace of those who listen to us,—and then our presence will be welcomed, and we shall diffuse pleasure and promote friendship. All the resources of tact and wisdom may be summoned into action in the exercise of our colloquial powers. An ancient philosopher made it a rule to divide the day into several parts, appointing each part to its proper engagement, and one of these was devoted to *silence wherein to study what to say*. What innumerable heart-burnings; what a multitude of family quarrels; what a host of local feuds would be avoided, if this wise rule were universally followed.

Conversation, like conduct, should be based on unselfishness and a sincere desire to please and benefit others. If founded on this, there is no danger of our monopolizing the entire time of a company, and giving no one else an opportunity of expressing his views. It was a rule of Dean Swift's to take in conversation as many half minutes as he could get, but never to take more than half a minute, without pausing and giving others an opportunity to strike in.

There is danger that a good talker may become so accustomed to the deference and attention of his listeners, as to form the habit of talking perpetually, without pausing for a reply. Some of the most noted conversers fell into this fault of indulging in monologues. It is told of Madame De Stael, that she was once introduced to a deaf man, and talked with him about an hour without noticing that he made no reply. Afterwards she inquired who he was, making the observation "that she thought he was an agreeable gentleman." One of the best talkers of his day was Coleridge. His mind was so acute, and his flow of words so inexhaustible, that he would talk for hours upon the most difficult and abstruse themes in mental philosophy and metaphysics. An incident has been related of him which, although doubtless an exaggeration, yet illustrates his weakness in the direction we have mentioned. Passing down the street one morning, he met Charles Lamb, and seizing him by the button, he soon, with head thrown back and eyes closed, was fairly launched

upon the boundless sea of metaphysical vagaries. Lamb being a salaried clerk engaged in the employ of the East India Company, in whose service punctuality was a requisite, was eager to hasten to his business, but was greatly at a loss how to free himself from his loquacious friend. At last a happy expedient suggested itself,—he took out his penknife, carefully cut the button from his coat which Coleridge had seized, and noiselessly slipped away, leaving him fully engrossed with his theme. At noon he returned that way to dinner, and there was Coleridge still standing in the same attitude, holding the button, and threading with unabated ardor the bewildering mazes of his subtle theme.

Better than such a habit of substituting monologue for dialogue, was the rule followed by a certain ecclesiastical dignitary who was himself a splendid talker, but who made it a point to draw people out to talk of themselves, while he with all the art of a skillful talker would become listener. To engage the attention of such a listener was a source of self satisfaction which gave them greater pleasure than to hear his eloquence; and thus their favor was won and their friendship secured more effectively, than by all the blandishments of discourse.

That wise man, Sir Matthew Hale, laid down this excellent rule, which every young person would do well to bear in mind: “Let your words be few, especially when your betters, or strangers, or men of more

experience or understanding, are in the place; for you do yourself at once two great mischiefs; you betray and discover your own weakness and folly, and you rob yourself of that opportunity which you might otherwise have, to gain knowledge, wisdom and experience by hearing those that you silence by your impertinent talking."

An eminent clergyman once administered this well-merited rebuke to a young lady, who had absorbed the entire time of the company by her small talk: "Madam, before you withdraw, I have one piece of advice to give you; and that is, when you go into company again, after you have talked half an hour without intermission, I recommend it to you to stop awhile, and see if any other of the company has anything to say."

But there are a few persons of such rare learning and ability that one can well afford, when in their company, to be only a listener. Such an one was our gifted countrywoman, Margaret Fuller D' Ossoli, whose sad end will ever awaken a sympathetic interest in her career. We quote this description of her power and genius, given by a brilliant journalist: "What a wonderful improvisatrice was she! How all knowledge appeared to be hers, and all the variations of human thought, and all the unreckoned opulence of language! Something was there of the queenly and tyrannic in her social sway; something of monopoly in her monologue: but who was not content to listen and to learn? Only the weak and the witless signified

their impatience in that presence! Some said that it was lecturing, and some that it was speech making: this one hinted at vanity, and the other at an ungracious engrossment of the time; but after all was over, however silent we might have been, we seemed to have been asking all the while, and she only graciously answering."

The benefits of well-directed conversation, who can estimate? There is a Chinese proverb that "a single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years' study with books." While this may be an Oriental exaggeration of statement,—for no social discourse can take the place of a judicious study of books,—yet it is nevertheless true, that nothing sharpens our intellects, and gives us the facility to use our mental resources, more than the contact of mind with mind.

But how comparatively few good talkers there are, and how lightly is the art esteemed. And yet, will it not always be true that "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver"?

CONSOLATION FOR THE DULL.



CELEBRATED philosopher used to say: "The favors of fortune are like steep rocks; only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit." The first, with daring pinions, mount to the heights with a few vigorous wing-strokes, but they only reach it after all; and the slow creeping things do as much; and although their way is infinitely more tiresome, yet the same goal is gained at last.

There are few who do not at some time come to the deliberate conclusion that they are hopelessly dull. Perhaps, away back in the memories of school life, they have a distinct remembrance of how, with swimming eyes and choking throat, they were mortified because they were not able to comprehend their lessons, while their seat-mate with glib tongue could rattle it off as if it were a holiday pastime. And, later in life, how often they look back and see in numberless instances the blunders they have made, and the mishaps they brought on themselves, because they had not the acute perceptions, and the intuitive sharpness of their more fortunate neighbors. And yet, in the great harvest of life, the substantial successes are oftenest reaped, not by those whose early precociousness gave promise of

wonderful powers in maturity, but rather by those who were looked upon as dull and stupid; but who made up by persistent application, what they lacked in keenness of perception and readiness of comprehension.

Lord Campbell, who became Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor of England, and amassed a large fortune, began life as a drudge in a printing office. A vigorous constitution and sound health was his capital in starting in the world, and these, with constant labor and unflagging energy, brought him up, step by step, from the drudgery of the printing office to the magnificent position of a counselor of royalty and a peer among peers.

A close observer thus gives his impressions on this subject: "My own personal observation bears me out in saying, that persons of moderate mental calibre and medium capacity are most likely to live long, healthfully, happily and successfully, whether as to making a comfortable livelihood, or having a solid influence in society."

Old Roger Ascham, who became famous as the tutor of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, thus quaintly says: "In wood and stone, not the softest, but hardest, be always aptest for portraiture; both fairest for pleasure, and most durable for profit. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep; painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without new fangleness; bearing heavy things, though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily, yet deeply; and so come to that perfectness of learning

in the end, that quick wits seem to hope, but do not in deed, or else very seldom, attain unto."

Alexander Humboldt, that great luminary who seemed, like Bacon, to make "all knowledge his province," and whose comprehensive mind seemed able to embrace the whole earth in its restless search of inquiry, says of himself that "in the first years of his childhood, his tutors were doubtful whether even ordinary powers of intelligence would ever be developed in him, and that it was only in quite later boyhood that he began to show any evidence of mental vigor."

Sir Isaac Newton, one of the the most extraordinary intellectual giants of any age, was in his early years so dull a scholar, that his mother took him away from school with the intention of making him a farmer.

Sir Walter Scott, that prince of romancers, who peopled the past with such fascinating creations of his fancy, was distinguished in his boyhood for his dullness, and gave no promise of the capabilities within him.

Moliere, the great French dramatist, was so backward in his youth, that it was not until he had attained his fourteenth year, that he could even read the language which he afterwards made classical.

A sensible writer, who betrays an intimate knowledge of the world, says that "there is no talent so useful toward rising in the world, or which puts men more out of reach of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of people, and in common speech called discretion,—a species of lower prudence,

by the assistance of which people of the meanest intellect, without any other qualification, pass through the world with great quality, and with unusual good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence."

One of Ex-President Grant's old schoolmates said: "Nobody thought, when Grant was a boy, that he would amount to much,—he was only middling in his studies, and used to spend a great deal of his time in reading the life of Napoleon, which interfered considerably with his school duties, until his teacher put the book into the stove." But he was punctual in his attendance, always amongst the first in the morning, and never stayed away unless compelled to do so by circumstances. He added, that after the capture of Vicksburg, when Grant's old neighbors had not heard of him for years, a great many of them did not know, or ever imagine, that he was the boy who used to go to the old log school-house in the hollow. What valuable life-lessons are suggested by this short description of the youth of one who has made himself so conspicuous in the history of our country!

To be conscious of our defects is of the greatest value to us, for then we can apply ourselves to overcome them.

George McDonald, in describing one of his characters, says: "She was not by any means remarkably quick, but she knew when she did not understand; and that is a sure and indispensable step towards understanding. It is indeed a rarer gift than the power of understanding itself."

It is doubtless owing to this self-knowledge of their early unpromising dullness and stupidity, that so many of those, who have enlarged the confines of knowledge and contributed to the glory of mankind, were able to achieve their success.

An English writer, with a noble enthusiasm, has uttered these ringing words for the encouragement of the dull, which are as stirring as they are true: "Remember, my dull friends, that this doctrine of mine, that a thing may have value without having the first value; that a thing may be good without being the best, is in harmony with nature and revelation. My dull brother, I want you in the race of life to take courage; I want you to be where the dull ones ever shall shine as the stars. Take courage; you are running the race of life, side by side with others whose feet are swift and strong. Do not falter. You cannot be first; try not to be last. But you say, "I shall be last, I fear; in spite of my best efforts, I can not keep up with others." Never mind, Tom; somebody must be last; only don't leave the race in despair, and throw your crown away. If you must be last, run your fastest—be in as soon as you can, and in spite of your wise folk with their wise notions, I know One who will come to you and put his hand upon your heated brow, and speak in voice so full of music, that the angels will stop their singing to listen: 'Never mind, Tom, he hath done what he could.' "

STAGE-STRUCK.



PERHAPS you have taken a part in private theatricals, and have developed a natural talent for the stage which has surprised yourself, and, as you have seen the actors on the real stage, you have felt confident that you could do better yourself. You have been admired and congratulated by your friends for your histrionic power, and you have evoked hearty applause from many who have heard you. You like the excitement; there is an intellectual zest about it that is positively delightful; and the brilliant costumes, the flashing footlights, the murmurs of applause, and the consciousness of satisfaction which comes when you feel that you are doing well, all contribute to the intense fascination of the occasion. You are told that you were born for the stage, and ought to follow the bent of your genius, and, as you see the applause which greets some famous actor, you have an intense longing to walk in the same path, and win unfading laurels for yourself. It seems a pleasant life, full of change, excitement and honors, and promises to yield you a rich pecuniary reward. You have serious misgivings as to taking the step, and yet you are inclined to do so.

Before taking the step, think well over these considerations:

Life on the stage is a dog's life for any, except for those who stand high in their profession. You are under the control of managers, who are often men of no moral character, and of arrogant and domineering manners. There are some worthy and deserving men and women who go on the stage, impelled by necessity, as they think, or cherishing a fond ambition to rise to the highest place in the profession, but the greatest number are men and women whose society will be of no benefit, either to your moral or intellectual nature. Then the life itself is laborious, and entirely different from what you imagine as you see the tinsel, and light, and apparent gayety of all who participate. But hear what is said by those who have tried the experiment, and have a personal knowledge of the whole matter.

That eminent actor, George Vandenhoff, on quitting the profession for the practice of law, gave this advice to any youth thinking of becoming an actor: "Go to sea; go to law; go to church; go to Italy, and strike a blow for liberty; go to anything or anywhere that will give you an honest and decent livelihood, rather than go upon the stage. To any young lady with a similar proclivity, I would say, 'Buy a sewing machine, and take in plain work first; so shall you save much sorrow, bitter disappointment, and secret tears.'"

The great tragedian, Macready, would never allow his daughter to enter a theater, and recorded in his diary

expressions of dissatisfaction with his profession, so strong that at times he seemed to loathe it as an occupation unbecoming to a gentleman, and too full of temptation to be followed by a man who would maintain his honor as a Christian, and only justifies his continuance in it, by saying that it was the only profession by which he could support his family.

The celebrated Mrs. Kemble said of acting: "I devoted myself to a profession which I never liked or honored, and about the very nature of which I have never been able to come to any very decided opinion. A business which is intense excitement and factitious emotion, seems to be unworthy of a man; a business which is public exhibition, unworthy of a woman. Neither have I ever presented myself before an audience without a shrinking feeling of reluctance, or withdrawn from their presence without thinking the excitement I had undergone unhealthy, and the personal exhibition odious."

The Rev. John Hall thus sums up the results which attend theater going, and they would apply with tenfold more force to theater acting, so far as their effect on moral character is concerned: "Shallowiness, a false standard of success and gentility, unsettled purposes in life, enervating amusements (he did not recall one theater-goer among his classmates who attained success in life), a lack of public spirit, a weak commercial conscience, an exaggerated idea of personal freedom, and, finally, feebleness in the religious life."

It is said that in China the sons of play actors are excluded from public life for three generations. However intelligent, or educated, or otherwise capable they may be, they are supposed to inherit such low, coarse natures as to be unfit for public trusts and responsibilities.

However severe and unjust such a rule may be, it serves to show the demoralizing tendency of theatrical life, which even a heathen people have recognized.

Do not be carried away, then, by any momentary fascinations, or false estimates of the stage. Take the words and advice of those who have spent in it the greater portion of their lives, and know whereof they speak. If you have superior talents that would adorn the stage, they will be equally valuable somewhere else, where they may have full scope for all their powers, without incurring the hazards which are inseparable from stage life. With the same persistent labor that would be required to bring honor and fortune behind the footlights, far more desirable prizes of life can be gained, which will bring a thousand-fold more substantial satisfaction. Many have seen this clearly when too late, and at the end of a fitful and exciting life have strongly attested their disappointment.

HOW SHALL WE AMUSE OURSELVES.

BISHOP HALL says, that "Recreation is intended to be to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, who spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his steed starve; as contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; laboring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge."

There is a tendency to make too much of amusements. The children of to-day have so many costly toys and games, that they take little pleasure in any of them, and treat them as a matter of course. The boy with his expensive skates and bicycle is less happy than was his grandfather, with the little unpainted sled which some member of the family made from odd board ends. The girl with her imported doll, dressed in its gorgeous costume, does not take half the comfort with it that her grandmother did with the rag one made by her mother. Our pleasures, like our lives, are too artificial; we need to go back to more simple ways of living.



PURSUIT OF PLEASURE

Harriet Beecher Stowe said, that it may be set down as a general rule that people feel the need of amusements less and less, precisely in proportion as they have solid reasons for being happy, and there is a profound philosophy which underlies this statement. If we lead healthful and simple lives, we shall not crave, nor will the mind require, exciting amusements, but merely something to change the current of our thoughts. During the terrors of the French Revolution, when blood flowed like water in the streets, the theaters were crowded most, when the excitement was at the highest pitch;—the people sought to be amused with the same intensity that they sought to gratify their revenge. The same spirit is carried out to-day;—we seek our amusements with the same impetuosity and energy that we transact our business, and it must be equally exciting and absorbing. Hence the great throngs which rush to horse-races, base-ball matches, brutal prize fight exhibitions, and the most sensational forms of theatrical entertainments. It is the desire to excite the jaded powers by something more exciting, rather than to rest and soothe the tired system by natural methods.

There should be one fixed principle in our amusements, the same as in any other conduct of life, and that is, the tendency should be upward and not downward; they should be elevating and ennobling, and not degrading and brutalizing in their influence. No noble, earnest character would countenance an amusement that would lower his moral tone, or lend his influ-

ence and example to anything that would lower the moral tone of his weaker neighbor. There is a class of amusements which unquestionably has this tendency on many who indulge in them, although they can not in themselves be called vicious, or immoral. Card playing and dancing are amongst these, and although many worthy people may countenance them, yet it must be admitted that to many they have a demoralizing tendency. The grand, earnest, noble souls who are actuated by lofty aspirations to live exemplary lives, and to make the world better because they live in it, are not often found around card tables, or on dancing floors, while on the other hand these amusements find enthusiastic devotees in the ranks of the careless, pleasure-seeking, and even vicious multitude. An anecdote is related of a young man who had just learned to play cards and was so elated with his success that he bought a pack, and showed them on his way home to an old player. He fingered them over familiarly, and then returned them, and said, "You had better go home and burn them." The young man was amazed at such advice from such a source, and it set him to thinking that the old player must be able to give advice if any one, and it made so deep an impression upon him that he never played again. An excellent Christian mother said recently, "I was led to believe that if I would keep my boys from wanting to play cards away from home I must allow them in it under my eye, and we played a good deal for a few months, but I saw that

they were becoming absorbed and fascinated by the chances of the game; that it was fast taking the place of reading and conversation and all social life, and I began to realize that instead of shielding them from temptation I was preparing them to fall right in with it. We have no more to do with cards at our home." It is folly to say that recreation cannot be found except in such channels, for literature, music, art, athletic and parlor games, and good company, open a wide and rational choice to all who may need it.

The law of amusements should come under the domain of the conscience, and be guided by that broad and far-sighted judgment, which does not merely consider the present, but the whole of life. Our amusements will then be rational and ennobling, and such as we can look back upon at the close of life without any regrets.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH OUR BOYS.

HORACE Mann, when making an address at the opening of a reformatory institution for reclaiming vicious boys, said: "It will pay if only one boy is saved." After the exercises were over, a gentleman, in conversing with him, asked him whether he had not made an exaggerated statement. Mr. Mann replied, "Not if it was *my* boy." Every boy is somebody's boy, and is worth saving. Every boy contains within himself wondrous possibilities, and no one knows what a career may be waiting for the little freckled-faced urchin, wearing patched clothes and an old straw hat. When a boy, the eloquent George Whitefield was a boot-black; Lincoln and Grant were brought up in poverty, and hundreds of other great names could be mentioned whose boyhood was toilsome and barren. But although the home may be humble and poor, the boys have their rights in it, and if they are turned out of doors and left to find their own amusements and associations, they are deprived of what rightfully belongs to them,—the shelter and influence of a good home. Some one has well taken the part of the boys in this sensible way: "Does it not seem as if in some houses there is actually no

place for the boys? We do not mean little boys—there is always room for them; they are petted and caressed; there is a place for them on papa's knee and at mamma's footstool, if not in her arms; there are loving words, and many, often too many, indulgences. But the class we speak of now are the schoolboys,—great, noisy, romping fellows, who tread on your dress, and upset your work-basket, and stand in your light, and whistle, and drum, and shout, and ask questions, and contradict.

“So what is to be done with them? Do they not want to be loved and cherished now as dearly as they were in that well-remembered time when *they* were the little ones, and were indulged, petted and caressed? But they are so noisy, and wear out the carpet with their thick boots, and it is so quiet when they are gone, say the tried mother and the fastidious sister and the nervous aunt; ‘anything for the sake of peace’; and away go the boys to loaf on street corners, and listen to the profane and coarse language of wicked men, or they go to the unsafe ice, or to the railroad station, or the wharves, or the other common places of rendezvous of those who have nothing to do or no place to stay.

“But it is argued that there are few boys who care to stay in the house after school, and it is better they should play in the open air—all of which is true. We argue for those dull days, and stormy days, and evenings, all evenings in which they wish to stay in, or ought to be kept in, and in which if kept in, they make

themselves and everybody else uncomfortable. We protest against the usages of those homes where the mother is busy with her sewing or her baby, and the father is absorbed with the newspaper in the evening, which he never reads aloud, and the boys must "sit still and not make a noise," or go immediately to bed. They hear the merry voices of other boys in the streets, and long to be with them; home is a dull place; they will soon be a little older, and then, say they, 'we will go out and see for ourselves what there is outside which we are forbidden to enjoy.' We protest against the usages of those homes where the boys are driven out because their presence is unwelcome, and are scolded when they come in, or checked, hushed and restrained at every outburst of merriment." "Mamma, were you ever a boy?" said a bright-eyed, blithe-hearted little fellow, when reproved by his mother for his merry sport while at play; "Were you ever a boy?"

There are other homes where the boys have a welcome place, where they are missed if they are absent, and where there ringing voices make melody in the house. Listen to the description of such a home:

"I heard a father, the other day—a hale, happy man—praising his boys, four sturdy fellows, who had escaped the dissipation and excitement of a city life, and were now as fresh in heart, and as ruddy in face, as when they prattled about their mother's knee. I had seen so much of parental sorrow over sons gone astray, corrupted physically and morally, that I ven-

tured to ask my friend, the happy father, how it was that he had been able to save his boys from the contamination of evil associations and bad habits.

“The way is simple enough,” he said, “neither original nor in any way remarkable. I keep my boys at home evenings, by making their home a pleasanter place than they can find elsewhere. I save them from the temptation of frequenting doubtful places for amusement, by supplying them with better pleasures at home. Many things which I considered improper, or at least frivolous, I encourage now, because I find my sons desire them, and I prefer that they may gratify their desire at home, and in their mother’s presence, where nothing that is wrong will come, and where amusements which under some circumstances may be objectionable lose all their venom, and become innocent and even elevating. I have found that the danger is more in the concomitants of many amusements than in the amusements themselves; that many things which will injure a young man in a club, or among evil associates, are harmless when engaged in with the surroundings of a home. As long as children are children they will crave amusement, and no reasoning can convince them that it is wrong to gratify their desire. When they hear certain things denounced as sinful by those whose opinion they hold in reverence, and are tempted, by the example of others who defend them, to disobey their parent’s wish, and participate in them, a long downward step is taken; parental

authority and parental opinions are held in less reverence; the home that ostracizes these amusements becomes a dull and tiresome place; and in secret places, among companions, they seek for them, until at length conscience is seared, filial feeling overcome, and parents are compelled to sigh over the lost affections and confidence of their children.

"I have endeavored," said this father, "to join with my boys, and be a boy with them in their pleasures. And I do believe there is no companion they are merrier with, and delight in, more than the old boy. If I think a place of amusement is innocent, and will please them, out we go some evening, mother, boys, girls and father, and enjoy the world all the more because we are together and do not go too often.

"But we don't care to be out from home much. We have a way among ourselves of keeping up a kind of reading society, and we are apt to get so engaged in the book we are reading, that we feel little like leaving it."

It is difficult to believe that any vicious boy could ever be found in such a home as that, or that any young man could soon forget its joys and blessings.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE GIRLS ?

EVERY father and mother of girls, if they realize their responsibility, must feel a peculiar anxiety as to the future of their daughters. Boys are rough and strong, and able to undergo hardships and rebuffs, and the more of it, the better for them, if they are made of the right stuff; but the girls,—they are of finer texture and gentler mould, and were not designed for the fierce conflicts and competition of every-day life. And yet, they must go out into the world, must be exposed to its snares and temptations, and, possibly, may be obliged to become wage-winners for their daily bread.

If in their early days they have been carefully shielded, and surrounded by every luxury, so much the worse, for the wheel of fortune may turn, and they may be compelled to care for themselves, in all their helplessness and inexperience.

Such possibilities fill the parental breast with anxiety, and should have the effect of surrounding the loved ones with every possible safeguard.

There are a few suggestions which, if heeded, will greatly lessen the dangers which have been intimated.

No matter what your fortune promises to be, your daughter should be brought up from childhood to be industrious, and to make herself useful. She should learn to have a practical knowledge of housework, be taught to keep her clothes in order, and, above all, to help herself and others. This will check any tendency to selfishness, to love of ease, and a thoughtless waste of time, and will be an admirable preparation for the more exhaustive studies and duties which are in store for her. She should be early taught to have self-respect, to resent anything which intrudes upon it, and to expect a deference and behavior from others which will prove an effectual barrier to all undue familiarity. She should be early accustomed to detect shams, to judge people for what they are, to value character and real worth, and not to be carried away by the superficial accompaniments of dress, manners or pretentious surroundings.

It is easy for a child to be fascinated by the gew-gaws and trappings of mere outward appearance, and this danger should be anticipated and guarded against in the home.

She should be trained and prepared for some occupation, whereby she could earn her own livelihood if necessary, and should come into contact with life, not alone with its joys and pleasures, but she should learn something of its trials, sorrows and misfortunes, that she may seek to alleviate them in those around her.

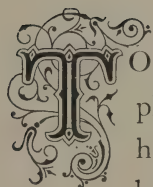
She should be treated by her parents in a reasonable

manner,—as a pure, confiding being, unsuspicious of evil, with a trustful nature and a guileless heart. The Lord Christ prayed, “Lead us not into temptation,” but thousands of parents thrust their daughters into temptation, not by design, for all the world would not tempt them to do it knowingly, but from thoughtlessness and ignorance. They have no knowledge of the evils and dangers on every side, or if they have, hesitate to advise and counsel their daughters in regard to them, and so fail in their parental duty. How many parents allow their daughters to take long journeys alone, exposed to all the dangers and contingencies of modern travel. How many are careless about the company they keep,—satisfied so long as there is an appearance of respectability, without troubling themselves about real character and antecedents. How many parents allow domestics in their homes whose influence and character they know to be poisonous and hurtful to their daughters, but hesitate to remove them because of the temporary inconvenience it would occasion. How many parents allow their daughters to read the trashiest and most pernicious French novels, or any other injurious literature which they may fancy, without a protest, or, if they express disapproval, they allow their advice to be set aside, because they can not bear to make them unhappy. How many parents allow their daughters to grow up with a few shallow accomplishments, and with the expectation that they will continue to live an idle life if they can but secure

a husband who will support them. How many parents, absorbed in their cares and duties, drift along without any particular thought or care of their daughters,—they are allowed to go to school, or not, as they please,—to attend church, or not, according as they are in the mood, to perform certain duties or to neglect them, as they may feel inclined, and their whole lives go on in this do-as-you-please manner, devoid of high aims, sound thinking or noble purposes.

These are homely and commonplace facts, but there are thousands of miserable and wrecked lives, for whom the future holds no hope, who could trace the beginnings of their downward course to the mistakes which their foolish and ignorant parents have made. Parents of girls, look out into the world for them,—look not only for the present, but for the future; let your years of experience and observation make you wise and discerning in those things which will redound to their usefulness and happiness here, and their eternal good.

SHALL I SEND TO COLLEGE.



TO many this is an important, but most perplexing question. On the one hand are the histories and examples of hundreds of our leading statesmen, bankers, merchants and business men who are self-made men, and whose experience in life would seem to imply that the best college is an active and sharp contact with the world, while on the other hand are the counsels of leading educators who strongly advise a collegiate course. Horace Greeley once said in an address to teachers: "I have known not less than a thousand thoroughly educated, that is, expensively educated, men in New York—men who have entered German, or English, or American colleges and been sent forth with diplomas—who are yet utterly unable to earn their bread, and who are to-day pacing the stony streets in a vain search for something to do." And thus he belittled the advantages of college training. On the contrary, Dr. Vincent, one of the ablest and most distinguished educators of the century, says "the advantages of going to college are five-fold:

"First. A boy gets a general survey of the field of knowledge; he goes up a high mountain and looks out

in every direction and forms a general idea of the vastness of the field.

“Second. He acquires a certain amount of mental discipline.

“Third. He is stimulated by the rivalry and competition which he encounters.

“Fourth. The advantage of contact with cultivated minds, the professors and lecturers being leaders in every department of human thought.

“Fifth. It inspires a man, or should, to study all his life, and to grow.”

Said he, “If I wanted to educate my boy for a blacksmith, I should first send him to college.”

Some one has pointedly said “that self-made men are indifferently made, and self-educated men are not well educated,” and this remark is founded upon a truth, which no one recognizes more than the men in question. The great majority of so-called self-made men earnestly deplore that they had not the advantages of a liberal education, and are amongst the warmest advocates of a college course. It has been found from careful estimation that the largest number of men who are leaders in any department of human activity, are graduates from college. There are vigorous and brilliant intellects that by force of native ability, rise to the highest positions without a collegiate training,—and that in spite of early disadvantages,—and there are others with little talent and but feeble ambition, who with all the instruction and

discipline that the best system of studies can afford, never rise above mediocrity; but with equal natural ability and force of character, the college graduate will greatly outstrip the other in the race of life.

It is often asked, what is the use of spending years in the study of the dead languages, and in studies that can have no practical application to the work of life; but it must be borne in mind, that the advantage of a college training is not merely in the fund of knowledge which is accumulated, but in the *discipline* which the mind receives. What constitutes the difference between the men who succeed and the men who fail? The men who succeed are those whose minds are so strengthened and enlarged and disciplined that they are the masters of their business or profession. They have the comprehensive grasp, the alert mind, the ready judgment, the active will, which enables them to act promptly, wisely, and firmly in case of emergency, and to be masters of the situation. A college training, by its thorough discipline, sharpens the mind, makes clearer its vision, strengthens its grasp, and though the knowledge attained may be in a measure unused and forgotten, yet the discipline remains, and that largely constitutes the successful man, for the qualities resulting from that discipline are used as effective weapons in the battle of life.

Wellington said of a famous boys' school, whose strict discipline, and obedience to duty developed strength and manliness of character: "*There* was gained the victory

of Waterloo;" and so we may say that in the severe studies, the mental struggles, the close, continuous application of the mind to difficult tasks and problems, which come in a college training, that there are worked out the victories which shall appear in the arena of real conflict, years afterward. There are many precious things which money cannot buy, and amongst them is the inestimable boon of looking out on the world with a clear, broad vision, with a consciousness that the mind is continually enlarging and expanding, and that it grows by what it feeds upon. With the studious habits and mental discipline acquired during a college career, is it not likely that they will keep the mind fresh and active to the close of life; that more interest will be taken in great events, discoveries, political movements, social problems, and all that pertains to human progress and well being? If such is the case, and it must be admitted, then a liberal education is not only of great practical advantage, but an invaluable possession which cannot be estimated from any pecuniary standard.

WHAT YOUNG MEN HAVE DONE.

IN looking over the names of famous men it is surprising to notice how many of them attained success in early life. Many of the greatest achievements which the world has known were wrought by the energy of youth. There is encouragement to every young man in reviewing what has been accomplished by those who were doubtless sneered at in their day, as unfledged striplings. Genius usually betrays itself early in life, and generally secures recognition before thirty years is reached.

Alexander the Great was but eighteen when he won his first battle, and was embraced and bidden by his father to seek for himself another kingdom, as the one he should leave him would be too small for him. At twenty, he ascended the throne of Macedon, and died at the age of thirty-two, the conqueror of the then known world. Hannibal had completed the subjugation of Spain before he was thirty. Cæsar was elected Pontifex of Rome at twenty-six, although he gained his military triumphs after he was thirty. When Cortez made his wonderful conquest of Mexico, he was little more than thirty, and Nelson and Clive had

both made themselves famous by their remarkable military genius while they were yet young men. Napoleon, at twenty-six, was in command of the Army of the Interior, at twenty-seven he executed his grand campaign into Italy which brought him such renown, and at thirty-six he became First Consul, and virtual ruler of France. Washington at twenty-two, had acquired a reputation as an able military commander.

In the ranks of literature, we find that Virgil was the first among Latin poets before he was thirty, and Herodotus, at twenty-eight, had recited his nine books of history at the Olympic games. Plato at twenty, was the friend and peer of Socrates, and Aristotle at seventeen, had distinguished himself in his studies, and attracted the attention of the wisest men. Bacon was a student of law at sixteen, and even then had laid the basis of his system of philosophy, and begun to revolutionize the thought of the world. Sir Isaac Newton when twenty-four, had laid the foundation of his enduring fame. Shakspeare wrote his "Venus and Adonis" at twenty-nine, and probably was writing his earliest plays before he was thirty. Spencer published his first book at twenty-six, Ben Jonson had written successful plays before he was twenty-five, and Jeremy Taylor at eighteen was preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral in London to large and spellbound audiences.

Milton was but seventeen when he wrote that exquisite poem, "Lines to a Fair Infant," and but twenty-one when he composed his "Hymn on the

Nativity," the grandest religious lyric poem in any language; Pope composed the "Ode to Solitude," and part of an epic poem when about twelve. At sixteen he had begun his "Pastorals," and at twenty-three had finished his "Essay on Criticism." Dr. Samuel Johnson was in the full tide of his literary career long before he was thirty. All the writings of Thomas Chatterton, the most remarkable youthful prodigy in the field of literature, were finished before he was eighteen. Burns, Campbell, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, our own poet Bryant, and many others of the most gifted writers, had done their most effective literary work before the age of thirty.

If we look amongst artists, we shall find that Leonardo da Vinci, whose extraordinary versatility of genius, as painter, sculptor, architect, engineer and scientist, made him one of the most remarkable men of any age, gave evidence of his wonderful talents in his youth. Michael Angelo was little more than twenty-one when he carved his celebrated colossal statue of David, and at twenty-eight competed with da Vinci, then in the zenith of his fame, for the commission to paint the council hall at Florence.

At twenty, Raphael had painted his famous picture, "The Espousals;" at twenty-five he was summoned to adorn with his immortal cartoons the walls of the Vatican.

Amongst musical composers who evinced their wonderful genius at an early age, was Beethoven,

who published a volume of songs at thirteen. Mozart began composing when a child of four years, and at eight his symphonies formed a part of the programme in his London concerts. At sixteen he had composed operas, symphonies and many other works.

Mendelssohn began to perform in public in his ninth year, and had published many compositions at fifteen years of age. Handel composed many works before he was thirteen, and wrote an opera before he was twenty.

Amongst orators and statesmen who won youthful fame, was William Pitt, who was Prime Minister of England at twenty-five; and although matched against intellectual giants, such as Fox and Burke, yet he sustained himself with the greatest success. At the same age, Demosthenes was the greatest orator of Greece, and Cicero, of Rome.

Grotius, one of the best authorities on the science of jurisprudence, was in the practice of his profession at seventeen, and was Attorney General at the age of twenty-four.

Gladstone, at thirty-three, was one of the leaders in the British House of Commons, and Gambetta was, at the same age, the leader of advanced republican ideas in the French Assembly.

Amongst divines, Calvin, at twenty-seven, had sent out in the world those "Institutes," which have so profoundly affected the theological thought of the world ever since.

At twenty-five, Edwards and Whitefield were the great pulpit orators of their times; and John Wesley, when a mere stripling, had fully entered on his extraordinary career. Luther was at the height of his influence at thirty-five, and Pascal, at the age of sixteen, was an author of note.

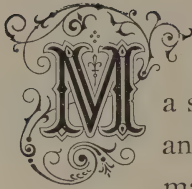
These instances might be multiplied, to show that on the brow of the young has been placed the crown of immortality.

Young men, do not despair simply because you are young; let not this restrain the enthusiasm and stifle the noble aspirations of your glorious youth. Be assured that what others have done, you may also do.

Upon you will soon rest all the mighty interests of this busy world. You are to be the inheritors of senates and thrones, of powerful states and populous cities; you are to keep in motion the white wings of commerce, and the countless wheels of the craftman's skill; to repeat history, by doing again what others have done before you. What a glorious arena for action is yours. How great the stimulus to lofty aspirations and noble lives.

In looking over the record of what young men have done, how it should animate the heart, and kindle the desire to emulate their example, and to achieve their success.

WHAT PLUCK CAN DO.



MOST minds are so constituted as to require a stimulus to arouse their noblest energies; and one of the best means to awaken our dormant powers, is the knowledge of what others have done under circumstances similar to our own. The spirit of emulation is one of the most powerful incentives to action which we possess; it makes the dull, careless student become a paragon of industry and zeal, the unsuccessful business man watchful and energetic, and often brings those who occupy a mediocre position to high places of power and influence. It is encouraging to even the dullest mind, to see what pluck has done in spite of poverty, obscurity and the most unfavorable circumstances. and how many of the world's best workers and profoundest thinkers have risen from unpromising beginnings.

Robert Chambers, the founder of the great Scotch publishing house whose name has become a household word in thousands of homes, was in his youth exceedingly poor. From the profits of a little book stall, he saved a sum equal to about fifteen dollars, with which he purchased a second-hand press and a small supply of type. Although not a printer, he toiled patiently

for several months to get out an edition of seven hundred and fifty copies of a small song-book, and from the sale of these made a profit of about nine pounds. From such a small beginning grew one of the largest publishing houses in the world.

Mr. Tinsley, the editor of *Tinsley's Magazine*, and the publisher of numerous books, worked as a farmer's boy in his youth, and received his education in a national school. Sir Ashley Cooper, the celebrated English surgeon, when a poor student in Edinburgh University, lived in an upper room at an expense of about a dollar and a half a week. After he received permission to practice, he went to London, and for the first year his whole income amounted only to twenty-five dollars; but this was the beginning of a practice which in some years amounted to over one hundred thousand dollars. An incident is related of the late Napoleon III., who, though not scrupulous as to the means employed to accomplish his ends, was yet a wonderful example of what pluck and energy can do. At a dinner party given in 1837, at the residence of Chancellor Kent, in New York city, some of the most distinguished men in the country were invited, and among them was a young and rather melancholy and reticent Frenchman. Prof. Morse was one of the guests, and during the evening he drew the attention of Mr. Gallatin, then a prominent statesman, to the stranger, observing that his forehead indicated great intellect. "Yes," replied Mr. Gallatin, touching his own forehead with his finger

“there is a great deal in that head of his; but he has a strange fancy. Can you believe it? he has the idea that he will one day be the Emperor of France! Can you conceive of anything more absurd?” It did seem absurd, for he was then a poor adventurer, an exile from his country, without fortune or powerful connections, and yet, in fourteen years after, his idea became a fact,—his dream was realized. True, before he accomplished his purpose there were long dreary years of imprisonment, exile, disaster, and patient labor and hope, but he gained his end at last.

Mr. Crossley, the founder of the immense English carpet manufactory, when a young man married a thrifty servant girl, who had saved about forty pounds, and with this they set up a shop in which various useful articles were sold, until, their means accumulating, it was enlarged, when they restricted themselves to the sale of carpets only. From a single loom the business increased, until the establishment has spread into a town by itself, and employs five thousand people, becoming one of the largest industrial enterprises in the world.

Michael Faraday was one of the most distinguished chemists and lecturers in England, and owed his success to his indomitable energy. He did not have even a good common-school education to begin with, but was apprenticed to a bookbinder, and read diligently many of the books sent to be bound. Some books on chemistry and electricity turned his attention to science, and

he began to make experiments. At first with a vial for an electrical machine, and a battery made by himself of small pieces of zinc and copper, he began his career, and by improving every opportunity, steadily rose in public esteem, and became one of the leading scientific men of his country.

The early struggles of the martyred Lincoln are well-known; how he eagerly devoured by the light of the rude fireplace, the few books he could obtain in the intervals of his work; how he split rails and run a flat boat when a young man, and acquired his profession in spite of great obstacles.

About a hundred years ago, a poor boy, who blacked the boots of the students of Oxford University, raised to himself, by his bright face and obliging disposition, friends who determined to assist him to enter the university. He became a most diligent student in that institution, applying himself to his studies with unremitting energy, as if afraid to lose a moment of his time. That boy is known to the world as one of the most eloquent orators of modern times, and the name of George Whitefield will long be honored as one of the noblest characters of his age.

Erastus Corning, of New York, too lame to do hard work, commenced life as a shop boy in Albany. When he first applied for employment, he was asked: "Why, my little boy, what can you do?" "I can do what I am bid," was the answer, and it secured him a place.

Dr. Adam Clarke, one of the greatest biblical and

oriental scholars, was once a poor, barefooted, Irish boy, with such a passionate love of learning that he would travel miles to get a sight of books from which he could gain information,—following one time a camp of gypsies so as to get access to a book which he wished to study. So varied was his learning, that he was on one occasion introduced to two Indian gentlemen by the Duke of Sussex, uncle to Queen Victoria, with the remark: “Here is my friend, Dr. Adam Clarke, who will speak Persic and Arabic with any of you.”

A remarkable instance of what pluck can do was exhibited by a lawyer of Philadelphia, who started in life as a farm laborer, but, having determined to become rich, he prepared himself and entered upon the practice of law, and, finally, became worth about a million of dollars. About a week before his death, he said: “I started out, when I commenced the practice of the law, with the idea of dying the richest man at the bar who had made his own money. I believe I shall; and that idea is realized.” While this, as the chief purpose of life, is a paltry and unworthy ambition, yet it illustrates what energy and toil can accomplish.

A striking incident is related of the early experience of George Law, who, in his day, was one of the most conspicuous financiers and capitalists of New York City. When he was a young man, he went to New York, poor and friendless. One day he was walking along the streets, hungry, not knowing where his next

meal would come from, and passed a new building in course of erection. Through some accident, one of the hod carriers fell from the structure and dropped dead at his feet. Young Law, in his desperation, applied for the job to take the dead man's place, and the place was given him. He went to work, and this was how one of the wealthiest and shrewdest New York business men got his start.

These examples are but a few of the thousands of instances where pluck and an indomitable will have made their way in spite of all obstacles. Were the history written of all who, by these helpers, have achieved success, whole libraries would not contain their record.

Young man, do not let your heart sink because you have never seen the inside of a college, and possess only a common-school education; because you seem to yourself so dull and stupid, compared to many who appear so quick-witted and wise; because you may not be able to wear such good clothes, or have not the easy, polished address of others, who are favorites in society; because your arms seem so short, and the prizes of life so high; remember, that thousands have started in the world with advantages infinitely poorer than your own, and yet have left their names and deeds on the roll of fame; remember, that the very struggles and obstacles which you think will prevent you from rising, are the tests by which you are measured, and if you have not the pluck and


bravery to grapple with them, you are not worthy to enter into the company of those great souls who have won the victory.

Think of Luther, when a youth, going barefooted about the streets, singing for a morsel of bread; of Columbus, wandering about in poverty, begging the privilege of being allowed to discover a new continent; of Bonaparte, a poor, pale-faced student, his body worn almost to a shadow by years of continued study; of Samuel Johnson, walking the streets of London for want of a lodging; are the difficulties you encounter more formidable than were theirs? With your spirit stimulated by these examples, and guided by a pure principle and a lofty purpose, you, too, can achieve success,—not a success, perhaps, which will fill the mouths of men with your deeds, for this is accorded to but few, but the success of making the best of your opportunities, of living a useful life, full of good deeds and influences, and leaving the world better than you found it.

The heights by great men gained and kept,
Were not attained by a sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night.

Longfellow.

HARD WORK BETTER THAN GENIUS.

SAGACIOUS statesman, when told what a talented boy his son was, exclaimed, "I would rather you had told me how industrious he was." When a scholar was commended to a famous educator as a quick wit, he would say: "Out upon him; I will have nothing to do with him; give me the plodding student."

Dr. Arnold said: "That the difference between one man and another, is not so much in talent as in energy." In looking over the records of great men, we find it to be generally true that they were prodigious toilers, and usually attributed their greatness more to their capacity for labor than to any remarkable quality of mind which they possessed.

Macaulay said of Frederick the Great that "he loved labor for its own sake. His exertions were such as were hardly to be expected from a human body or a human mind. He rose at three in summer and four in winter." The king, in a letter to Voltaire, thus gives a glimpse of the severe daily toil to which he subjected himself: "As for my plan of not sparing myself, I confess that it is the same as before. The more one nurses one's self, the more feeble and delicate does the body become. My trade requires

toil and activity, and both my body and my mind must adapt themselves to their duty. It is not necessary that I should live, but it is necessary that I should act. I have always found myself the better for this method."

Is it to be wondered at, that a man of such iron will, tremendous energy, and capacity for labor, should, in spite of a feeble constitution, and frequent intense bodily pain, make himself one of the powers of his age, and one of the greatest names in modern history.

It has been a popular impression, supported by Wirt's biography of him, that Patrick Henry was an indolent and rather illiterate young lawyer, who made the famous revolutionary speech which has made his name immortal, by a sublime flight of genius and with but little preparation; but his relatives have revealed to the world, that hard work with him, as with others, was the secret of his wonderful oratory. He had a choice library, was a good Latin and Greek scholar, and was accustomed to spend hours daily in close study.

Peter the Great set his subjects an example of dauntless activity. It was his custom to visit workshops and manufactories of all descriptions, to learn what he could introduce into his own country; and at one time he disguised himself and passed a whole month in extensive forges, and there learned the trade of a blacksmith.

Beethoven had the power to concentrate his mind

for hours on his wonderful creations of harmony; and so abstracted would he become, that he was entirely secluded from the world about him. He would go over his works again and again, with the most patient care, until he brought them to the utmost degree of perfection.

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, was an apprentice at the forge from sixteen to twenty-one years of age. With his books set against the chimney, he would study while he blew the bellows; and in this way he mastered the English and Latin grammars, and acquired a tolerable knowledge of some other languages. Dr. Adam Clarke said: "I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire' conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all,—keep them all going." It was said by Lord Cecil of Sir Walter Raleigh, "I know that he can toil terribly;" and Lord Clarendon said of Hampden, that pure patriot and wise counselor: "He was of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious." Bulwer Lytton, although born a nobleman, possessed of fortune, and mingling in society that might be expected to lead a man into habits of inglorious ease, was yet exceedingly industrious, and performed an amount of labor which would appall most men. He was the author of seventy volumes, and although he was so prolific a writer yet he did not neg-

lect the requirements of his **high** social position, nor the duties of the political office **which** he was called to fill.

In doing this enormous amount of literary work, we are told that he only devoted three hours a day to study; but of those three hours he said, "I have given my whole attention to what I was about." Goethe, the great German poet and philosopher, although possessed of uncommon natural brilliancy of intellect, was yet a prodigy of industry, without which his genius would have been like a meteor's flash,—a moment filling the heavens with lurid light, and then extinguished forever in the darkness of oblivion.

A poor and friendless lad, twelve years old, while on a journey, and footsore and hungry, called at a tavern, and asked to saw wood to pay for a lodging and breakfast. The request was granted, and then the waif drifted out again into the wide world. Fifty years after, he called there again, and was known as George Peabody, the banker, one of the greatest benefactors to his race of this century.

Such are the triumphs of hard work, and such are the transformations it has wrought. It often seems useless and thrown away; it often seems fruitless of results; but persevere, and it leads to victory.

A noted divine once said: "Of all work that produces results, nine-tenths must be drudgery."

Bishop C. H. Fowler, who is himself an example of indomitable energy, has said, that "it is one of the great encouragements of our age, that ordinary men, with


extraordinary industry, reach the highest achievements."

Years ago, the historian, Motley, came before the public, and at once took his place in the front rank of historians. The secret was that, patiently and silently, in the obscurity of private life, he had given years to careful preparation, and the collecting and arranging of vast stores of material for his works.

Lord Wellington, the famous "Iron Duke," the hero of Waterloo, said, that "no one ever stumbled on a victory."

Greatness is a plant of slow growth, and must be nurtured by industry. How fitting, then, the admonition of that wise founder of a commonwealth, William Penn: "Love, therefore, labor: if thou shouldst not want it for food, thou mayest for physic. It is wholesome to the body, and good to the mind; it prevents the fruit of idleness."

THE PERILS OF OVERWORK.

AID. Samuel Bowles, the accomplished journalist, to a friend, just before his death: "Nothing is the matter with me, except thirty-five years of hard work." He had followed his laborious profession year after year, with ceaseless and intense application, and at last his indomitable will and ardent enthusiasm could sustain him no longer, his vitality was exhausted, the overworked system was worn out, and the end speedily came. His valuable life and services might probably have been saved for ten or twenty years longer, had he taken a wise precaution in time in regard to his health. This is the history of thousands of our best business men, who are cut off by overwork long before they reach old age.

It has been said of Mendelssohn, the eminent composer, that "His premature death was as complete a case of suicide as if he had daily opened a vein in his arm, and deprived himself of an ounce of blood. He lived at high-pressure speed wherever he was, and whatever he was doing. When he was paying his addresses to the lady whom he soon after married, he was so ill through excitement that his doctor sent him off to take a course of sea-bathing to strengthen his nerves before he made the lady the offer he was contemplating."

ing After the sister's death, which told so heavily upon him, he resumed his labors with eager haste and burning zeal, in spite of repeated headaches and attacks of faintness. His wife in vain entreated him to spare himself. 'Let me work on,' he said. 'For me, too, the hour of rest will come.' When his friends assailed him with similar remonstrances he replied, 'Let me work while it is yet day. Who can tell how soon the bell may toll?' Who, indeed, they might have added, when the first laws of nature are violated?"

The old proverb, that "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back," has a significant application when applied to overtaxing our physical powers. The human system is capable of performing an immense amount of labor without injury, but the labor accomplished after we reach the point of endurance is comparatively small, so that there is really but little gained by over-working, even in the amount of labor performed. Many a man breaks himself down, and either dies prematurely, or else becomes unable to do a man's work, just because he does not heed the warnings of his exhausted nature, and stop in time.

How much better to keep safely within the limit of one's powers, even looked upon as a matter of capacity for work, to say nothing of prolonging life. Some one has called attention to this universal evil in these words:

"As a nation, we are notoriously an active, restless race of people. Each minute must turn out coin of

less or greater denomination, or must add to the laurels of our brows, else the poor-house is brought into the imagination, or the spectre of a fameless name haunts our sleeping and our waking hours. We begrudge ourselves the respite of the legal holidays, and, if it were wholly a matter of choice, and were considered to be the proper thing to do, we would even toil on the Sabbath, if we could thereby increase our stock of gain or fame. Of all the evils which spring from love of money, none are more to be deplored than that inordinate desire for wealth or fame which is gratified at the expense of health. We must rest. Take life easier. Carry our vacations along with us—not postpone them until too late. Nature demands daily rest. She will have it, or ruin impends. The increase of paralysis and apoplexy is not due to extraneous and accidental causes, by no means. We bring them upon ourselves by our habitual “digging.” We exhaust ourselves in a few years, and then death gathers us in the twinkling of an eye. As a people, we need education in the science of “taking a rest.”

Another writer has forcibly noticed some of the results of this incessant strain, and his views will be confirmed by the most skillful medical authorities. He says: “Everywhere the increase of nervous disorders shows the fearful strain which life in the crowded portions of this country makes upon the vital powers. The statistics of Chicago, the typical American city for business energy, show that her unexampled growth

has been accompanied by a fearful increase in the relative number of nervous diseases. These facts, which are more or less true of all our cities, inculcate a terrible lesson of the dangers of our feverish passion for excitement. Incessant hurry alike in business and pleasure, and the consequent lack of the steadiness which gives stability to character and life, are leaving their traces in many premature graves and broken-down constitutions, and in the physical and mental tendencies which will transmit to future generations the evils of the present. In view of the rapid rate at which we are rushing to wealth and exhaustion, is it not time to sound the warning cry?"

These observations are applicable alike to both sexes, for all over our country there are thousands of wives and mothers who are overtaking their powers and breaking down under the strain of overwork, even before they reach middle life. The following is given as an incident from real life, and it is not as much of an exaggeration in many cases as might be supposed. A farmer, on meeting the neighborhood physician, said: "If you git out my way any time, doctor, I wish you'd stop and see my wife. She says she aint feelin' well."

"What are some of her symptoms?"

"Well, I dunno. This mornin', after she'd milked the cows, and fed the stock, and got breakfast for the hands, and washed the dishes, and built a fire under her soft-soap kettle, and done a few chores 'bout the house, she complained o' feelin' kinder tired. I

shouldn't be s'prised if her blood was out o' order, and I'd hate to have her git down sick, with the busy season just comin' on. Mebbe you'd better give me a dose of medicine for her."

We are responsible for the care of our bodies, and why should we not exercise at least as much judgment and discretion in their use as we should if using a delicate piece of mechanism. Some one has said that a man is a fool if he does not understand the care, the needs, and the capacity for labor of his mind and body by the time he is forty years of age, and with reasonable precautions and moderation, life can not only be prolonged, but pain be prevented, serious pecuniary losses averted and an immeasurable store of happiness and blessings added to our experience. The wealth of a Cræsus, or all the laurels that fame can bring, afford poor consolation to their possessor, if they have been gained at the cost of a worn-out system, or even enfeebled energies. And yet, how many, in their mad haste for these fleeting shadows, are not only wasting their capacity to enjoy life, but also cutting short their careers with a profligate's folly.

HOW TO KEEP WELL.

IT has been said by one, who, doubtless, suffered from the pangs of ill-health, that “of the hundred good things in this life, ninety-nine are health.” And yet, so long as we are well we do not realize it, nor do we value sound health as one of the choicest boons that can be bestowed upon us, until it is ours no longer. It has been said that “all admit it a sin to steal, but it is no less a sin to break laws on which the very potency of bodily organization is founded, or those laws on which mind power turns.” The greatest danger to health is in the small beginning of diseases. If the simple maxim, which it is said has been borne to us on the hoary centuries from old Plutarch, had been observed, what vast multitudes would have been spared from the ravages of disease. “Keep your head cool, and your feet warm. Instead of employing medicine for every indisposition, rather fast a day, and while you attend to the body, never neglect the mind.”

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy, one of the brightest ornaments that ever adorned the medical profession, thus states the causes of disease: “I tell you, honestly, what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race,—it is their gourmandizing, and stuffing, and stimulating their digestive organs to an excess,

thereby producing nervous disorders and irritations. The state of their mind is another grand cause,—the fidgeting and discontenting themselves about what cannot be helped; passions of all kinds—malignant passions pressing upon the mind disturb the cerebral action, and do much harm.”

One of the most eminent physicians of our own country stated in a public lecture, that the art of health consists primarily in judicious diet.

There is an old English proverb which says, that the best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

A noted physician, whose writings have done much to set before the people the simplicity of preserving good health, says that the best medicine in the world, more efficient to cure disease than all the potencies of the *materia medica*, are warmth, rest, cleanliness, and pure air.

It is said that when one of the most renowned physicians in France was on his death-bed, he was visited by the foremost medical men of Paris, who deplored the loss which the profession would sustain in the death of one whom they looked upon as occupying the first place. The dying man assured them that he left behind three physicians much greater than himself, and when asked their names, replied: “Their names are Water, Exercise and Diet. Call in the services of the first freely, of the second regularly, and the third moderately. Follow this advice and you may well

dispense with my aid. Living, I could do nothing without them; and dying, I shall not be missed, if you make friends of these my faithful coadjutors."

From the accumulated wisdom of these illustrious medical experts, we find that the preservation of health can be reduced to a few simple rules. Eat plain, well-cooked, nutritious food, which will make good blood; eat deliberately, masticate thoroughly, and partake but moderately of any liquid at meals. The ice water which is drank so freely by many at their meals, is of great injury to the stomach.

In regard to the quantity of food, be guided by your occupation and bodily condition. If of delicate constitution and sedentary life, eat lightly; but if of robust health and active life, the appetite is a safe monitor.

It is said that if one wishes to become fleshy, a pint of milk, taken before retiring every night, will soon produce that result.

Never begin a journey before breakfast is eaten, as the system is then more susceptible to disease and malarial influences.

Cleanliness is required not only for health, but demanded by decency. Carlyle is not too extravagant in his expressions, when he thus enumerates the physical and moral renovation of this virtue: "What worship is there not in mere washing? Perhaps one of the most moral things a man in common cases has it in his power to do. Strip thyself, go into the bath, or were it into the limpid pool of a running brook,

and there wash, and be clean; thou wilt step out again a purer and a better man. This consciousness of perfect outward purity,—that to thy skin there now adheres no foreign speck or imperfection,—how it radiates on thee with cunning symbolic influences to thy very soul! Thou hast an increased tendency toward all good things whatsoever.”

In our variable climate of many severe changes, warmth is an important requisite to health. In cold and changeable weather wear flannel next to the skin. The neglect to do this is the most frequent cause of that terrible affliction, rheumatism. Those who are easily chilled on going out of doors, should give additional protection to the lungs.

Never stand still when out of doors in cold weather, after becoming warmed by exercise. In going into a colder air, keep the mouth closed, so that the air, in passing through the nose and head, may become warmed before reaching the lungs, thus preventing those shocks and chills which often lead to pleurisy, pneumonia, and bronchial diseases. George Catlin, famous for his life among the Indians, thought that the Indian habit of breathing through the nostrils, instead of through the mouth, is one chief cause of their fine health.

After speaking or singing in a warm room in winter, do not leave the room until you have somewhat cooled off, and then take the precaution of protecting yourself well from the change of temperature.

But of all parts of the body, there is not one which

should be more carefully attended to than the feet. Wear good woolen stockings and thick-soled boots and shoes in cold weather. The feet are so far distant from the heart that the circulation may be easily checked, and serious, or even fatal, illness follow. India rubber overshoes should not be worn except in wet weather, as they obstruct the perspiration from the pores of the skin.

The next essential to good health is rest. The body must repair the waste which it suffers, or it will soon wear away. In this high-pressure age, when so intense a strain is put on the nervous system, much sleep is required to repair the waste which the body has undergone during the day. The brain needs rest one-third of the time,—eight hours of sleep against sixteen hours of activity.

The importance of sleep cannot be over-estimated. It is as essential to life and happiness as the air we breathe. Some one has said, that of two men or women, equally healthy, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much toward curing irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an over-worked brain, and thus prevent insanity. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It is the best thing to dissipate a fit of the blues, and it is a balm to sorrow.

Cervantes, in his *Don Quixote*, makes the jovial Sancho Panza to say: "Now, blessings on him that first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts

and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot."

But, suppose the brain is too excited to sleep, how then can this great healer be secured? As sleeplessness is caused by an undue flow of blood to the brain, whatever will draw this away will tend to produce sleep. Toasting the feet at the fire, or taking a foot bath, will draw the blood to the extremities; or, rubbing the body with a rough towel, after taking a warm bath, will restore the usual circulation and relieve the brain. Edward Everett Hale tells of a plan he tried with success,—that of fixing the eyes, while in bed, on a fixed object, and looking steadily at it without once winking.

Pure air and good ventilation are indispensable to good health. How many thousands have been carried to the grave by fevers and malarial diseases, which were ignorantly supposed to be beyond human interposition, but which were directly caused by defective sewerage, or a cellar steaming with rotting vegetables, thus filling the house with deadly poison. How often do men unthinkingly build their houses in unhealthy localities, and thus bring upon themselves and their families the fearful penalties of disease.

It is said that the ancestors of the late Theodore Parker, of Boston, on both his father's and mother's side, were a healthy and long-lived race, and yet nine of his brothers and sisters, including himself, died of consumption, besides many in other branches of the family of the same generation. He attributed this to


the location of the family homestead in the midst of wet ground, and near a peat bed from which dense fogs would often arise and envelop the house, and to this dampness he attributed their loss of health.

The seeds of disease carried from festering masses of filth in sewer or fog, are silent, stealthy and unseen, and they penetrate into the gilded palace as well as the lowly hovel, and find lodgment alike in the forms of the rich and poor.

To keep well requires more than a sound body—there must also be a happy and contented mind.

Dr. Hall says, that one of the most important promoters of health is the getting along smoothly in the world. No doubt the growing prevalence of diseases of the stomach, heart and the nervous system is mainly caused by the terrible pace at which we drive ourselves. Our days are often full of toil and weariness; our nights of sleepless unrest; we are perplexed with the present; we see portentous clouds in the future, and so life becomes a fitful struggle with care and anxiety. No wonder the delicate organism of our body gets out of order, with such a fearful wear and tear going on,—it is often more of a wonder that a few months of such experience do not bring the destruction, which it often requires years to accomplish. With a contented mind and a sound body, as the result of the observance of the laws of health, there will come the reward of a long life, blessed with all the rational enjoyments which the world can bestow.

THE SIN OF WORRY.

HE Duke of Wellington, when asked his secret of winning battles, replied that he had no secret,—that he did not know how to win a battle, nor did any one know. That all a man could do was to look beforehand at all the chances, and lay all possible plans; but from the moment the battle began, no mortal prudence could insure success; a thousand new accidents might spring up and scatter his plans to the winds; and all that man could do was to do his best, and trust in God. In other words, he meant that it was no use to worry about the result, after everything had been done that the utmost caution and watchfulness could dictate. The words of the famous warrior are applicable to every calling in life. One of the sins of the age is this habit of useless worry — this attempt to carry not only the burdens of to-day, but those of to-morrow. Charles Kingsley, a man who performed an immense amount of labor, said, “I know of nothing that cripples a man more, and hinders him working manfully, than anxiety.” Men do not die from hard work, so much as from the fret and worry which accompanies it. Of course, much thought is required for the future, but there is a point beyond

which thought becomes wasted, and is merged into anxiety.

It is said that one of Cromwell's officers was so disturbed in mind over the state of the nation, that he could not sleep. His servant noticing it, asked leave to ask him a question. "Do you not think," he inquired, "that God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "Undoubtedly," was the reply. "And do you not think that he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Then, pray sir, excuse me, but do you not think that you may trust Him to govern it as long as you live in it?" This was such a sensible view of the matter that he at once accepted its truth, and soon composure and sleep followed. We vex ourselves often, because we think everything goes wrong and is doomed to destruction; but in spite of our fears, the world moves on the same as before, and the seasons come and go, bringing seedtime and harvest in their appointed times to bless the earth with plenty.

In the wilds of Colorado there are massive red sandstone rocks which have been fashioned into all sorts of grotesque and uncouth shapes by little grains of sand, which the fierce winds have hurled against them for ages; and so there are characters which are being distorted into forms of moral repulsiveness by the storms of fretfulness and petulance which sweep over them day after day.

How the good influence of many parents over their

children is destroyed by the constant tone of worry which they allow to pervade the home, and make it a place to be shunned. How many invalids make life more wretched to themselves and all about them, by a habit of querulous complaining, indulged in for long years; and how many strong minds have been dethroned, and their light forever quenched by its baneful influence.

Sir Walter Scott had a capacity for labor which was simply marvelous. Volumes came from his pen with such rapidity, that he was called "The Wizard of the North," and the world might well be astonished at the fertility of his genius, and the fruits of his unremitting industry. But when, in addition to this arduous labor, his mind yielded to misgivings and over-anxiety, it could not longer endure the strain of the double burden, and it gave way, and he became a wreck of his former self.

The poet Southey was a man of unremitting toil, and worked as steadily at his literary tasks as the artisan at his bench; and so long as his mind was free from care, he did this with ease and comfort to himself. But when, in addition to this, he watched at the bedside of his sick wife, and allowed his mind to become unduly anxious and worried on account of her, his brain gave way under the pressure, and he became hopelessly insane.

Hugh Miller, the famous geologist and author, was a man of iron constitution, who raised himself by the

strength and activity of his mind, from a humble position to one of world-wide renown; yet, when he became harrassed by controversies, his mind, which before had worked easily and smoothly, became embittered and unbalanced, and in a moment of temporary insanity he terminated his life by his own hands.

The sin of worry is one of the most universal foes to happiness. It will mar the fairest face, and spoil the sunniest temper, and it is as destructive to everything lovable and attractive as it is useless and unnecessary.

Beware, then, of this evil habit. If care and sorrow must come, as they inevitably will, bear them with patience and resignation, as part of the necessary discipline of life. Form the habit when trials come, of being thankful that they are no worse; and instead of directing your thoughts continually to yourself, let them go out to others who are more unfortunate. In this way can the evil spirits of discontent and worry be driven away, and peace, harmony and thankfulness be restored to the disturbed soul.

KEEP IN GOOD HUMOR.

BLESSINGS on the great-hearts of our race, whose presence is like a tonic to the system,—whose good humor is unfailing, and whose cheery voices ringing through the air, drive away whole legions of the imps of fretfulness and discontent. A wise moralist said, that a habit of looking at the bright side of everything was worth a thousand pounds a year. It may be added, that it will also do much to prolong life,—for nothing so wears out the nervous system, as the pricks and stings of a vexed spirit

A gentleman visiting a celebrated watering place, met a lady, who seemed to be on the brink of the grave. Her emaciated appearance indicated severe mental and physical suffering; and she was an object of pity to all who saw her. Several years after he again met her, but she was so bright, and fresh, and youthful, that he questioned himself whether he was not mistaken in regard to her identity. “Is it possible,” he asked, “that I see Mrs. B——, who presented such a sad appearance at the Springs several years ago?” “The very same.” “And pray tell me, madam, the secret of your cure. What means did you use to attain

to such vigor of mind and body, to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?" "A very simple remedy," returned the lady with a beaming face. "I stopped worrying, and began to laugh; that was all." It has been said, that "the man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma; his face does more good in a sick-room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him,—their hands instinctively go half way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic, who speaks on the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you know not what a pleasant world you live in, until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway." Without cheerfulness, what matters it if a man has a safe full of stocks, bonds, and mortgages; whether he holds a leading position in the social world, or is called to fill the highest office the gift of the people can bestow,—he is yet but a miserable creature; a pauper in happiness, compared to the poor laborer, whose voice rings out in song, and wakes the morning echoes, because his heart overflows with irrepressible gayety and good spirits.

As the old English poet expressed it:

"Who lives merrily—he lives mightily,
Without gladness, avails no treasure."

"Give us, O give us," says Carlyle, "the man who sings at his work; be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in

silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer.”

When Haydn was asked why his music was so cheerful, he replied: “I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned in me that I serve him in a cheerful spirit.”

One of the apostles of cheerfulness, who has irradiated the world with good humor, as much as any man of modern times,—Sidney Smith,—was in himself an instance of how a cheerful and humorous spirit can smooth the rough experiences of life. He was a poor clergyman, struggling to maintain a large family on a mere pittance, and compelled for years to take up his pen to eke out their slender support; and yet, what a royal spirit did he display, and how his unfailing good humor illumined his darkest hours, and lightened his severest trials.

And there was another, to whom the world is similarly indebted, who was equally favored with an inexhaustible fund of cheerful humor,—Bishop Jeremy Taylor,—who, when reduced to poverty, stripped of his titles, honors and offices, and compelled to labor for his bread as a humble teacher, took this cheerful view of his situation: “I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators; and they have taken all from me. What now? Let me look about me. They


have left me sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can discourse, and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience."

Many years ago, a gentleman was traveling in a stage-coach, and with him, as fellow-travellers, were two young lawyers, coming from the East to establish themselves in their profession in the new country. They were both well educated, equally learned in their profession, and men of good habits and character, but they were entirely different in temperament. One was of a joyous, hopeful disposition, looked on the bright side of everything, and would laugh at every mishap; while the other appeared gloomy and abstracted, and fretted at every obstacle. About thirty years after, the gentleman had occasion to journey again through the same section of country, and he bethought himself to look up his acquaintances of thirty years before. He inquired for the one of melancholy moods, and was told that he failed to establish himself in a lucrative practice, and died, a disappointed, complaining and unsuccessful man. He found the other still living, and as cheery and hopeful as ever. Wealth and honor had poured in upon him; he had an excellent business, and was one of the leading men in his State.

It was a favorite maxim of the celebrated Archbishop Whately, that "there are two things a man

should never get angry at,— what he cannot help, and what he can.” To fret and worry over what we can not help, and must endure, only aggravates the misfortune, and makes it harder to bear. To be angry at what we can help, is childish and absurd; for prudence should teach us that, instead of uselessly repining with folded hands, we should summon our energies to repair the mischief. The world has been compared to a mirror, which reflects the expression of all who look therein. “Frown at it and it will look sourly at you; laugh at it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.” When we meet persons whose voices and manners are full of good cheer, it is an inevitable law of our being that we meet them in the same spirit, and so good humor becomes contagious. Oh, that we had more whole-souled, cheery, jolly people who go through the world like a band of music, filling every nook and cranny about them with exhilarating echoes, and with the irrepressible joy of their natures. Would that we heard oftener the hearty laughter which betokens a generous nature and cheerful heart. Some one, in describing one of those good-humored characters, said that “it seemed as if he had in his blood the jollity of a hundred Christmas eves, and the warmth and volume of centuries of roaring Yule logs upon the hearth.” More to be desired is such a cheerful and contented spirit than the wealth of the Indies, or the honors which the world esteems great.

WHO IS THE GENTLEMAN?

 AN English judge once defined the word "gentleman," as "a term that includes anyone who has nothing to do, and is outside the workhouse." But in our busy, energetic country, no sound man, whether he be rich or poor, can lead a life of continual idleness without incurring some degree of contempt from the busy workers about him.

Charles Dickens said, that "the first external revelation of the dry rot in a man, is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at the street corners without intelligent reasons; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

Neither does a man derive his claim to be called a gentleman from his ancestry. Some one has wittily said, that "the man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like the potato,—the only good belonging to him is under the ground."

Nor can a man claim to be a gentleman simply because his dress betokens wealth and position; for many an incorrigible vagabond who is arrested in our large cities, wears the disguise of fine apparel.

Emund Burke said, that "the spirit of civilization is

composed of two parts,—the spirit of a gentleman, and the spirit of religion.”

“What is it to be a gentleman?” asks Thackeray, who took infinite delight in exposing shams, and puncturing windy, full-blown pretences of snobbery. He answers: “It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant, his aims in life lofty and noble?”

Another writer has thus described the gentleman: “He is just a *gentle*-man; no more, no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself.

“Sir Philip Sidney was never so much of a gentleman,—mirror though he was of English knighthood,—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cool spring water, that was to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier.”

Before you can find a gentleman, you must first find a man; for the gentleman is a pattern of manliness.

The gentleman is a man of honor; he will do nothing mean or base; all his actions are open and manly; and he scorns everything that is low and debasing. He has clean lips and a pure heart; he does not contaminate the air with obscene jests to provoke the ribald laughter of coarse companions, nor does he defile his tongue by swearing. Says an eloquent writer: "Profaneness is a brutal vice." He who indulges in it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society. I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts. Despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will." The gentleman can not be driven from his convictions of right and duty, although the whole world should be arrayed against him. When somebody asked Tom Rugby what it was to be a man, he answered in substance that he thought it was holding out against something, and not giving in. The gentleman shows a generous spirit of self-denial; not the intention of it, which evaporates itself in mere words and pretenses, and with bow, and smirk, and smile, is eloquent in fulsome compliment and well-turned phrase, but when needed in an emergency coolly sneaks off to avoid possible trouble or inconvenience. Harriet Beecher Stowe said that she thought there was no test of a gentleman like the manner in which he does a favor for a strange lady, whom the fates cast

upon his protection; but the true gentleman has a lofty and chivalrous sentiment of honor ingrained in his nature, which asserts itself wherever he may be. The true gentleman may be often poor, but yet he is neat and respectable in his appearance. He never stoops to make money in any way that is tainted by injustice or dishonor, and rejoices in poverty rather than to triumph in the possession of ill-gotten gains. He is true to the core; he has a fixed principle of right, which is his inflexible standard, whether his interest be at stake or not.

How many wear the garb and polish of gentlemen, and pass unchallenged as such, until some occasion brings their selfish ends into notice, and then how soon is their mask stripped off and all the deformities of their true nature revealed.

The world calls for gentlemen in deed, as well as in name. Would you aspire to such a noble character? Then cultivate all those sterling qualities of mind and heart, which, united with the graces of action, form the highest ideal of manhood.

“What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a’ that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man’s a man for a’ that.

For a’ that, and a’ that,
Their tinsel show, and a’ that;
The honest man, though e’er sae poor,
Is king o’ men for a’ that.”

—Burns.

BE COURTEOUS.

DID you never admire what might be called the poetry of motion, as seen in the working of a steam engine? What harmony of action in all its parts! the stroke, more powerful than a hundred men, is almost noiseless in its movement, and although endowed with such resistless might, it moves as easily as a child's finger. The secret partly lies in the fact that all the working parts are kept well oiled, otherwise the ponderous machinery, which, well tended, ought to run for many years, would be ruined in an hour. A courteous manner is like the oil on the engine, it enables us to pass over the rough places in life, to come into contact with men with the least possible friction, and to expend our working power to the best advantage. If a person treats all whom he meets with courtesy, it is almost a certainty that he will be treated the same in return. Human nature, even if perverse and vicious, cannot long withstand kindness.

A company of travelers were in London, and one of them was complaining greatly of the uniform lack of courtesy in all whom he met. In order to convince him of his mistake, another of the party offered to accompany him on an excursion through the streets, and to address strangers of all ranks,—asserting that they would receive in every instance civil answers

and kind treatment. They started out, and the one who proposed the experiment accosted a large number of men in all conditions of society,—servants who were in haste to perform errands, tradesmen who were occupied with their business concerns, gentlemen and noblemen who were leisurely following the bent of their inclinations,—and in every instance they were treated with courtesy,—many times the greatest interest was manifested in their inquiries, and even the most busy did not begrudge to spare time to give the fullest information on the subjects of inquiry. The secret of this polite reception was in the manner of approaching these strangers, and of asking the questions, and it shows us that in our contact with men we may expect to reap as we sow. If we treat others with due respect, and with manners cordial and frank, we are paying them a compliment which they can not overlook. We show that we have a delicate consideration for their feelings and pleasure, and that we regard them worthy of our confidence and esteem. There are few natures, if any, which will not reciprocate these feelings, and soon assume toward us the same attitude.

A courteous manner has been the means of bringing thousands of young men to positions of honor, wealth and influence. It is like the "sesame" of the ancient story, which opens otherwise impassable barriers.

A young lawyer went from the country to a great metropolis to practice law. He was without friends, or influence; he had neither a classical education nor a

broad culture; he had not the polish which comes by contact with cultivated society, nor had he more than a moderate amount of ability; he had not the advantages of a thorough professional training, and did not possess those qualities of acuteness, aptness of speech, and dignified manner which are commonly expected in the legal profession; but he was at heart truly courteous; he had a ready smile, a cordial manner and pleasant word for all, and in spite of the serious disadvantages under which he labored, he gained clients and business, became a wealthy and influential man, occupied many positions of trust and responsibility, and left far behind him many who were vastly his superiors in intellectual power, professional ability, personal bearing, and ripe scholarship, but who held themselves aloof from men by a freezing dignity and cold, repellant manner.

A young minister took charge of a new church in a large city, and although he was a man of but ordinary ability and acquirements, yet he had, with many sterling qualities of mind, such a natural courtesy and kindness of manner that his influence was constantly extending. Many men of wealth and distinction were attracted to his church, while the young were gathered in in such numbers that in a very few years, it became one of the largest and most useful of any in the broad land. While courtesy is no substitute for learning, ability or fitness for a chosen vocation, it is yet one of the greatest elements of success, for it broadens a man's influence and thus increases his power.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.



STORY is told of a merchant who was taking a journey, carrying a large amount of money. He was overtaken by a heavy shower, which made the roads so bad that he complained of their condition. After a time he came to a thick wood where he was confronted by a robber, who pointed a gun at him and pulled the trigger, but the powder being damp with the rain, the gun failed to go off. The merchant then put spurs to his horse and escaped, reflecting on his folly in complaining of the very Providence which saved his life. It is easy for us to see how health, joy or prosperity can be blessings, but it is difficult for us to understand how suffering, sickness, and loss, may be greater blessings.

“Would you wish to live without a trial? Then you would wish to die but half a man. Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table; they must go into deep water, and buffet the surges. If you wish to understand their true character—if you would know their whole strength—of what they are capable—throw them overboard! Over with them—and if they are worth saving, they will swim ashore themselves.” It is a

beautiful thought that " trials are the wings, on which one flies from the mire to the clouds."

It is said of Sir James Thornhill, the artist, that when he was painting the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral, he was standing with one of his pupils on a scaffold which was not enclosed. The master had just completed the head of the apostle, and thoughtlessly retreated to the edge of the scaffold. The pupil, seeing the danger, snatched up a pencil of color and dashed it at the apostle's face. Thornhill, enraged, rushed forward, crying, " What have you done?" The reply was, " I have only saved your life."

So other lives are being saved did they but know it, because cherished hopes and pleasures are dashed away by a seemingly cruel hand. That quaint old writer, Thomas Burton, has aptly observed: " If adversity hath killed his thousands, prosperity hath killed his tens of thousands, therefore adversity is to be preferred. The one deceives; the other instructs; the one makes miserably happy; the other happily miserable; and, therefore, many philosophers have voluntarily sought adversity and so much commend it in their precepts."

It was no little trial for such a sturdy, vigorous nature as John Bunyan's to be imprisoned for twelve years in the filthy Bedford jail, and yet, but for that, the world would not have been enriched by that greatest of all allegories, " Pilgrim's Progress."

It was a grievous hardship to Sir Walter Raleigh,

the handsome and accomplished courtier, to be confined for many wearisome years in the tower of London, yet there was written his "History of the World," which so displays his extraordinary genius and learning.

Who can tell how much we are indebted to the fact that William Penn, being imprisoned repeatedly for his religious opinions, was finally driven to found a colony in the New World.

It was Lovelace, a prisoner, who penned the exquisite lines:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty."

When Henry Fawcett lost his sight at twenty-four years of age, it seemed as if his life thereafter would be a blank. But this affliction revealed the fine bravery and mettle of the man, and made him what he would not otherwise have been. He became, in the largest sense, a man of letters and of broad statesmanship. He turned his attention to political economy, and became familiar with details and statistics. For nineteen years he was one of the foremost members of the British Parliament, and was led to and from it as a little child. He died holding one of the highest

positions in the nation, because he was admittedly the best qualified for it.

Ill-health is not usually considered in the light of a blessing, and yet who can tell how much Philip Doddridge, Robert Hall, Lyman Beecher, Charles H. Spurgeon, and others who have suffered from physical infirmities, have been indebted to their familiarity with suffering, for the broad sympathies which have made their ministries so remarkable.

Says Bushnell, in his essay on the "Moral Uses of Physical Pain:" "In all cases of long-continued and very severe suffering, there is a look of gentle, perhaps we should say broken, feeling. The gait is softer, the motions less abrupt, and there is a lingering moan, we fancy, in the voice, and a certain dreamy tremor in the eye. It is as if the man's wilfulness had been fined, or, at least, partly broken. He may be a personal stranger, yet we see by all his demonstrations that he has come out of the fire, and is tempered to the sway of many things he cannot resist. Thus it is that a great many of the best and holiest examples of piety are such as have been fined and finished in the crucible of suffering. . . . Sympathy, also, and all the virtues fitly called graces, that keep it company, and all the works by which it ministers, begin at the fact of pain."

But far above all stimulating influences to intellectual activity, is the effect of adversity on character and spiritual life. It has been truly observed, that "sor-

row is the great birth agony of immortal powers, the great searcher and revealer of hearts, the great test of truth, for Plato has wisely said that sorrow will not endure sophisms."

How often has a selfish nature been purified and transformed by watching over a bed of suffering. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said, that "souls grow white, as well as cheeks, in these holy duties; one that goes in a nurse, may come out an angel."

It has been remarked, that "Oftentimes nothing but adversity will do for us. We need to be stripped of every earthly portion, that we may seek entirely our portion in Jehovah himself. We need to be turned out of a home on earth that we may seek a home in heaven."

Said an old Puritan: "God's people are like birds, they sing best in cages."

From darkened sick-chambers, from prison walls, from broken and bereaved hearts, from beds of pain, and the martyr's stake, have come forth jubilant voices, which have triumphed victoriously over the direst adversities that can befall our race, and they have looked upon those trials as the means by which they have reached those wondrous heights of joy, resignation and trust.

"Heavier the cross, the stronger faith,
The loaded palm strikes deepest root,
The vine juice sweetly issueth,
When men have pressed the clustering fruit,
And courage grows where dangers come,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam."

THE NEED OF SYMPATHY.

“Ask God to give thee skill
In comfort’s art:
That thou mayest consecrated be,
And set apart,
Unto a life of sympathy.
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart,
And comforters are needed much,
Of Christ-like touch.”



THE eloquent Bishop Simpson thus beautifully speaks of the need of sympathy: “I shall never forget the feelings I had once when climbing one of the Pyramids of Egypt. When half way up, my strength failing, I feared I should never be able to reach the summit or get back again. I well remember the help given by Arab hands, drawing me on farther; and the step I could not quite make myself, because too great for my wearied frame, the little help given me—sometimes more and sometimes less—enabled me to get up, step by step, step by step, until at last I reached the top and breathed the pure air, and had a grand lookout from that lofty height.

“And so in life’s journey we are climbing. We are feeble. Every one of us, now and then, needs a little help; and if we have risen a step higher than some

other, let us reach down for our brother and help him to stand beside us.

“Ah! how many need help in this world — poor, afflicted ones; poor, sorrowing ones; poor, tempted ones, who have become overcome, who have been struggling, not quite able to get up the step; trying, falling; trying, falling; trying, desponding; trying, and almost despairing! Oh, give such a one help, a little kindly aid, and the step may be taken, and another step may then be taken; and instead of dying in wretchedness at the base, he may, by a brother’s hand, be raised to safety, and finally to glory.”

It has been said by another writer: “Many a man of real mark in the world was helped toward power and fame by a stimulating or sympathizing word in some critical hour; a word, too, from one who never had power or fame himself, but who had the ability to perceive the signs of nobleness, and the readiness to express his sense of it. This thought ought to encourage many of us as to our possibilities of important service in life. Although it may not be for us to be great in the world, it may be for us to recognize greatness in others, and even to promote greatness by our hearty and unselfish praise of it.”

Canon Farrar emphasizes the same truth in these apt words: “Next only to the man who achieves the greatest and most blessed deeds is he who, perhaps himself wholly incapable of such high work, is yet the first to help and encourage the genius of others. We often

do more good by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy, and recognition of merit, than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition."

The noble man who rescued the late John B. Gough from a drunkard's career by plucking him again and again from the gutter, taking him into his own home and persevering until his weak will became strong enough to resist temptation, did a service for humanity, only to be measured by that of Gough himself.

The young lady who, becoming interested in a bright little urchin—a waif on the streets—urged him to attend her Sunday school class, searching for and bringing him back when he wandered away, did a work of inestimable value in saving to a life of usefulness Robert Morrison, who became in later years the noble missionary, and translator of the Bible to the Chinese; thus unfolding to benighted millions the glorious truths of the Christian religion.

How truly has it been said: "Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm hand-shakes, are secondary means of grace, when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles."

If we have not the ability ourselves to do valiant service for the right, let us sympathize with, and encourage those who have, and so keep our hearts tender and responsive to the needs of those around us. Let us not forget that "every heart knows its own

bitterness" and at times cries out for words of sympathy.

What a touching wail of loneliness, and longing for sympathy, was that which came from John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

"How often," he said, "have I been in the heart of the cities of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing, or hand-organs playing, "Home, Sweet Home," without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal, or a place to lay my head! The world has literally sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody; yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood, and in my old age have to submit to humiliation for my bread." No wonder he died,—a poor, heart-broken wanderer in a foreign land.

When we reflect that we all belong to the same brotherhood of humanity, and that we are each our brother's keeper, how keen and ready should be our sympathy for all the suffering and unfortunate members of our race.

Daniel Webster, in his famous Plymouth Rock oration, uttered a lofty sentiment when he said, speaking of how the whole human race are bound together: "It is not a vain and false, but an exalted and religious imagination, which leads us to the contemplation of a myriad of fellow beings with which God's goodness has peopled eternal space. So, also, it is neither false nor vain to consider ourselves interested in, and con-

nected with, our whole race through all time; allied to our ancestors; allied to our posterity; closely compacted on all sides with others, ourselves but links in the great chain of being, which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding together the past, the present, the future, and terminating at last, with the consummation of all things earthly, at the throne of God."

If this be true, then our sympathies should extend, not alone to those immediately about us, but as far and outreaching as the needs of our race. And not only shall we then be a blessing to others, but our own hearts will be enriched, and prevented from growing hardened by the cares and turmoil of our daily lives.

A thoughtful observer gives this testimony from his own experience: "The longer I live, the more expedient I find it to endeavor more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. I do not mean that I wish to form a new friendship every day, to increase my circle of intimates,—these are very different affairs. But I find that it conduces to my mental health and happiness to find out all I can that is amiable and lovable in those I come in contact with, and to make the most of it."

Let us, then, have a heart full of tender regard and sympathy for all suffering ones, and a Christ-like charity for the mistakes and failings of those who are fighting their unseen battles with temptation and sin

THE HEROISM OF COMMON LIFE.



THE world loves heroes and heroism. The battlefields of history are resplendent with the martial figures who have made them immortal by their deeds of valor. How much of the world's history is a record of the achievements of its heroes. But it must not be forgotten, that in obscure places, and in the quiet walks of life, there are constantly being enacted deeds of heroism, as sublime and as worthy of our admiration as any which ever transpired on bloody fields of conflict. It is natural to measure the fame of a hero by the magnitude of his deeds and the results which have proceeded from them, rather than by the spirit and quality of the heroism which inspired them. But there are heroes worthy of immortal renown, who are associated with deeds, that did not inspire vast armies, or turn the tide of battles, or save an imperiled country, but which were obscure and will soon be forgotten.

Grant and Garfield, when on their sick beds, valiantly meeting their last foe with cheerfulness and resignation, displayed greater heroism than on the battlefield. And there have been thousands of others unknown to fame, who have met death as heroically.

At a terrible mining disaster, Martin Craghran, a boy twelve years of age, was near the shaft, and had time to save his life. But he thought of a number of miners who, in remote parts of the mine, were not aware of their fearful peril, and he resolved to make an effort to save them. He rushed through the chambers of the mine, gave them warning, and then hurried back to the shaft, hoping to escape. But the fire was already burning fiercely above him, the wire rope had melted, and all hope in that direction was cut off. He hastened back to the miners, and found that they had built a barrier to keep out the smoke and gas. There was no other hope of escape, so he went back to the poor dumb beast of which he was driver, wrote on a board the names of those dear to him, and then lay down by its side to await the death which speedily came. Where can be found an instance of nobler heroism than that of this poor boy, which occurred in the darkness and horror of that burning mine.

Not long ago, an old colored woman, walking on the railroad track on her way to her work, discovered that a bridge over a deep chasm had been burned during the night. The bridge was hidden by a sharp curve in the road, and she knew it was almost time for the fast express to pass. Although aged and infirm, she ran back, tearing off her old apron as she went, to meet the train; and as it came thundering on, she took her position in the center of the track, waving her apron frantically; the engineer stopped the train to

prevent running over her, and then learned of the burnt bridge only a few rods away. The heroism of this poor old woman had probably saved a hundred lives, and as many homes from sorrow and mourning. As she stood toiling for years at the washtub, who would have thought that within that lowly form there was such an heroic soul.

The world admires the heroism of Sir Walter Scott in toiling patiently year after year that he might be able to meet his overwhelming indebtedness; but there is many a poor man who displays the same undaunted spirit as he toils early and late, and struggles with sickness and privation in order to pay off the mortgage on his little home, and save it for a shelter to his helpless family. And how many wives are there, whose lives, could they be known, would be found to be one long record of heroic sacrifices.

A heroine has been described by the wife of a college professor as "An educated American woman, who does her own housework;" and, from careful statistics gathered by a recent writer, it is found that this class embraces seven-eighths of all the women in our land. The writer adds: "To do one's own housework in the United States, entails more work than such an undertaking in any European country. The American housewife who undertakes domestic work, must make and bake the bread, scrub, cook, wash and iron for herself and family. She must be the nurse and constant companion of her children, she makes her

own clothes, and those of her children, prepares the household linen, and often in the country districts, cuts, fits and sews her husband's garments. Bismarck does not equal these women in managing affairs, nor surpass them in courage and determination."

True heroism thrives and blossoms in the humblest homes, as well as in moated castles or renowned palaces. "Shall we speak," says Dickens, "of the inspiration of a poet, or a priest, and not of the heart impelled by love and self-devotion to the lowliest work in the lowliest way of life?"

A kind hearted landlord, in describing his tenants, said that the one he liked best of all, was a boy only ten years of age. He then went on to relate how for a year and a half the little fellow had been supporting himself and two younger sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers; and that, notwithstanding their extreme poverty, regularly as the month came round, he appeared with the rent for their humble lodgings. Said the landlord: "That's the kind of tenant to have,"—and so much did he admire the courage and honesty of the boy, that he became his friend and benefactor.

It requires no small amount of heroism to toil cheerfully and bear bravely the burdens of life through weariness and ill health.

It is said that Amos Lawrence, the great merchant and philanthropist, of Boston, was a man of such delicate health that for sixteen years he was restricted to

the most rigid diet, and seldom appeared at the family meal. Said he, in writing of this to a friend: "If your young folks want to know the meaning of Epicureanism, tell them to take some bits of coarse bread (one ounce and a little more), soak them in three gills of coarse meal gruel, and make their dinner of them and nothing else; beginning very hungry, and leaving off more hungry. The food is delicious, and such as no modern Epicureanism can equal."

Yet he did not regard this life of self-denial as any hardship, nor lose his cheerfulness and happy flow of spirits. "I am the happiest man alive," he once said; "the situation I occupy I would not exchange with any man living." And so in thousands of homes and business places, throughout the land, there are similar heroes who are bearing the burdens of bodily infirmities, pecuniary reverses and disappointed hopes, with cheerful spirits and brave resignation. All honor to them wherever they are, and may others take courage and learn wisdom from their example.

Mother Earth! are thy heroes dead?

Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?

Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red

All that is left of the brave of yore?

Gone?—in a nobler form they rise:

Dead?—we may clasp their hands in ours,

And catch the light of their glorious eyes,

And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.

Wherever a noble deed is done,

There are the souls of our heroes stirred;

Wherever a field for truth is won,

There are our heroes' voices heard.

KIND WORDS.



KIND words are the precious gems of speech which enrich all who receive them. They are as food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and grateful as "the shelter of a rock in a weary land."

A genial writer says of them: "They come bubbling up in a good-natured heart, like the freely gushing waters of a fountain. It is as easy to speak them as it is to breathe. They come forth as easily and naturally from the lips of kindness as the rays from the sun. There is no painstaking about the matter. Pleasant words beget other words, like themselves, in other people. We have been in a crowded omnibus. A few snappish, sulky words have multiplied their species, till most of the travelers have taken shares in the same stock. But a genial soul enters. His kind words get wings. They produce an epidemic. Growler number one, and number two, change voice and visage. The magic of a few kind words has done wonders. Ill nature has jumped out of the coach, and is off for parts unknown; and good nature keeps all things in excellent trim for the rest of the trip."

What influence for good they are in the home. Said Abraham Lincoln's step-mother after his death, in speaking of his kindly nature when a boy, at home: "I can say what not one mother in ten thousand can say of a boy. He never gave me a cross look, and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I requested him."

Some one asks: "Would you have your home a cheerful, hallowed spot, within which may ever be found that happiness and peace which the world denieth to its votaries? Let no harsh word be uttered within its walls. Speak gently to the wearied husband, who, with an anxious brow, returns from the perplexities of his daily avocations; and let him, in his turn, speak gently to the care-worn wife, who, amid her never-ending round of little duties, finds rest and encouragement in the sympathy of him she loves. Speak gently to the wayward child; a pleasant smile and a word of kindness will often restore good humor and playfulness. Speak gently to the dependent who lightens your daily toil; kind words insure respect and affection, while the angry rebuke provokes impertinence and dislike. Speak gently to the erring one; are we not all weak and liable to error? Temptations, of which we cannot judge, may have surrounded him. Harshness will drive him on in his sinful way; gentleness and love may win him back to virtue."

Can we not all call to mind those who are feared and shunned by their acquaintances because of their fatal

habit of thoughtless speech and unkind criticism?

A minister of the gospel who had a remarkably brilliant mind, fine conversational powers, and rare ability in the pulpit, formed the habit of setting off in a ludicrous light the little foibles and peculiarities of those about him. With his great gifts of speech, mimicry and fancy, he could amuse a circle and provoke a laugh, but every laugh and smile at his pleasantries was a death knell to his influence; and his life, so full of great possibilities for doing good, was spent in shifting about from place to place, and was in a large measure wasted.

George Eliot has said that "Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech which they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter."

An old lady was known among her neighbors as "Grindstone," because, as they explained, "All the tempers and tongues of the town were sharpened by coming near her." In early life she had been a beautiful and kind-hearted girl, with an exceeding witty and vivacious disposition, and was the inheritor of wealth and high social position. She had the power to extemporize verses while she sang them, and the subject chosen by her was generally the peculiarities of some member of the company present. Her bright sallies were received with great applause and laughter, but it was at the expense of her friends, for one by one she lost them. Her early companions

became happy wives and mothers, while she was left to a lonesome and bitter old age, neglected and unloved. She did not mean to injure any one by her careless jests and witty characterizations, but they were like poisoned arrows, which made rankling wounds in innocent hearts.

What a power for good is the business man who has a kind word for those who are subordinate to him.

A merchant prince, who takes a great interest in young men, was called upon by a frightened bank cashier, who informed him that one of the bank clerks had made a blunder which might cause rumors to circulate that would affect the credit of the millionaire, and assured him that the clerk should be discharged at once. Said the merchant: "It is a good many years since I was a young man, but my memory is that I sometimes made mistakes. If I had been discharged for every mistake I made, I should not have made my fortune. The young man, whose mistake is pointed out to him and forgiven, is the most careful man in the office ever afterward. I think my business relations with your bank are likely to be prolonged, if the young man is not discharged."

The clerk was retained in his place, and was saved from disgrace, and probably from ruin, by the kind words of the merchant. What blessings such a life must have scattered during a long business career!

E. P. Whipple, the biographer of Motley, the historian, relates an anecdote which shows that it was

through the influence of a few kind words that that magnificent work, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," was given to the world. After Motley had prepared his material for the book, he found that the historian, Prescott, who was then at the height of his popularity, was writing his "History of Philip the Second, of Spain," which would cross his path. Motley, then an obscure writer, called on Prescott, and offered to relinquish his work, rather than interfere with Prescott's plans. But the kind-hearted author assured him that the books would not injure each other, and encouraged him to go on; and Motley admitted afterward, that if he had not received such generous encouragement, he should have laid down his pen at once.

Who can measure the influence of words? A thoughtful writer thus speaks of their power:

"The drop that mingles with the flood—the sand dropped on the sea-shore—the word you have spoken—will not be lost. Each will have its influence, and be felt till time shall be no more. As no word is lost, be careful how you speak; speak right, speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness—by kind words, holy words, dropped among the young and the old,—is incalculable. It will not cease when your bodies lie in the grave, but will be felt wider and still wider, as years pass away. Who, then, will not exert himself for the welfare of millions?"

IN MIDDLE LIFE.

Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

—Whittier.



MUCH has been written of youth, that rosy dawn whose enchanting colors light up life's morning sky,—and of age, from whose calm heights the soul looks toward that “better country,—even a heavenly;” but little has been said of the middle period of life. The romance of youth has passed; the clamorous call of ambition begins to sound far-off and faint, or is stilled altogether; the voice of hope is less constant, and the mind is absorbed and burdened with prosy cares, and the hard, stern, inevitable problem of existence. The convictions are fixed, the beliefs settled, and the mental powers and capacity have been tested.

A gifted writer, who passed away in middle life in the full glory of his noble powers, left these words as the result of his observation: “To a man of middle life, existence is no longer a dream, but a reality. He has not much more new to look forward to, for the character of his life is generally fixed by that time. His profession, his home, his occupations, will be, for the most part, what they are now. He will make few new acquaintances—no new friends.

“It is the solemn thought connected with middle age,

that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to look back, and marvels with a kind of remorseful feeling that he let the days of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling; it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the lights fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up the hill, but down, and the sun is already westering, he looks back on things behind."

And yet, the best work of the world is done at this time, and in many instances the mind does not seem to assert its power and supremacy until then. If we look over the field of literature we shall see what a galaxy of great names waited until middle life, or later, before they gave to the world much that was valuable and enduring. Most of the works which gave to Scott his lasting fame, were written after he was forty-six. Carlyle was forty-two when he published the "French Revolution," his first work to which he formally attached his name, and Macaulay was forty-eight when he issued the first and second volumes of his "History of England," the noblest production of his pen. Milton was more than fifty-four when he began his "Paradise

Lost," and George Eliot wrote "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda" after she was forty-six. Bacon was nearly sixty when he published his great work, "The Novum Organum." Cowper was over fifty when he wrote "John Gilpin" and the "Task," and De Foe fifty-eight when he published "Robinson Crusoe." Such instances might be indefinitely extended, and prove that no man need to be discouraged, however formidable the task before him, from any fear of waning powers.

It has been remarked, that if a man loses his property at thirty or forty years of age, it is generally only a sharp discipline by which later he comes to a larger success. In a celebrated battle, the marshals of Napoleon came to him and said: "We have lost the battle, and are being cut in pieces." Napoleon took his watch from his pocket and said: "It is only two o'clock in the afternoon. You have lost the battle, but there is time to win another. Charge upon the foe!" So, though you may have reached the afternoon of life, and feel that you have been worsted in the conflict, do not give up in discouragement. There is yet time enough to win glorious victories, and your faculties were never so well equipped to do it as now.

It has been said: "No sense has arrived at perfection until it is accompanied by a critical judgment; and it is not until middle age that the mind works temperately, and can listen to what is said upon both sides. At forty we are as near to wisdom as we are

ever likely to be. We may distinguish ourselves more highly, but we shall never have more ability; our genius may become riper and sweeter, but it will never be more vigorous. At that age, our habits and opinions have acquired stability, and are not to be manipulated by every one who approaches us."

But it is in the higher region of morals that we see the noblest side of middle life. "The efforts of our early years are for our own advancement. The efforts of our middle age are for those who are dependent upon us; and so, are of a far loftier nature. How few young men would be missed from actual active life! But the death of a middle-aged man is, as a rule, a manifest loss and grief, and he will be long and sadly missed from his place in the world, and in his home, because he has been the stay upon which many weaker lives leaned. Youth has not a pleasure or a privilege so high and pure that it can bear a test like this. Old men smile tolerantly at youth, and pity their folly and delusions, but they never pity the middle-aged. Where is the old man who would not gladly be middle-aged, and go down into life's arena once more, and fight his fight over again?"

Oliver Wendell Holmes has said, in his sprightly way: "Men, like peaches and pears, grow sweet a little while before they begin to decay. At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved them or shut up our jack-knives. Then

we are ready to help others, and care less to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way."

Middle life should be the age of caution. A young man, with no one dependent upon him, may take ventures, and if he loses, as he is quite likely to do, the loss falls only upon himself; but it is quite another thing to the man in middle life, with dependent ones clinging to him for support. All his movements should be marked with the utmost care and conservatism, and his operations should make up in safety what they may lack in large profits.

Middle life is a time of extended influence, and this great trust should be held with scrupulous fidelity. His business methods, his private life, his family relations, and his conduct and manner towards others are rated, and all have their influence on the world about him. But to his children he is a personal example, and his life and habits are subjected by them to the keenest scrutiny and criticism. The following little incident from real life illustrates how careful he should be in his conduct: "In a certain city there was an upright business man who in his heart believed in the truths of the Christian religion. But he was very busy, and when Sunday came he was thoroughly tired. He had become interested, too, in his Sunday paper; so he gradually dropped off going to church. His wife went regularly, and sometimes the children. One morning, just after his wife had set out, he was comfortably seated reading the money article, when he

heard his boys talking in the next room. Said eight-year-old Willie, 'When you grow up shall you go to church as mother does, or stay at home like father?' 'I shall do neither,' said the older one, decidedly. 'When I'm a man, I shall have my horses, and be on the road Sundays, and enjoy myself.' The newspaper suddenly lost its attraction. Between the father and it there came a picture of his boys associating with loose men, and drifting into a godless, reckless life; and of himself looking on it, in his old age, as the fruit of his self-indulgence. Five minutes after, he was rapidly walking toward the church. When the service was over, his wife coming down the aisle, saw him waiting at the door. There was a questioning, glad surprise in her eyes; but he only remarked that he had taken a walk, and thought he would join her on the way home. Next Sunday, however, the whole family were in their pew, and all the rest of the day there was a kind of peace about the house that reminded him of his boyhood days in his father's home. And who will say that he was the less fitted for another week of business life by this share in the services of God's house, instead of 'staying at home all Sunday to rest? "

Middle life should be a season of thorough enjoyment. With health, the use of our faculties at their best, the possession of the merited esteem of our neighbors, and the consciousness of living a true and useful life, the years should yield us a harvest of rich delights. But the dearest pleasure will be found in

the home life. Emerson has said, that "The domestic man who loves no music so well as his kitchen clock, and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of." And so the man of middle life is at rest, his wanderings have ceased, and he is safely anchored in the sheltered haven of his family circle.

But middle life should not become so much absorbed in the present, as to be blind to the future. It should not be like the king of the old story, who gave to his jester a golden staff, saying, "Give it to the first greater fool than yourself that you find." After a time the king was dying, and said, "Jack, I must leave you for a long journey." "To go where, your majesty?" "I do not know, my man." "And what provision have you made for your journey?" "None at all." "Then take the staff. I never was such a fool as that."

O, you who stand on the crest of life, midway between the two regions "I hope" and "I remember," and flushed, it may be, with the victories you have won, bear in mind that you have already begun the downward journey which shall end in the grave. Every day that you live brings you nearer that departure which takes from you all your possessions except the imperishable jewel of a deathless soul and the rewards of a good life. As "Be ye also ready," is the whisper of warning, so may "Come up higher" be the gentle call that shall summon you from the things of earth to the glories of immortal life beyond the tomb.

TO WORKING MEN.

NEVER has there been a time when the average wages of working men were higher than at the present day, or when they could live better, and enjoy more of what are termed the luxuries of life. The time never was when they had better opportunities to improve their condition and acquire a competence.

This might be called the golden age for the laborer, and yet, never was there such universal discontent and unrest, and such an appalling amount of absolute poverty. To find out and remove the causes which have led to such a lamentable state of affairs, is one of the greatest problems of the age.

The disaffected ones claim that it is the result of ruinous competition, labor-saving machinery, the amassing of immense fortunes, the growth of powerful monopolies, and other causes of like character. These are grave charges; but the real causes may be traced to the reckless improvidence of the working classes, in being content to spend all they earn, and live from hand to mouth, instead of laying up something for times of stress and want.

One form of improvidence, which commands world-wide attention, is the enormous waste of substance for liquors and tobacco. It is found, by the last census

taken in our country, that eight hundred millions of dollars are spent annually for liquors, and six hundred millions more for tobacco, and that together they exceed the cost of all the bread, meat, woolen and cotton goods, and boots and shoes, used by the whole country. It is estimated that at least one-half of this appalling waste is borne by the working men. And even this does not represent the whole loss, for by this vice, health, credit and reputation are destroyed, which loss is far beyond any money valuation.

If one-half of this gigantic sum were applied for the comfort and well-being of the working men, in a few years every family might dwell under its own roof; there would be no ragged children growing up in vice and ignorance, no despairing mothers, or squalid homes. And whose fault is it that this is not so? Whose but the men who squander their hard earnings, and thus invite the poverty of which they complain.

The Hon. William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury under Garfield's administration, says: "If the laboring men of America would save the money they spend for drink, they might, in ten years, buy half the farms in the United States, and in fifteen years more could have a fund sufficient to purchase every railroad in the country at a premium."

Would that every working man who has bound himself in the fetters of drinking habits, would break his chains, as did a hard working blacksmith, of whom the following incident is narrated:

"He started home on Saturday night, with his wages, amounting to five dollars and twenty-five cents, to buy some food for his family, but stopped at a bar-room, where he was too frequently a visitor, and where he met with congenial companions, with whom he caroused until late in the evening. He then bethought himself that it was time to go home, and called for his account, which the bar-keeper informed him amounted to just five dollars and twenty-five cents. 'You will have to credit me the quarter,' said he, as he handed the bar-keeper the five-dollar bill. He then went to the meat-market, and said to the butcher: 'What have you got for twenty-five cents? It is all the money I have, and I must take something home for my family.'

"'There's a bunch of soup-bones that you can have for twenty-five cents,' was the reply.

"He accordingly purchased them, had them put in a parcel, and was about starting home, not without some reproachful thoughts, when the dram-seller, with whom he had spent the evening, entered the market, ordered a quantity of the best beef-steak, pulled out a five-dollar bill,—the identical one which he had paid him,—and gave it to the butcher.

"Our dram-drinking friend had seen enough. He started for home, and probably did more good, solid thinking than he had done for several years before. Entering his house, he gave his wife those ugly, almost bare soup-bones, and said: 'This is the last

time you will ever have to live on soup-bones that I may furnish money to a bar-keeper to buy porter-house steak with.'

"After that, his wife and children were treated to steak instead of bare soup-bones. He had quit the dram-drinking business forever."

Another prevailing form of improvidence is the lack of economy. No business could long be sustained, with as loose and careless financial management as the average working man displays in his expenditures. The successful business man makes his fortune by buying in the lower markets, reducing his expenses as much as possible, and attending to all the little details with the utmost vigilance. The rich man buys everything for his household to the best advantage, both as to quality and quantity. He pays the lowest prices, and gets the largest discounts, and it was by this policy that he became rich. But the average working man buys his food and fuel in small quantities, at an added ten to twenty per cent.; in many cases he buys his household utensils and furniture on credit, at an advanced price, and no wonder that this practice, together with the cost of his liquor and tobacco, keeps him in abject poverty.

Edward Adkinson, one of the most careful and experienced statistical experts in the world, has estimated that the loss from bad cooking and waste, is one thousand million of dollars every year, and the largest part of this comes out of working men. In the matter of

bad cooking, there is an enormous waste of material, and it is one direct cause in many cases of a resort to alcoholic stimulants. Another prolific cause of poverty is the dishonesty of many working men. They slight their work, or loiter over it, and in this way they rob their employers as much as if they picked their pockets. The result is, that they acquire a reputation as shirkers, and if anyone is to be discharged, they are sure to be selected first; or they run in debt, and then, to avoid payment of their rent or grocer's bill, they move suddenly to some new locality, and keep up their systematic moving from year to year. They are afraid to accumulate anything that could be taken to pay their debts, and so they keep poor to cheat their creditors. But there comes in time a righteous retribution for such flagrant violations of common honesty, whoever it may be who is guilty, and they reap the bitter harvest of their sowing. Having deceived those who trusted in them, when sickness or failure to find work comes, they are without friends or credit, and are left to suffer from the evils which they have brought upon themselves.

Another cause of poverty is the laziness of many working men. They seem to tax their ingenuity to contrive how little they can do for their wages. Having no conscience in the matter, they recognize no obligation to faithful service. They are continually clamoring for shorter hours, and in case wasted, or worse than wasted. The men who have their desires are granted, the time saved from labor is

wasted, or worse than wasted. The men who have succeeded in business, are those who have not been afraid of working long hours, and often their toil is so severe and protracted as to endanger health.

Henry Ward Beecher, who had passed through poverty himself, and who was a true friend of working men, never said truer words than these: "If a poor man means to get the better of poverty, to accumulate a property, and to bring up his children respectably, and give them a better chance than he had himself, he will need to put in every moment of time that can be used without damaging his health and strength. Time, valuable to all men, is most precious to the poor. A rich man can afford to be idle in a pecuniary sense. A poor man can not. Every moment should be productive.

"When prices rule low, great manufacturing companies make their expenses and their profits by rigorous economy in small things. They stop all leaks, curtail every expense, run every wheel as economically as possible, and aim to produce the greatest amount with the least expenditure. Now, prices always rule low with a poor man. It is not enough for him to work in regulation time. If his wages during regular hours are just enough to supply him, he will never get a step ahead unless he works extra hours. A man who eats up his wages every week will never get on. If it be but a sixpence, he should earn more than he spends. He should spend the least possible; but, chiefly, he

should use up every particle of his capital—that is, his time,—in a productive manner.”

Still another cause of poverty is ignorance. Bishop Fowler has aptly said: “Nothing is so costly as ignorance. You sow the wrong seed, you build with the wrong timber, you buy the wrong ticket, you take the wrong train, you settle in the wrong locality, or you take the wrong medicine, and no money can make good your mistake.”

It is because men will not take the trouble to inform themselves, that such mistakes are being constantly made by those who are least able to suffer from them. There is no reason why every working man should not be intelligent and well informed, if he desires to become so, and he will find that increased intelligence means increased demand for his services. Every working man may become acquainted with the brightest minds in the world, through the medium of periodicals and books which are now so amazingly accessible. Hundreds of instances could be cited showing that many working men have used such advantages, and have risen to the highest positions of distinction.

A great man who had an intense sympathy with working men, said: “An hour a day for reading will raise a man’s value in the market. Intelligence is a paying quality. Ignorant workmen get low wages, not because they are cheated, but because the quality of work which ignorant men perform will never have the market value of the work performed by intelligence.

This is putting the case on its very lowest ground. A man should keep himself agoing in intelligence by reading and reflection, not merely because it will pay him in money, but because it will pay in manhood. Education makes good men out of poor ones. It works up the raw staple of nature into forms of value. But every man must get the time for reading day by day, by a more economical use of his hours. There are few laboring men who might not save out time enough to read every day from one to two hours. The fact is, mensquander almost all the fractional portions of hours.

It is the five minutes and the ten minutes that are thrown away. What if a man should be skillful in using dollars, but was careless of all the fractional parts of a dollar; could he thrive? The minute here, and the minute there—the ten minutes before breakfast, and the half hour after dinner, the hour at evening, and the whole of Sunday—these are the golden sands which might be collected and transmuted into intelligence and knowledge."

If the history of the majority of the wealthy men of to-day were known, it would be found that they began as poor men, and obtained their start in life by hard work and the practice of rigid economy. It is just as certain that the rich men of the next half century will be the sons of the working men of to-day. The most difficult part to obtain of a fortune is the first thousand dollars, but a man who has self-denial enough to save that, finds it less difficult to add to it.

A practical journalist says, very pertinently: "What is the reason, then, that of a thousand men starting alike in life, a score or so will accumulate wealth and the others remain poor? Simply, because the few learn early that they can't eat their cake and have it too. They work steadily, form good habits, and save something of their earnings, be they ever so small. Their more generous and free-handed companions despise them, call them mean and stingy, and spend their own money as fast as they earn it to show their contempt for all such close-fisted economies. No amount of legislation can make the spendthrift a rich man, and all cheap schemes to make the lot of men equal are the veriest quackeries. If there was a general distribution every ten years, the end of each decade would witness nearly the same inequality as now. The most that legislation can do is to make every man equal before the law, and leave him to make what he can of himself. If he spends his money as fast as he gets it, there is no justice in making the man who saves part of his as he goes along divide with him."

The working man, like every other man, is the builder of his own fortune. He needs courage and hopefulness, for it is of no use to settle down repining at his lot, and despairing that he can ever improve it. The world is open to him, as to all others, and thousands who have been in his condition, have reached the highest success.

Andrew Carnegie, the wealthy iron manufacturer, was

but an errand boy when he began his career; Cornelius Vanderbilt was a barefooted urchin who was glad to carry passengers in his ferry-boat for a small pittance, and thousands of the leading men of the world have had humble beginnings. We need to go back to the gospel of old-fashioned honesty, industry and frugality, which Franklin so admirably set forth in his day, and then the perplexing question of labor and capital would be solved. The laborer would then very soon merge into the capitalist, and the day of deadly feuds and envious complaining would soon pass forever away.

“Rise from your dreams of the Future,
Of gaining some hard fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield.
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!);
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as To-day.”

ALL LABOR HONORABLE.

IT is related of President Tyler, that soon after his presidential term of office expired he was elected by his political opponents to the office of road master in the little village in Virginia where he lived. This they thought would annoy him and expose him to ridicule and scorn. But the ex-President accepted the office and entered upon its duties with such energy, and was so vigilant in seeing that the men worked out their road taxes, that he was asked to resign. He replied, "Gentlemen, I never refuse an office, and never resign." He thus gave a noble rebuke to that class who hold honest labor in contempt.

Said Beecher, "Men seem ashamed of labor; and often you will find men who have made themselves respected by labor, have built up a business and amassed a fortune, who turn to their sons and say, 'You shall never do as I did; you shall lead a different life; you shall be spared all this.' Oh, the rich men's sons! They aim to lead a life of emasculated idleness and laziness. Their parents toiled and grew strong; built up their forms of iron and bone; but denying all this to their sons, they turn them upon the world boneless,—simple gristle, and soft at that."

In most of the royal families of Europe the sons are required to learn trades; so, if political revolutions come, they are prepared to be independent of fortune or place. The Emperor of Prussia learned the trade of a glazier, his son was apprenticed as a type setter, and his grandson as a book binder. What noble examples are these to those young men who look upon manual labor as degrading, and think it a disgrace to soil their hands by lowly toil. They crowd the professions, or stand behind the merchant's counter, and with pompous airs sneer at the more humble toilers as the "lower class." A sturdy advocate of labor has said: "The lower class,—who are they? Are they the toiling millions, the laboring men and women, the farmer, the mechanic, the artist, the inventor, the producer? Far from it. These are nature's nobility—God's favorites—the salt of the earth. No matter whether they are high or low in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicuous or humble in position, they are the 'upper circle' in the order of nature, whatever the fictitious distinction of fashionable society. It is not low; it is the highest duty, privilege, pleasure, for the great men and whole-souled women to earn what they possess, to work their way through life, to be the architects of their own fortune. Some may remark the classes we have alluded to are only relatively low, and in fact the middle classes. We insist that they are absolutely the very highest. Is there a class of beings on earth who may properly be denominated low? If

so, it is composed of those who consume without producing, who dissipate the earnings of their fathers or relatives, without laboring or doing anything themselves."

It is related that, during the Revolutionary War, a squad of men were sent to raise some heavy timbers on certain military works. As this was a difficult undertaking, the timbers went up but slowly, and the commander urged the men constantly by his shouts, though he did not help to lift any himself. An officer not in uniform was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and help a little. The latter, astonished, said: "Sir, I am a corporal!" "You are, are you?" replied the officer; "I was not aware of that." Upon this he dismounted, and lifted at the timbers till the perspiration stood in drops on his forehead, and, after the work was finished, he turned to the commander of the squad, and said: "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was paralyzed with shame and mortification, for the officer was General Washington.

What would the world be without labor, but the seat of barbarism?

As some one has remarked: "Suspend labor, and where are the glory and pomp of earth,—the fruit, fields and palaces, and the fashioning of matter for which men strive and war? Labor,—which makes

music in the mines, and the furrow, and the forge,—oh, scorn not labor, you man who never yet earned a morsel of bread! Labor pities you, and laughs you to scorn. You shall pass to dust, forgotten; but labor will live on forever, glorious in its conquests and monuments.”

The following story has been told of a distinguished French nobleman, who, during the dark days of the revolution, was compelled to flee, and sought refuge in London:

Being reduced to want, he called upon a famous singer, with whom he was acquainted, and said: “I cannot stoop to beg or borrow from any mortal. Formerly, as amateur, I was fond of copying music; I would be glad to do it now for a livelihood. Cannot you obtain work for me, as you would for any copyist? I can content myself with simple fare, and a single bed-room.”

His request was granted; and day after day, and from early until late, did he toil, allowing himself no rest until evening came, when he would appear at the concert, in full dress. It was said, that no one, seeing his noble form and fine bearing, would have thought that during the day he was a laborer for wages.

A sensible business man once gave to young men this advice, which, although in homely, plain words, is full of practical meaning. He says: “A young man ‘that works for his board,’ no matter what honest work he does, has no reason for shame. A young man who

eats the bread of idleness, no matter how much he has, is disgraced. All men starting in life ought to aim, first of all, to find a place where they can earn their bread and butter,—with hoe, axe, spade, wheelbarrow, curry-comb, blacking-brush,—no matter how. Independence first.

“The bread and butter question settled, let the young man perform his duty so faithfully as to attract attention, and let him constantly keep his eye open for a chance to do better.

“About half of the poor proud young men, and two-thirds of the poor discouraged young men, are always out of work. The young man who pockets his pride, and carries a stiff upper lip, need not starve, and he stands a chance to become rich, if he cares to.”

All honor, then, to the guild of labor, which has lifted up the world from savagery and barbarism to the heights of material prosperity and advancement. Happy will be that country where it is crowned with dignity, and woe will it be to the land where it is held in contempt.

HOW TO DO THE MOST WORK.



ONE of the most necessary things for us to learn, if we would succeed in life, is how to use our powers to the best advantage. In order to do this we should adopt some system of work for our guide.

One writer has said: "We should do as much as our powers will reasonably permit, and to do this we should live and act under the regulations of a system. System is the moral shuttle that weaves moments into the productive web of life. It is the power which harnesses human nature to its task and drives it at full speed. Within certain limits, the more a man has to do, the more he will do. Human powers are not unlike a well filled sponge, yielding products in proportion to the pressure applied to it; and system gives this pressure. The culture of the mind and heart is a work of time, and is a work of an indefinite number of little processes, each important in its place, and all ministering to the final result. It takes a good many thousand blows to make the marble speak."

Half the energy of life is wasted in not knowing what to do first,—in hesitating and dallying, and but half accomplishing what is undertaken. The mind is

perplexed and distracted by indecision, and thus loses its power to labor effectively.

Some one gives this advice: "Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Walk, play, study—whatever it is—take hold at once and finish it up squarely and clearly; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And, if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, listen to a secret. Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line." It is an excellent rule to take a survey of the work of the coming day and lay plans for its accomplishment. In this way we shall be more likely to do that first which is of the greatest importance, and avoid confusion and waste of time.

The ability of the venerable historian, George Bancroft, to perform such a remarkable amount of literary work to such a protracted age, is owing, we are told, to his steady and systematic methods of thought and study. It is said of his personal habits, that "He has always been an early riser, and for twenty years, or more,

has been in the habit of working an hour or two before breakfast. Breakfasting at half-past eight o'clock, he goes into his library at half-past nine o'clock, and works regularly until three o'clock, with a short intermission for lunch. Then he drops his manuscript and memoranda, and, putting a mark in his thoughts, forgets care and labor for the remainder of the day."

The old story of the man who carried a calf every day until the calf became an ox, is an apt illustration of how labor increases our capacity for labor. It is usually the busiest men who find time for more business and greater enterprises.

Some one asked Lavater how he found so much strength of mind and power of endurance to carry on his literary work, and his studies, and to visit the sick and attend to the wants of the poor. He replied: "My friend, man rarely wants the power to work when he possesses the will; the more I labor in the discharge of my duties, so much the more ability and inclination to labor do I find within myself."

But not only do we require system in our methods of labor, but we need periods of rest and relaxation. It is short-sighted policy if we allow ourselves to overtask our powers of endurance and transgress the plainest laws of life. Especially is this true in the non-observance of the Sabbath, which comes with its rest and calm to repair the waste of the week.

The most eminent authorities concur in the opinion that one day in seven is absolutely requisite to man

and beast to restore the jaded powers and revive the exhausted system.

An eminent business man said, after passing through a period of financial peril: "I should have been a dead man had it not been for the Sabbath. Obligated to work from morning till night, through the whole week, I felt on Saturday afternoon as if I must have rest. 'It was like going into a dense fog. Everything looked dark and gloomy, as if nothing could be saved. I dismissed all and kept the Sabbath in the good old way. On Monday it was all bright sunshine. I could see through, and I got through. But had it not been for the Sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been in the grave.'"

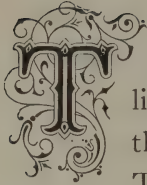
There is rest, too, in change of employment. In the words of Goethe:

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career,
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere."

When Robert Moffatt, the veteran missionary in Africa, was translating the Bible into the language of the natives, he found great relief from the intense mental strain of his formidable task by working hard at the anvil, or with the saw and hammer.

With systematic methods of labor, and due attention to the laws of our physical well-being, we may expect that cheerfulness and hope will be our companions, and these will prevent that friction and worry which wears away our powers far more than any bodily toil.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.



THE Crimean war, with its appalling loss of life and treasure, and in which were engaged the four great powers—England, France, Turkey, and Russia,—in fierce conflict, grew out of the refusal to give up a key. A shrine in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, was claimed by the Greek church, who locked it up and declined to surrender the key. This made angry the Latin church, and the controversy became so warm that Russia stepped in as the patron of the Greek church, and France of the Latin church, and the complications increased. Russia demanded of Turkey that some repairs be made to the church, which Turkey refused, and as England had been in the habit of helping the Turks, she took their side, and drifted into an alliance with France against Russia. From that trifling and contemptible beginning came the dreadful charge of the “Six Hundred,” the costly assault of the Malakoff, the destruction of thousands of brave men, who died like dogs in the trenches before Sevastopol, and the hideous slaughter of many desperate battles.

Such are the little turning points in the history of the world, on which hinge such great movements and

momentous results. Columbus saw a piece of drift-wood, and it led to the discovery of a New World. Galvani noticed the twitching in a frog's leg when two metals were placed upon it, and to that fact we owe the galvanic battery.

About half a century ago, a traveler stopped to rest at a little country tavern in the North of England. While there the letter carrier came with a letter for the landlady, who took it and examined it for a moment, and then gave it back, saying that she could not afford to pay the postage on it, which amounted to two shillings. Upon this, the traveler insisted upon paying the postage for her. When the carrier had gone, she confessed that there was nothing in the letter, but that she and her brother, who lived at a distance, had agreed upon certain marks on the outside, so that each could ascertain whether the other was well. The traveler was Rowland Hill, a member of parliament, and he was at once struck with the need of the people for cheap postage. Within a few weeks he introduced a plan into the House of Commons to secure that result, and from that little circumstance grew the system of cheap postage.

Samuel Williston, the founder of Williston College, in early life was very poor, and his wife made his clothes. On one occasion she sent for some buttons, but she objected to the price because she thought she could make them cheaper. So she got a button mold, and succeeded so well in making them, that her hus-

band thought they were better than those offered for sale, and that they would sell. They began to make them by hand, and afterwards by machinery, and from this feeble beginning was built up an enormous business and a great fortune, a large part of which was given for educational and charitable uses.

The method of refining sugar with clay is due to the fact that a hen, which had made an excursion over some moist clay, then walked over some brown sugar, when it was noticed that the sugar had been whitened in her tracks.

The discovery of the important art of lithography was made by a poor musician, who thought that he would try the experiment of etching music on stone instead of copper; and tinted paper was first made by the wife of the paper-maker accidentally dropping her blueing bag into the vat of pulp. The important discovery of using vegetable fiber in the manufacture of paper, was made by a paper-maker, who, in passing through a field one day, and thoughtlessly putting a few straws into his mouth, to his surprise noticed they became reduced to a pulp like that from which paper was made. This led to experiments which resulted in the manufacture of paper from straw and other vegetable substances, which by cheapening the cost of paper has so greatly increased the number of books and the spread of literature.

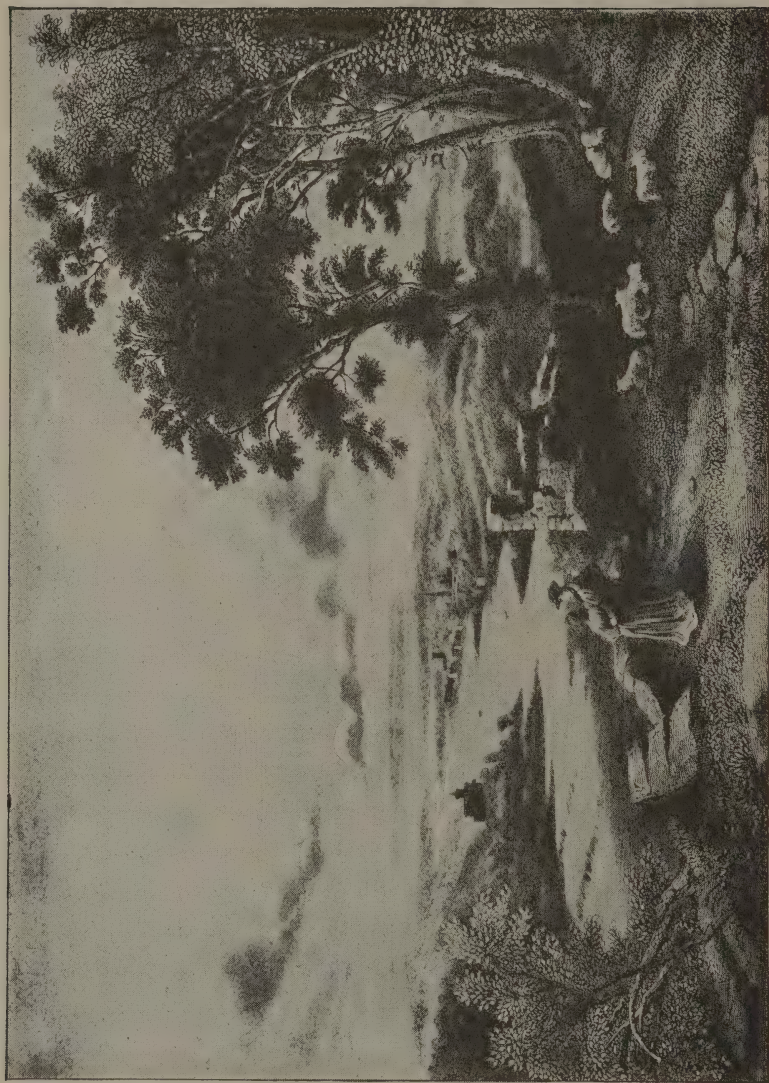
What small beginnings influence life and destiny. The world is indebted to the barking of a dog for

one of the most brilliant divines of this century. An influential English lady lived next door to a Captain Robertson of the British army. The lady had a sick daughter who was disturbed by the barking of his dog, and she requested that it be removed. This was done so cheerfully, that she called to express her thanks, and while there, saw and became interested in his oldest son, who was intended for the army. She perceived that he had great natural gifts, and she introduced him to a clergyman, who influenced him to enter the ministry, and so F. W. Robertson, who was one of the ablest and noblest ministers of his day, was lead into that service through such a trivial event.

General Grant once related a little incident of his boyhood, which shows, in a striking manner, how slight a circumstance turned the current of his life. His mother, being out of butter one day, sent him to a neighbor's to get some. The neighbors were reading a letter which they had just received from their son at West Point, stating that he had failed to pass his examination, and should come home. Young Grant heard enough to perceive the situation of affairs, and he went at once to the congressman from that district, and obtained a promise that he should go to West Point if the neighbor's son failed. He did go to West Point, and said that because his mother happened to be out of butter, it made him General, and, perhaps, President of the United States. We may go still further, and say that, so far as human judgment can

perceive, from that small beginning resulted the preservation of the Union, and thus of our very existence as a nation. Thus do these small beginnings often sway the destiny of lives, of nations, and even of the whole world. Life is such a mystery that even the most trifling occurrences may be momentous in their far-reaching results. How important, then, to watch these small beginnings, that, if evil, we may restrain ourselves from following them, and, if good, that we may make of them helps and stepping stones in the journey of life.

“ A pebble on the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the tender plant
Has warped the giant oak forever.”



DREAMS OF YOUTH.

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

“Keep true to the dream of thy youth.”—*Schiller*.



YOUTH is the season of day-dreams. No architect's brain ever conceived such structures as its air castles; no painter's brush ever portrayed the glory with which the youthful fancy radiates the future. Hope burns brightly, and its light drives away the shadows that would cloud life's sky. It sings the song of the poet:

“All my meadows and hills are green,
And rippling waters dance between—
All my skies are rosy bright,
Laughing in triumph at yester'night.

My heart, my heart within me swells,
Panting and stirring its hundred wells,
For youth is a noble seed, that springs
Into the flower of heroes and kings.”

Youth is also the season of high resolves, of lofty aspirations, of glorious longings. Seldom is there a noble and well-rounded life, but in youth was first fashioned its fair outlines. How often, during the long days of our early years, did our imagination lead us to explore the fairly-land of the future. How often from the school-room did our thoughts leave the

lessons, and all our surroundings, to make daring flights into its realms, and there to lay plans for brilliant victories. And often those day-dreams have proved real presentiments and harbingers of what the after years have unfolded.

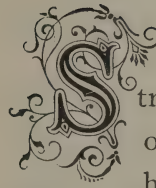
Youth is the season of poetry and romance. Never seems nature so gay and inspiring, and never the heart so attuned to interpret the music of her harmonies.

We need to cherish the dreams and aspirations of youth, for, as has been truly said, "the more prosaic and sordid a man's daily life and occupation, the more he needs outlooks and leadings to a higher life. The more he dwells among things, the greater his need of contact with a spirit greater than mere things; the material life must touch the immaterial."

Forget not, then, the dreams of youth, but rather strive to make life a fulfillment of whatever in them was most beautiful and good; and though the frosts of age may fall heavy on the head, it will be always spring-time in the heart.

"There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again."

DO YOUR DUTY.

AID James Nasmyth, the inventor of the trip-hammer: "If I were to compress into one sentence the whole of the experience I have had during an active and successful life, and offer it to young men as a rule and certain receipt for success in any station, it would be comprised in these words: 'Duty first; pleasure second.' From what I have seen of young men and their after progress, I am satisfied that what is generally termed 'bad fortune,' 'ill luck' and 'misfortune' is, in nine cases out of ten, simply the result of inverting the above simple maxim."

It may seem but a trifling matter to the school boy if he shirks his lessons, or learns them imperfectly; but ten or twenty years later he may fail in the place which he is called to fill, because of his poor work in the school room. It may seem a little thing to the apprentice if he does his work heedlessly and bunglingly; but in after years he is likely to find that his services are not sought for, and that, while others are busy and prosperous, he is compelled to enforced idleness. It may seem natural, and not unreasonable, for

the young professional man to idle away his time in trifling amusements during the early years of his practice; but by and by, when he is called in an emergency, he is not ready for it, and the opportunity for favorable recognition passes by. All these results come from the neglect of duty; not the duty which calls to us with clarion voice, but with a voice so still and quiet that often it is scarcely heard.

Ruskin says: "The thoroughly great men are those who have done every thing thoroughly, and who, in a word, have never despised any thing, however small, of God's making." And it is said by another great writer, that "He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause."

The great English admiral, Nelson, just before the great battle of Trafalgar, passed the order to his men: "England expects that every man will do his duty," and with these words ringing in their ears they passed through that desperate contest to victory.

Some one has observed, that "The true hero is the great, wise man of duty,—he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God,—he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor—at the post of duty."

An incident is related of a noble Roman, who, by his devotion to duty, set an example to all the world:

“The Emperor Vespasian commanded a certain Senator not to appear at the Senate, or if he did come, not to say anything the emperor would not approve. To this the Senator bravely replied that, as he was a Senator, it was fit he should appear at the Senate; and if, being there, he was required to give his advice, he must speak freely what his conscience commanded him.”

“‘Then you shall die!’ said the enraged ruler.

“‘I have never professed to be immortal,’ was the reply. ‘Do what you will, and I will do what I ought. It is in your power to put me to death unjustly, and in my power to die consistently.’”

There is one duty ever pressing upon us, no matter what may be our position or circumstances, and that is, to do good to others, so far as lies in our power. Obedience to this duty will fill our lives with blessings, and afford us satisfaction above all else that we may be able to attain.

“What shall I do to be forever known?

Thy duty ever.

This did full many who yet slept unknown.

* * * * *

What shall I do to gain eternal life?

Discharge aright

The simple dues with which each day is rife,

Yea, with thy might!”

— *Schiller.*

DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED.



HAT brilliant genius, Sidney Smith, said, "that a great deal of talent is lost to the world, for the want of a little courage." It might be said, with equal truth, that a great deal of labor is also lost to the world, and thousands fall short of success in their purposes for want of a little courage. Discouragement is a canker which would eat out the heart of great endeavor, and so long as it is allowed to remain, it will weaken all powers of action.

Said that wise old philosopher, Seneca, "We are sure to get the better of fortune if we but grapple with her, but if we have not the courage and resolution to grapple, then we are soon overcome." "Nothing is impossible to a man who can will. This is the only law of success," we are told by Mirabeau. Skillful sailors are made by encountering perils and storm, and so strong men are made strong by overcoming great obstacles. Said John Neal: "A certain amount of opposition is a great help to man. Kites rise against, and not with the wind. Even a head-wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm." When we feel creeping over us the lethargy of discouragement we can do nothing better than to consider what has been done by others, who were be-

set by as great difficulties as those which we are called upon to encounter.

Charles O'Connor, the famous New York lawyer, when eight years old, was an office boy and paper carrier, and often was out all Saturday night on his route. At seventeen he was an errand boy in a lawyer's office, and borrowed books and read them at night by the light of a tallow candle. He was admitted to practice law at twenty-four, but he worked hard until he was thirty, before his ability was recognized. It is said that he worked as faithfully at the humblest case as if it involved thousands of dollars.

George Peabody, the great London banker and philanthropist, said, in an address at the old home of his boyhood: "Though Providence has granted me unusual and unvaried success in the pursuit of fortune in other lands, I am still at heart the humble boy who left yonder unpretentious dwelling. There is not a youth within the sound of my voice whose early opportunities and advantages are not very much greater than were my own, and I have since achieved nothing impossible to the most humble boy among you."

Daniel Webster's father was a farmer, and Daniel was sent to the log school-house whenever he could be spared from work. It is said that he read and studied at every opportunity, and that while assisting his father at a little saw mill, he always had some book with him, which he eagerly devoured as the saw was passing through the log.

At a meeting of the stockholders of a railway corporation in Boston, there were present two gentlemen, one considerably older than the other, and during an interval of business the younger proceeded to tell a story. Nearly fifty years before, he said, he was thrown upon the world to make his living, and when but a young boy he was employed in a hardware store, at a salary of seventy-five dollars a year, to do chores. One day, after he had been there about three months, his friend (pointing to the elderly gentleman) came in and bought a large bill of hardware, as he was to be married the next day, which he, the speaker, undertook to deliver on a wheelbarrow. The load proved heavy enough for a young mule, and when he struck a mud road, he tugged and toiled, but could not move the load. Finally, a drayman came along, and, on promise of a small payment, delivered the load at its destination. He went on to say how carefully he counted the articles as he delivered them, and how gleefully he whistled back with the empty barrow, thinking of his triumph over difficulty. And now, said he, to the moral. A merchant, who had watched his struggles and his carefulness, sent for him the next day and offered him, as a reward for his industry and cheerfulness under difficulty, a five hundred dollar clerkship in his establishment. Said he: "I accepted, and now, after nearly half a century has passed, I look back and say, 'I wheeled myself into all I own,' for that reward of perseverance was my grand stepping stone to

fortune." The incident which he narrated teaches us that we do not know who may be watching our struggles, and noting whether we are earnest and striving, or careless and indolent, and that out of comparatively trivial occurrences may grow results which will be turning points in our lives.

Nathaniel P. Banks, who, as orator and statesman, has taken a front rank among the leading minds of his day, worked in a mill when fourteen years of age, and afterwards became a machinist. With but meagre advantages he became an intense student of history, pursuing his studies diligently at night and during leisure moments, and wasting no time in dissipation. It was his boast that he graduated at a university which had a water-wheel at the bottom and a bell on the top.

Isaac Rich, who founded an influential university in Boston, went to that city when an ignorant boy eighteen years old, and with but three or four dollars in his pocket. He set his wits to work to know what to do, and as he was looking around on the wharves very early one morning, the bright idea came to him to set up in the oyster trade; so he bought three bushels of oysters, got a piece of board, a few small plates, iron forks and a pepper box, hired a wheelbarrow and wheeled his oysters three miles, near a market where he put up his sign, and sold his oysters at a profit. This he repeated every morning, going as early as three o'clock for his supplies, until he had saved one

hundred and thirty dollars. With this he bought a horse and wagon, and started the business out of which he made an immense fortune.

Samuel Drew, the English essayist, whose work on the "Immortality of the Soul," gave him a reputation as a close thinker and able metaphysician, when a boy was very poor, and at eight years of age was placed at work for three half-pence a day. Afterwards he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, where he endured many hardships. After a time, by the severest struggles, he began business as a shoemaker for himself, and often while working at his trade he pursued his studies with a book beside him. Much of his literary work was done in the midst of the noise and distractions of his large family.

It is said of St. Isadore of Spain, that, when a youth, he became discouraged, and ran away from school. In his flight, he sat down to rest by a spring, and there observed, that although the water fell drop by drop, yet it had made a deep impression in a large stone. Seeing what little drops of water could do, by falling constantly on the hard rock, he was encouraged, went back to his lessons, and by diligent application he became one of the most learned men of his age.

Arago, the celebrated mathematician, ascribed his success to words which he found written on the paper cover of a book, which he read when greatly discouraged. The words were: "Go on, sir; go on. The difficulties you meet with, will resolve themselves as

you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn, and shine with increased clearness on your path." Do not be discouraged, if you have failed in your plans. Many have failed before you, whose failure was but the precursor of a grand success in another direction.

Peter Cooper, the great millionaire and philanthropist, failed as a hat maker, locomotive builder, and grocer; but as often as he failed, he tried again, until, at last, such success crowned his efforts that he was able to give away a million dollars for charitable purposes.

Horace Greeley failed in several ventures before he founded the New York *Tribune*, and made it worth a million of dollars. Patrick Henry succeeded in nothing which he undertook, for a time, but at last he made himself one of the foremost orators of his age and country.

Stephen A. Douglas was a furniture maker and school master long before he became the "Little Giant" in Congress.

J. G. Holland, the poet, novelist and editor, conducted a traveling photographic establishment, and tried several other vocations, before he dropped into his true place, and became successful in literary labor.

It is the man who has the grit to try again and again, who will at last breast the angry tide of disaster, and ride triumphantly into the haven of well-earned success.

Do not become discouraged, though you have failed to become eminent in your calling, and to attain the

highest place. Mrs. Charles, the gifted authoress, says: "The world would be very poor in music if all the second best was left out. We should have no choruses, only one or two great solos now and then. I think one great lesson in humility is, to do our very best when we know it can only be second best." The greater part of the world's labor must be done in obscurity, and consists of drudgery; but it is as essential that this drudgery be done, and well done, as that the highest achievement of genius and intellectual power shall blossom out to make the ages glad with its beauty and worth.

In the words of a sensible writer, "Vigor, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose,—these carry the day. Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That man never fails. Let it be your first study to teach the world that you are not like wood and straw,—that there is some iron in you. Let men know that what you say, you will do; that your decision once made, is final,—no wavering; that once resolved, you are not to be allured or intimidated. Acquire and maintain that character."

Then take courage, all ye desponding and fearful ones; keep heart, and with renewed hope apply yourselves to your work in life with greater patience and zeal, feeling assured that in the fullness of time you, too, shall reap your reward.

PUSH.

THAT brilliant thinker, Edmund Burke, gave utterance to this reflection: "There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within reach of an informed understanding, and a well directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us that He has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world."

But notwithstanding the great storehouse of Nature and of life contains all that we may need or desire, yet it still remains for us to reach out and secure it for our own use; and this calls for a resistless, impelling force within ourselves.

Says Donald G. Mitchell, "There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and industry," and multitudes of examples from real life might be cited to verify the statement.

A person who attended, many years ago, a Methodist camp meeting in Ohio, relates this incident: In the course of the services an awkward and ungainly looking young man rose to speak. With clumsy gesture and confused utterance he at first addressed the audience, but as he went on he grew eloquent, and before he closed all were thrilled by his nervous and

impassioned oratory, and were asking "Who is he?"

He was a young man who fitted himself for the ministry by his own energy, and afterwards became known to the world as Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Josh Billings says: "Energy is what wins; menny men fail to reach the mark bekause the powder in them ain't proporshuned to the lead."

Talents and strength are next to useless without determination and perseverance; it is the pluck which faces the odds and makes the most of the strength which it has, which wins the greatest success in this life."

It is related that when Anthony Trollope, the novelist, was a young man, he went to a distinguished person to consult him as to how he could best succeed in literature. The advice was: "Fix yourself to your seat with a bit of cobbler's wax;" in other words, "stick to work." The advice was taken, and from that time he performed his regular amount of labor, assigning himself so many words for his day's task.

The following narrative of one whose life was spent in a great and noble work, finely illustrates what can be accomplished in spite of seemingly insuperable obstacles, by an earnest purpose, and by steady, invincible push:

"The Rev. Dr. William Carey, who was the originator of the Baptist Missionary Society of England, and the great pioneer of mission work in India, was born in

obscurity. His father was a poor man, and could afford him but little assistance. At an early age he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and even after he was licensed to preach, in consequence of his poverty he continued to work at his trade. Notwithstanding the difficulties which surrounded him, he was diligent in the improvement of his mind, and embraced every opportunity which presented itself for the acquirement of useful knowledge.

“When he first proposed his plans to his father, in reference to his great missionary work, he replied:

“‘William, are you mad?’ And ministers and Christian people replied to his proposition, ‘If the Lord should make windows in heaven, then might this be.’

“What was the secret that enabled the shoemaker’s apprentice to become one of the most distinguished men of the age? What brilliant gift raised him from an obscure position to one of honor and fame as the author of grammars and dictionaries, translations of the Bible, and other books? He either translated or assisted in the completion of twenty-seven versions of the Scriptures, requiring a knowledge of as many languages or dialects.

“He betrays the secret. In giving an estimate of his own character, he speaks of himself with Christian humility, but with full consciousness of the honor put upon him in the wonderful results he had been permitted to achieve. While not laying claims to brilliant

gifts or genius, he says: 'I can plod,—I can persevere.' ”

Cyrus W. Field, the projector of the Atlantic cable, is a notable example of what can be accomplished by an indomitable will. Early in life he failed in business, but started again in New York city, and worked early and late, being his own salesman, book-keeper, cashier, and porter. He carried his dinner in a tin pail, and ate it in his store, no matter who was present. Precise and methodical in his habits, he built up a large business and paid off all his creditors. Then he conceived the grand idea of connecting the old world with the new, by an ocean telegraph. He was laughed at by shrewd men as a visionary enthusiast; experiment followed experiment, and failure followed failure, until it seemed as if the utmost limit of endurance had been reached, but he clung to his bold scheme with the grip of desperation, until at last the glorious triumph came, and the submarine telegraph was added to the long list of wonderful inventions which have made this century remarkable. Who can estimate the value of that great achievement to the civilization of the world?

George W. Bungay, in his "Traits of Representative Men," tells an anecdote of Mr. Field, which illustrates the workings of his irrepressible energy. The bill to incorporate the "Atlantic Telegraph Company," had passed through Congress, and only awaited the signature of President Pierce. One day the President remarked to Thurlow Weed that Mr. Field had called upon him

so often, and urged him so strenuously to sign the bill, that it had become a source of annoyance.

"It is rumored, Mr. President," said Mr. Weed, "that you refused to sign the bill."

"I will sign it," replied President Pierce, "but I will not be *forced* to do it. I shall take my own time for it."

"You do not know Mr. Field," continued Mr. Weed; "he is one of the kindest and best of men; but he is so nervous and so much excited you will kill him by withholding your signature."

"I have no wish to torture the man," said the President.

At that moment the President's private secretary entered the room and announced Mr. Field.

"Pray sign his bill," said Mr. Weed.

"I will," answered the President.

He did so, and said Mr. Weed,—

"I never saw such a change on a man's face, as on Mr. Field's—it was radiant with happiness."

And so "push" won the day, as it usually does, and one of the great corporations of the country was thus inaugurated.

MEN WANTED.

"The world wants men—large-hearted, manly men;
Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong
The psalm of labor and the psalm of love."

* * * *

The age wants heroes — heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of Truth;
To clutch the monster Error by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the era of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in."

IN every age of the world there has been a call for men. It is immaterial from whence they spring, so that they obey the summons, and are ready and able to perform the duty required.

During the war for the Union, there was a time when the fate of the nation seemed to tremble in the balance for lack of a man. There were magnificent armies, admirable equipments, stupendous resources, unparalleled heroism; yet, notwithstanding all these, the nation was covered with dark, impenetrable clouds of disaster and gloom, as with a funeral pall. With all these tremendous forces at command, a man was still wanting,—one who was cool and capable enough to comprehend the bewildering tangle of events, and skillful enough to direct the movements of the great contest.

A modest and silent man dressed in a plain blouse responded, and the scene of Appomattox, and the fame of General Grant was the result.

A mighty continent with great possibilities and teeming millions lay unexplored and almost unknown. The accursed traffic of the slave trade had for generations gone on unchecked, but at length a barren, rocky island answered the call for a man, and David Livingstone went forth to carry light into that benighted region. In time, when he, broken down by privation and disease, was held a prisoner by his weakness in those vast solitudes, and it began to seem that he must be abandoned to his unknown fate, James Gordon Bennett came forth with his money to make search for him, and Henry M. Stanley, whose early home was a Welsh poor-house, was the man who, with indomitable will and courage, braved death in all its hideous forms, and after incredible dangers and privations, found the heroic Livingstone in the very heart of the Dark Continent. Think of the inflexible courage of the man who, after suffering for eleven months in the jungles and morasses of that terrible country, in an unavailing search, could write in his journal, "No living man shall stop me—only death can prevent me. But death—not even this; I shall not die—I will not die—I cannot die! Something tells me I shall find him, and write it larger, *find him*; FIND HIM!" Even the words are inspiring. And he did find him, and brought his journals and precious message back to

civilization to awaken the admiration and astonishment of the whole world. And since then, how has the intrepid Stanley carried civilization and progress into the very home of barbarism, and been largely the means of establishing what may become a mighty and prosperous nation.


A bright boy of fourteen was once working as a boat hand on a canal. He was surrounded by rough, profane men, and bad influences, but he held himself aloof from them, and so escaped their contamination. He had a great thirst for knowledge, and had hoped to obtain a good education, but his father's death had left his mother with four children to provide for, and to help her he had given up his darling ambition to study, and had entered on a life of toil. One night, about midnight, he was aroused from a sound sleep, as his assistance was required on deck. The boat was passing through a lock, and while he was uncoiling the rope, it caught in a notch, and while trying to pull it loose it gave way suddenly, and he fell backwards into the water. He sank twice, and began to despair, as the rope, which he still grasped in his hand, kept uncoiling, but at last it became fast, and he drew himself out. Upon examination he found that it had fastened in the very same notch as at first, and although he tried for a quarter of an hour to fasten it again he could not. Amazed at his deliverance, he threw down the rope and said to himself, "Jim, the Lord thinks you are worth saving. He means you shall live, and

have an education too. Go home and trust Him." This escape he looked upon as a call from God, and soon the way opened for him to begin his studies; and as time went on he was wanted for teacher, preacher, soldier, member of Congress, and at last for President of the United States, and to-day one of the brightest names on the roll of fame is that of James A. Garfield. Such are the men who are wanted, and the world is waiting for them and ready to welcome them. Not that all will be called to high places, for it must be the lot of the great mass of men to perform the drudgery and toil of life; for this must also be done, and men are wanted who will do it faithfully

Some one has said: "The world needs true men everywhere, and never more than to-day. It is indeed a great matter that a man discover the post where he can be most useful; but it is by no means less essential that he cherish in his soul the resolve to be useful, faithful, conscientious, and true, wherever his lot is cast." Young man, *you* will be wanted if you are true, and earnest, and capable. The world has a place for you. Then study to prepare yourself to fill it worthily and acceptably, when you shall be called to occupy.

DECISION AND INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER.

“Either his caution is too much,
Or his desert too small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all.”

APOLEON, who, although a selfish despot had wonderful powers of discernment, said, “True wisdom, in general, consists in energetic determination,” and to that characteristic was largely due his brilliant successes. When the Declaration of Independence was under discussion in the Continental Congress, there were doubts and misgivings, and the House hesitated and wavered. The measure seemed to tremble in the balance, but during this period of indecision a venerable man arose to speak. His face expressed strong determination, and the pallor of age had given place to the flush of patriotic ardor which mantled his cheeks. “There is,” said he, “a tide in the affairs of men,—a nick of time. We perceive it now before us. To hesitate is to consent to our own slavery. That noble instrument upon your table, which insures immortality to its author, should be subscribed this very morning by every pen in the house. He that will not respond to its accents, and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions, is

unworthy the name of a freeman. For my own part, of property I have some, of reputation more. That reputation is staked, that property is pledged on the issue of this contest. And although these gray hairs must soon descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather they should descend thither by the hands of the public executioner than desert, at this crisis, the sacred cause of my country." He then took his seat, and the scale was turned, and the burning words of John Witherspoon had decided the fate of the Colonies. Such are the weighty issues which sometimes depend upon the courage and decision of one man.

When Samuel Davies, then the distinguished President of Princeton College, visited England for the purpose of obtaining donations for that institution, the king,—George III.,—felt curious to hear a preacher from the w lds of the New World. As he listened to him, he became so much impressed by his commanding eloquence that he expressed in loud terms his astonishment and admiration. Dr. Davies, seeing the king was distracting the attention of the audience from the service, paused, and, looking the king full in the face, gave him this forcible rebuke:

"When the lion roareth, let the beasts of the forest tremble; and when the Lord speaketh, let the kings of the earth keep silence."

It is said that "the king instantly shrunk back in his seat, like a schoolboy rapped over the head by his master, and remained quiet during the remainder of the sermon. and sent for him and gave him fifty guineas

for the institution over which he presided, observing at the same time to his courtiers: 'He is an honest man—an honest man.'

An incident is related of Curran, the eloquent Irish lawyer, which shows how his manly independence at one time asserted itself over one of superior station to himself. Early in his career, when he was yet a poor and struggling young lawyer, he was trying a case before a servile and arrogant judge, and in speaking of some statement made by the counsel on the other side, Curran said that he had consulted all his books, and could not find a single case in which the principle under dispute was established. "That may be, Mr. Curran," said the judge, sneeringly, "but I suspect that your law library is rather limited." Curran looked the heartless judge full in the face, and then poured forth, in burning words, this noble retaliation:

"It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance has certainly rather curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of my wealth if I could stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me

the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and notoriously contemptible."

Miss Muloch says: "Wear your own colors, spite of wind and weather, storm or sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to shuffle and twist, than it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground."

An amusing story is told of Ben Jonson, the English dramatist and contemporary of Shakespeare. He was informed that a certain nobleman wished to see him, so he went to his mansion; but, as he was shabbily dressed, the porter, not liking his looks, refused to admit him. The nobleman, hearing a disturbance, was attracted to the door, when the following conversation took place:

"I understood," said Jonson, "that your lordship wished to see me."

"You, friend? Why, who may you be?"

"I am Ben Jonson."

"No, no; you cannot be the great author who wrote 'The Silent Woman!' You look as if you could not say 'boo' to a goose."

The dramatist, looking straight into the nobleman's face, with a comical air, cried, "Boo!"

"I am now convinced," said his lordship. "You are Ben Jonson."

This illustrates the remark that "There are some people whom, to master, you must take them by storm. Hold your own and they will let you have it, perhaps

even respect you the more; but show the slightest symptom of weakness, and they will trample you into the dust."

Gen. Jackson once gave a young man this advice: "When you have something to accomplish, take all the time for reflection the circumstances permit; but when the time for action has come, *stop thinking*."

When Pizarro, in his attempt to conquer Peru, came to a point where fortune seemed to have turned against him, and his men threatened to desert him, a master stroke of decision saved the day. As they were gathered on the shore, anxious to embark for home, Pizarro with his sword drew a line from east to west on the sand. Then turning to his men, he said: "Friends and comrades, on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with all its riches; here Panama and its poverty. Choose each man as becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." At once, one and another of his men followed him, and this was the turning point of the expedition, for although engaged in a cruel and ignoble cause, yet this bold decision resulted in the conquest of Peru.

Some one has said that the most exhaustive work in life is deciding. To hesitate and waver when the occasion demands firmness and decision, usually betokens a pusillanimous nature.

John Bright said of an undecided member of Parliament, "I should be sorry to go bear-hunting with the

gentleman, for if the fight got serious he would go over to the bear."

Indecision of character will enfeeble the best and ablest of men. A writer has drawn this contrast between two of the most eminent men in modern jurisprudence: "Lord Eldon was one of the profoundest and most learned lawyers who ever lived. Yet he had one infirmity that seriously marred his usefulness as a judge,—he was a practical doubter. The extent of his legal learning and the breadth of his mind suggested so many reasons which favored each side of a case, that he hesitated to pronounce a judicial opinion. During the years he was lord chief-justice and lord chancellor, he worked much practical injustice by his habit of having cases re-argued by counsel, and then withholding his opinion for months, and even a year or more.

"Lord Erskine, who succeeded Eldon as chancellor, was his inferior in legal knowledge and in mental power. But he was much preferred as a judge to the great lawyer, for his good sense and prompt decision enabled him to administer justice usefully. Even so great a lawyer as Sir Samuel Romilly said that he infinitely preferred Erskine to Eldon as a chancellor, because his promptness made him useful in the administration of justice, while Eldon's delays made him an obstruction."

The career of Bismarck is an instance of the power of firmness and decision of character, when applied to statesmanship. How often has he carried forward his

measures against strong opposing forces, and shaped by his policy and influence the destiny of the German Empire.

This is an age which calls for the exercise of quick judgment,—not hasty nor ill considered, but wise as well as decisive. An incident has been related of a chamois hunter in Switzerland who fell into a crevice, but by spreading out his arms he broke the force of his fall, and so escaped being dashed to pieces. His only hope then was to follow the channel at the bottom, but at last he came to a place where the stream disappeared in a whirlpool. There was but one possibility of escape, and that was to throw himself into the seething flood, in the hope that he would be carried by the fierce current through subterranean passages into light and liberty again. Accepting the fearful alternative, he cast himself into the angry vortex, and was carried down into its depths, to emerge a few moments later in the sunlight of one of the mountain slopes of Italy. Sometimes in the struggle of life we are confronted by such arduous difficulties and are subjected to such ordeals of trial and temptation that the way before us seems utterly hedged in and dark. There is but one right choice, and that is to follow whatever channel of duty opens to us, no matter how difficult or dangerous it may seem, and then we may be sure that in some way we shall be guided by divine power once more into the light of hope and deliverance.

AN HONEST MAN'S THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.



HERE is nothing the world admires more than honesty, and he who can truthfully lay claim to its possession has the respect and loyalty of all men. Genius may be applauded, wealth be flattered, a high position be honored, and engaging personal qualities may attract and fascinate, but all these without honesty are but as gaudy tinsel,—brilliant and imposing, but deceptive and worthless.

An honest man is he whose guides are conscience and principle, whose motto is the golden rule, and who endeavors to live justly before God and man.

Though a man lose all things beside, yet is he still rich. It was Pope who wrote "let fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us here, so long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence." Every schoolboy in our land is familiar with that noble answer of Henry Clay, to a friend who suggested to him that the policy he had adopted would ruin his prospects for the presidency. "Is it right?" asked Mr. Clay. "Yes," was the answer. "Then," said he, "I would rather be right than president." That noble reply deserves to become a part of the imperishable archives of our country, to be read by every youth in the generations to come. The eloquent states-

man never made a grander speech in all his great efforts on the stump and in the Senate, than those few words, and never stood in such a sublime attitude towards posterity.

When Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury, began to adjust the finances of the country, there were many who were anxious to know his views for the purpose of speculating in the public funds. One of his most honored personal friends, a gallant officer of the Revolution, wrote to him to ascertain, if possible, something of his policy, but not the least intelligence did he disclose, saying that the spirit of the saying with regard to Cæsar's wife, was "applicable to every man concerned in the administration of the finances of his country." He went even further than this, for he prevented his near relatives from making investments in public securities, lest it might be inferred, if their ventures were successful, that he had given them private information. In this way did this wise statesman avoid even the appearance of subserving his own or his friends' interest by his office.

A prominent business man gave this rule to his son, who appealed to him for advice on a perplexing matter: "In doubtful cases," said he, "where the question is between my own interest and that of another I make it a rule to decide against myself."

Could a nobler rule be given to any young man commencing a business career? It involves the loftiest ideal of justice, and most scrupulous sense of honor.

Gen. Reed, of Revolutionary fame, was once approached by a fair lady, who made a suggestion to him, which he took as an attempt to bribe him to turn against the American cause. With indignant scorn, he replied: "Madam, I am poor, very poor; but the king of England has not money enough to buy me." What a contrast to the conduct of the infamous Arnold, who, though a brave officer in the early part of his career, yet at last turned traitor to his country, through his greed for gold and power.

It is through the artful insinuations of self-interest, under such circumstances, that thousands of men are ruined, for nothing is more likely to bias the judgment, and imperceptibly dull the moral perceptions; therefore, we need to look well to duty when self-interest comes in conflict with it.

When Kossuth sought the protection of the Turkish Sultan, he was urged to renounce Christianity, and to embrace the religion of Mahomet. If he complied, he was promised wealth and a high position; if he refused, his life might be forfeited. In this terrible trial, his noble answer was: "Welcome, if need be, the axe or the gibbet; but evil befall the tongue that dares to make to me so infamous a proposal."

Such was the ordeal which tested the moral qualities of this remarkable man, and proved him a hero, aside from the renown of military leadership.

When Fabricius, a Roman senator, was offered a large bribe to turn against his country, he replied:

"My little field, poor and unfertile as it is, supplies me with all that nature requires. You shall, if you please, keep your riches to yourself, and I will keep my poverty and my reputation."

The reply of the Chinese emperor, in regard to granting a license for the traffic in opium, is equally commendable, and although a heathen, yet he displays a noble sense of justice. Said he: "It is true I can not prevent the introduction of the poison. Gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people."

Old Andrew Marvel, the English poet, was a Member of Parliament in the time of Charles II. One day the king entertained him, and was so delighted with his company that on the next day he sent his Lord Treasurer to find Marvel's lodgings. The poet was found busily writing in his humble room up two pair of stairs, and when informed by the messenger that the king had sent to inquire what he could do to serve him, and offered him any place at court which he would be pleased to accept, the poet returned thanks, but sent word back to the king that he could accept no place with honor, as he could be neither ungrateful to him, by accepting his gifts, and then voting against him, nor could he betray his country. The Lord Treasurer then stated that the king had ordered a thousand pounds for him, and assured him that he would be freely given whatever he asked. But Marvel's

patriotism was incorruptible, and all solicitations to accept favor were resisted.

Bernard de Pallissy, the famous French potter, was a Huguenot, and was told one day by the French king, Henry III., that he should be compelled to give him up to his enemies unless he changed his religion. Pallissy had a courageous soul, and made this undaunted reply: "You have often said to me, sire, that you pitied me; but as for me, I pity you, who have given utterance to such words as, 'I shall be compelled.' These are unkingly words; and I say to you in royal phrase, that neither the Guises, nor all your people, nor yourself, are able to compel a humble manufacturer of earthenware to bend his knee before statues." The intrepid inventor was allowed to live notwithstanding his fearless rebuke, and he stands as an illustrious example of unshaken integrity in time of trial.

One of the most noble examples in history of unswerving fidelity to duty, is that of Sir Thomas More. He was a great favorite with Henry VIII., who made him High Chancellor of England. It was the desire of the king that his divorce from the queen and his marriage with Anne Boleyn should be approved by More, but rather than justify such conduct, he resigned his office. The king then demanded that he should acknowledge him as the head of the church in a public manner, and attest it by an oath, but More firmly refused, although he well knew from the temper of his royal patron, that his life would be the price of his re-

fusal. He was sent to the Tower of London, and there his wife and friends endeavored to persuade him to obey the king's command, but he held fast to his integrity, and met death with cheerfulness and courage, saying to the executioner: "Thou wilt do me this day a greater benefit than any mortal man could give me. Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office;" and so perished one of the purest and best public men of any age, a martyr to his convictions of duty. Such was the esteem in which he was held, that when the Emperor Charles V. of Spain heard of his execution, he said: "Had we been master of such a servant, we would rather have lost the best city of our dominions, than have lost such a worthy counselor."

A little more than half a century ago, in a home near Boston, there lived a poor boy, who by diligent application to study and reading during leisure moments, was trying to fit himself to rise in life. His father was a drinking man, but the boy signed the pledge, and when he grew up took a decided stand on the temperance question. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and although he was obliged to work early and late, it is said that he found time to read one thousand volumes, and so well informed did he become in public affairs that he was encouraged to address political meetings. He was then sent to the legislature and afterward was sent to Washington with a petition to present to Congress. While there, a distinguished

son of Massachusetts, an ex-president, invited the young statesman to dinner, and, during the repast, he filled a glass with wine, and turning to his visitor he asked him to drink with him. The modest young man was much embarrassed; every eye was upon him; he disliked to refuse his honored host, and yet could not break his pledge, and so, trembling with confusion, he at last stammered out: "Excuse me, sir; I never drink wine." It seemed a little thing to refuse a glass of wine, and yet under such circumstances, it was a very unusual thing, and so the papers sent an account of the affair to every corner of the land. The people said: "Here is a man who stands by his principles. He can be trusted," and he was sent to Congress, then to the Senate, and at last elected Vice-President of the United States. Such was the loyalty to principle which brought Henry Wilson to the foremost places in public life.

An incident is related of Lincoln which illustrates how firmly fixed in early life was the principle of sterling honesty, which distinguished his entire public career. When a young man he was the postmaster in a small western town, and was very poor. When the agent came from Washington to collect the amount due to the general office, a friend who knew of Lincoln's reduced circumstances, kindly called on him and offered to loan him the money. Lincoln thanked him, but declined the loan. While they were together the agent came in, and the postmaster went to a desk, took out an old

stocking filled with coin, and emptied it out on the table. Upon counting it it was found to be exactly the amount due, and was the identical money which he had received. Said he, "I never use money that belongs to other people," and it was the knowledge of such strict honesty that gave him later in life the name of "Honest Old Abe," which was adopted by the people, and swept over the country like wildfire during his exciting presidential campaign.

The man who acquires a reputation for spotless integrity, is free from many of the temptations which entrap the irresolute. Some one has aptly illustrated this truth by relating the following: "When I was a boy, I took a hatchet and went into the woods. When I found a tree straight and solid, I did not touch it, but when hollow or crooked, I soon had it down. So the devil does not touch men who are straight and true, but those that lean, and are hollow inside." This comparative security from temptation, and the mental quiet resulting from it, is one of the rewards of integrity, and it is a priceless boon.

Many years ago, a traveler passing through the Southern States, saw at a slave auction a bright, fine-looking young colored boy, who was about to be offered for sale. A kind-hearted man, who became interested in him, went up to the boy and asked him whether he would be honest, if he should buy him. The poor slave turned upon the man a look that baffled description and replied, "I will be honest whether

you buy me or not." Under that dark skin beat a heart as true to its convictions of right as the needle to the pole.

O, the grandeur of innate honesty! of being just what you appear to be, of doing as you would be done by, of regarding your word as good as your bond, of resisting all the approaches of wrong-doing as Gibraltar resists the furious surges at her base, of possessing the confidence and esteem of all about you,—can anything be more worthy of emulation, or more fruitful of happiness? This glorious integrity of character is not the growth of a day, nor the result of mere impulse, but it is the product of fixed principle to do right, and of long years of patient well-doing. Yet, it is like a beautiful structure, slowly and carefully reared day after day and year after year by patient and continuous effort, but which may be leveled to the earth and completely destroyed by one fatal shock. Truly has it been said, "that when once a concealment, or deceit, has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as day, confidence can never be restored any more than you can restore the bloom to the grape or plum that you once pressed with your hand." Integrity is a priceless jewel, and like all jewels, it needs to be carefully guarded, lest in some unguarded moment it be lost. Then labor to obtain it; and watch ceaselessly to preserve it, for it is of more value than gold, sweeter than fame, more enduring than renown, and more precious than life itself.

BE CONTENT.

Our content is our best having.

Shakespeare.



WE live in an age of unrest. The great mass of mankind are eagerly striving after something which they have not, instead of enjoying and making the most of that which they have. They are like the farmer, about whom the late Thaddeus Stevens used to tell this story: "My friend," said he, as he noticed what an unusually fine crop of corn was growing in the farmer's field, "this is truly magnificent. There is nothing left to be desired in your corn yield this year." "W-e-l-l," responded the farmer, guardedly, "it is purty fair, purty fair; but,—there might be a few more cunnels—just a few more cunnels,—at the end of the cob."

The poor are longing to be rich, and the rich desire to add still more to their wealth; and so discontent seems to pervade every condition of society.

Bulwer says: "Some men, with ten thousand dollars a year, suffer more for want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand dollars, and by habit he spends twelve or fifteen thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid

debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and does not run in debt, is the happiest of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true as God's word. There are people, of course, who are wealthy, and enjoy their wealth, but there are thousands, with princely incomes, who never know a moment's peace, because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich."

It has been remarked, with truth, that "Nature is a great believer in compensations. Those to whom she sends wealth, she saddles with lawsuits and dyspepsia. The poor never indulge in woodcock, but they have a style of appetite that converts a number one mackerel into a salmon, and that is quite as well."

Said Sir William Temple: "A restlessness in men's minds to be something they are not, and to have something they have not, is the root of all immorality."

The oft-repeated incident of the conversation between John Jacob Astor and a friend, who had congratulated him on the possession of such immense wealth, and the happiness it must afford him, is significant of much sound practical philosophy.

"My friend, will you allow me to ask you one question?" said Mr. Astor.

"Certainly, sir?"

"Would you be willing to take my property and take the whole charge of it for your board and clothing?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, that's all I get."

Socrates, when passing through the market at Athens, and noticing the many varied and costly articles for sale, said: "How many things there are which I do not want." And so our real wants are but few, and can easily be satisfied if we practice the virtues of industry, sobriety and frugality.

Be content, though your path in life leads only to simple every day duties. Remember that "Whoso is placed of God upon the loftiest heights, is on the verge of the most enshadowed chasms." Said a faithful pastor, "I never began to do good until I found out that God never intended me to be a great man."

Be content, though you are not gifted with genius to win the honors of this world. The man who desires fame for its own sake, pursues a fickle phantom which is not worth the chase. Daniel Webster, whose giant intellectual powers brought to him such honor, bears testimony to this truth in these words: "If I were to live my life over again with my present experience, I would under no circumstances, and from no consideration, allow myself to enter public life. The public are ungrateful. In my own history, those acts which have been before God the most disinterested and least stained by selfish considerations, have been precisely those for which I have been most freely abused."

And again he says: "What is this world without the enjoyment of friendship, and the cultivation of the

social feelings of the heart. For a life consumed in money-making and fame-seeking, I would not give more than eighteen pence, which is seventeen pence, half penny and one farthing more than it is worth."

As it has been said that "the secret of success is to succeed," so it may be said that the secret of contentment is to be content. An old lady whose sharp speech and general discontent with everything had made her an object of pity among her neighbors, was observed to have become transformed in character, and when asked what had brought about the happy change, she replied: "Why, to tell you the truth, I have been all my life striving for a contented mind, and I have made up my mind to sit down contented without it." Contentment finds a home only in thankful hearts.

A poor widow, who had not bedclothes enough to shelter her boy from the snow which sifted down upon him through the cracks of the hovel they called home, used to cover him with boards. "Ma," the little fellow inquired one night, "what do *poor* folks do these cold nights that haven't any boards to put on their children?" What a rebuke is this to the multitudes who are possessed of every comfort, and still repine and rebel against their lot.

"I dare no more fret," said John Wesley, "than to curse and swear. To have persons at my ears murmuring and fretting at everything, is like tearing the flesh from my bones. By the grace of God, I am discontented at nothing. I see God sitting on the throne

and ruling all things." If every one had this spirit what a happy world this would be. But if trials come, and sorrows cloud our lives,—it is a hard lesson to learn, but still pray to be content. "If the sun has gone down, look up at the stars."

It has been said by some writer: "As a gladiator trains the body, so must the mind be trained to self-sacrifice, to endure all things, to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny road as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion, at least, of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind can not be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good." Let us then strive to be content with our lot, whatever it may be,—feeling anxious only to do our duty, and fill worthily every place whereunto God calls us.

DON'T GROAK.

BEWARE of the man who is an inveterate grumbler, for he is to be dreaded like a pestilence. With him nothing is right. The weather is always too wet or too dry, too hot or too cold, or the east wind blows too frequently. If he is rich, he is complaining of his cares, or his poor health, or thinking that every one is trying to cheat him; if poor, then he is sure that his lot is the hardest of any mortal's on the earth, and that all circumstances about him conspire to keep him down. He is less wise than is his faithful dog, for if he saw a single ray of sunshine on the floor he would seek it to enjoy its warmth and brightness.

Says De Witt Talmage: "I said to a man, 'This is a beautiful tree in front of your house.' He answered with a whine, 'Yes, but it will fade.' I said to him, 'You have a beautiful garden.' 'Yes, but it will perish.' I found out afterward that his son was a vagabond, and I was not surprised at it. You cannot groan men into decency, but you can groan them out."

The confirmed croaker is always of the opinion that the world is doomed to destruction, and that things

are fast going from bad to worse. His eyes are fixed so intently on the things of the past that he is blind to the privileges of the present. You often hear him bewailing the degeneracy of the age, and sighing for a return of "the good old times." He forgets that a little more than half a century ago the poet Leigh Hunt, then publishing a newspaper, was fined and imprisoned because he called the uncle of Queen Victoria, then the Prince of Wales, "a fat Adonis;" and that in the days of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, when a man named Dillman was brought before him charged with murder, the judge said: "Your name is Dillman; take away the D and put a K to it and it is Killman; commit him; his name ought to hang him." And with this hideous farce of a trial, the man was committed for murder; and these instances show the manner in which justice was administered in the "good old times."

If misfortune has overtaken you and deprived you of your property or business, if health has failed, friends have forsaken you, and fate done her worst to defeat you, still don't croak. Look up! "The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud."

Some one has said: "If business is dull, work the harder and smile the more. Your neighbors will thank you for it, your wife will thank you for it, your children will thank you for it."

It is impossible to ruin a man who works hard, is always cheerful, and won't believe himself ruined. If

a man imagines every straw that lies in his way an impassable barrier, or, when his path becomes really difficult, sits down on the nearest curbstone and goes to blubbering over his bad "luck," instead of exerting himself bravely and cheerfully to surmount and change the "luck," he can not of course expect to succeed.

An excellent and pertinent illustration was given by a keen-witted Yorkshireman, who had been hearing a neighbor complain of his trials and experiences in a religious meeting. Said he: "I see our brother, who has just sat down, lives in Grumbling street. I lived there myself for some time, and never enjoyed good health. The air was bad, the house bad, the water bad; the birds never came and sang in the street; and I was gloomy and sad enough. But I 'flitted.' I got into Thanksgiving street; and, ever since then, I have had good health, and so have my family. The air is pure, the water pure, the house good: the sun shines on it all day; the birds are always singing; and I am happy as I can live. Now, I recommend our brother to 'flit.' There are plenty of houses to let on Thanksgiving street; and I am sure he will find himself a new man if he will only come; and I will be right glad to have him for a neighbor." Let the mistakes of the past be as warnings for the future, and instead of indulging in useless and unmanly complaints, let us look resolutely on the bright side, and refuse to see any other.

THE WORKER, THE WINNER.



DEPEND upon it, it is the worker who wins the prizes of the world, and not, as many imagine, the lucky man, or the great genius. Indeed, what passes with the crowd as luck or genius, is nothing but hard work—persistent and well directed. “Luck,” says a sprightly writer, “is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eye and strong will, always turns up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six in the morning, and with busy pen, or ringing hammer lays the foundation for a competence. Luck whines; labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; labor on character. Luck slips down to self-indulgence. Labor strides upward and aspires to independence.”

Alexander Hamilton, the greatest genius of his time, with whom Washington counselled while scarcely more than a youth during the revolution, and afterwards gave him the most important place in his cabinet,—this man, perhaps the greatest lawyer and statesman of his day, said on one occasion: “Men give me credit for genius; all the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me; I explore it in all its bearings; my mind becomes pervaded

with it. Then the effect which I make, the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Lord Clarendon, the famous British statesman, who, though tempted to an idle and luxurious life by all the allurements which high social position and great wealth could hold out, was yet a hard worker, remarkable for his indefatigable industry, has truly said: "There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries, and by all nations. It is the philosopher's stone that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers no want to break into his dwelling. It is the northwest passage that brings the merchant's ships as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution."

That gifted and distinguished divine, Dr. Bethune, in speaking of his oratory, said: "People say it is genius, but I tell you, it is hard sweat," and this will apply not only to oratory, but to all departments of human effort.

The biographer of Charles Sumner tells us that "he was destitute of the divine gift of genius, but had, instead, the qualities which make slow conquests, and yet perhaps the most complete and lasting that are made by mankind. He was equipped for infinite toil, and for infinite endurance, and he who is thus prepared for the battle of life, seldom fails to be a victor in the

end." The wondrous stores of learning which this great statesman possessed, the varied powers of his comprehensive mind in so many different fields of thought, his facility in expressing himself in clear, forcible and elegant methods, enlivened by a wealth of illustration and classical allusion, his powers of oratory by which he held at will senates and admiring multitudes,—all these, with his other many-sided gifts and accomplishments, were the result of patience, protracted, persevering toil in moments of leisure, hours of night, and days of solitude.

Daniel Webster attributed his early success at the bar to the fact that he spent in diligent study the hours that other students and young men of his acquaintance spent in amusements, or in bed.

One of the most accomplished statesmen and elegant writers which our country has produced—Edward Everett—said: "When we read the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them almost always celebrated for the amount of labor they could perform. Demosthenes, Cæsar, Henry of France, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon, different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities, were all renowned as hard workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march; how early they rose; how late they watched; how many hours they spent in the field, in the cabinet, in the court; how many secretaries they kept employed; in short, how hard they worked."

That remarkable man, D'Israeli, who raised himself from an obscure position to one of the proudest that can be attained,—that of the Premier of England,—was an indomitable worker. Even at his country seat, where he was supposed to rest from his public labors, he lived almost alone, and spent nearly the entire time in his study, which was a plain room, with worn carpet, and desk and writing materials of the most ordinary description. There he passed most of his time in reading, and writing, and preparing and rehearsing his great speeches.

Turner, the great painter, whose pictures brought fabulous prices, so extraordinary was their merit, was asked by a lady the secret of his success as an artist. He replied. "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

Said Sidney Smith, himself a man of infinite labor in his lifetime, "There is but one method of success, and that is hard labor; and a man who will not pay that price for distinction, had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox."

A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince of New York, once remarked, "No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application."

Labor is the law of our being; there can be no excellence gained without it, and when gained we must still labor to keep it.

The famous pianist, Von Bulow, in speaking of his

wonderful execution, said, "If I stop practicing one day, I notice it myself; two days, my friends notice it; three days, my audience notices it." And so his marvelous skill was only retained by continuous labor.

William B. Astor, the millionaire of New York, wisely brought up his sons to work, early and late, and the result is that while thousands of the sons of rich men who have been maintained in idleness, have gone to ruin, they have escaped. They keep no expensive trotters, nor indulge in costly lunches. They never ride when they can walk. They watch their mortgages, their leases, and themselves.

A gentleman familiar with the manner in which fortunes have been made in the city of New York, said that he could count twenty-nine large manufacturing establishments there, all of which, with one exception, are owned and controlled by men who started out with no capital, but a good stock of energy, ambition, and industry, and that fifteen other establishments are owned and operated by men who first worked for wages in the very factories they own.


Some one has aptly observed that the way to success is the old route of labor, along which are many landmarks and many wrecks. It is lesson after lesson, with the scholar, blow after blow with the laborer, picture after picture with the painter, step after step, and mile after mile with the traveler, that secures what all desire—success. Nor is there a royal road to success in any department of human effort, but all,

prince or peasant, are compelled to follow the old fashioned and well known ruts of severe toil.

In a picture gallery in Europe there may be seen two paintings of the celebrated artist, Rembrandt. One is his first picture, rough and uncouth, as might be expected from any young painter, and revealing none of the touches of a great artist. The other is one of his wonderful masterpieces, painted when at the height of his fame, which shows those wondrous combinations of color, that marvelous conception of his subject, and that astonishing perfection of detail which has made his name immortal as one of the great artists of all time.

Between those two pictures what years of steady, persevering labor! but it shows what work can accomplish, and is an encouraging instance of what continuous toil, a steady determination, and unfailing enthusiasm in one's calling can effect.

NEVER GIVE UP.

NE of our most valuable helpers in fighting life's battles, is that calm persistency of purpose which pushes its way without faltering through the midst of discouragements, or even in the face of the most overwhelming odds. A sudden spurt of activity, or an occasional impulse of enthusiasm, is of little value in carrying forward any great work; it is only the steady, unmovable purpose which wins success.

Thousands of men have been killed by despair, as surely as if a bullet had pierced their hearts, who, could they have summoned courage and hope to their aid, might have risen above the trouble which overwhelmed them.

Every person, in the course of a lifetime, is liable to be visited by some great and unexpected calamity. Perhaps it may be a splendid fortune swept away, bringing sudden transition from affluence to poverty; or some great affliction, which seems to darken for us all life's sky; or it may be some overshadowing trouble, the result of some act of misdoing. Whatever trouble it may be, it comes upon us suddenly, and when least expected.

Such extraordinary trials have sent thousands of men to suicides' graves; others have been staggered by the blow, and, never rallying courage again, have become wholly crushed and disheartened, until life became a lingering death; while others have summoned their powers of resistance, have looked the calamity in the face, and by setting themselves resolutely to the work of overcoming it, have been made stronger by the discipline, and better fitted for the work yet to be done. There is but little hope for a despairing man, for, when the heart has lost its courage, defeat and the abandonment of the field are almost sure to follow.

A young man once went to London to obtain employment, but being unsuccessful, he was reduced to the utmost destitution, and became so desperate in his extremity that he resolved to drown himself in the river Thames. While on his way to execute this resolve, he happened to notice the words, "Never Despair," painted under the coat of arms on the panel of a passing carriage, and the words came to him like a voice from heaven. He became inspired with hope, again sought employment, and in time a way opened to him whereby he became a successful business man.

A story is told of a little barefooted Scotch boy, who applied for work at a large manufactory, but was told that he must first get shoes to wear. So he went to work, and in two months he had earned the shoes, and came back to claim the place offered him; but by this time his first visit was forgotten, and he was again

sent away, on account of his ragged clothing. The brave little fellow did not give up, but again went to work, and in six months he appeared before them once more, in his new suit. But now he was told that he must be able to read and write; and so, for fifteen months longer, he studied diligently at an evening school, until he had fitted himself for the coveted position,—from which he worked his way up until he became foreman of the establishment.

It is said that amongst the Grampian hills in Scotland, there is a rocky headland, called crag Ellachie, and in sight of it the clan Grant built their turf cottages. They adopted as their war-cry, "Stand fast, crag Ellachie," and as soldiers in the British army, they have echoed that battle-shout around the world. Under torrid suns, or in Arctic snows; in the mad charge, or in the wearisome march, that watchword has been their inspiration, and has urged them on to deeds of daring and of noble self-sacrifice. Those talismanic words, "Stand fast," are needed no less in the conflicts of every-day life, to speak courage and cheer in our hours of gloom and discouragement.

At the battle of Waterloo, at the critical moment when the fate of all Europe was at issue, messages were brought to Wellington, that unless a certain part of the army was strengthened, it would be obliged to yield to the terrific onslaught of the French. By all the messengers, the same spirit-stirring words were sent back—"Stand firm." "But we shall all perish,"

remonstrated an officer. "Stand firm," was the only reply of the Iron Duke. "You'll find us there," replied the officer, as he fiercely galloped away; and his words were truer than he thought, for it was found after that fearful conflict, that every man of his noble brigade had fallen at his post. Such was the unconquerable spirit and dauntless heroism, which saved England on that day, and largely decided the fate of all Europe; and such a spirit will win Waterloos for us in the furious onslaughts of trial and difficulty, which at times threaten to overpower us.

Whittier has beautifully written:

"O, never yet upon the scroll
Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,
Hath Heaven inscribed '*Despair*.'"

If we are enchained in its bonds, it is largely of our own choosing.

Fortunately, we have the power to look on either the bright or the dark side of our affairs. Charles Lamb declared that, "A habit of looking on the bright side of things was worth a thousand pounds a year."

Mrs. Charles has said: "It isn't years or griefs that make us old, nor poverty that makes us poor, to my seeing,—but looking down instead of up, and being shut up alone with self, instead of with God." As the darkest hour precedes the dawning of a new day, so do we sometimes find our night of trial and perplexity suddenly cheered by some tokens of coming deliverance.

When Washington saw the snow at Valley Forge stained from the bleeding feet of his half-naked and starving men, and thought of the long struggle already past, and of the future so dark and forbidding,—of Congress refusing supplies for the army,—and of his ranks being rapidly thinned by death and desertions, while complaints and censure filled the air, well might the heart of the great commander have felt paralyzed with despair; but that darkness was soon dissipated by the brilliant victory which assured the success of his cause.

That famous sculptor, Thorwaldsen, after having made great sacrifices to pursue his studies at Rome, at length made a statue of "Jason and the Golden Fleece," which was so severely criticised by his master that he broke it to pieces in a fit of rage and disgust. A second statue of the same subject was made by him, but with this also he was disappointed, and he resolved to forsake his studies altogether, and to leave Rome. While waiting for his passport an English gentleman called at his studio, saw his second statue of Jason, and admired it so much that he voluntarily paid more than the sum asked. This was the turning point in Thorwaldsen's life. He decided to remain at Rome and pursue his studies, and soon was in the full tide of a successful career. How many great men owe their success to their indomitable determination never to give up. Disraeli, the great English statesman, might well have decided to abandon public speaking after he

made such a miserable failure of his first speech in the House of Commons. There is not one man in ten thousand who would have thought of opening his lips there again; but how sublimely did he afterward fulfill the prediction which he made to his sneering auditors, that "the day would come when they would be glad to hear him." The early productions of Tennyson were received with such merciless criticisms that it was enough to have silenced forever the spirit of song within him, but they proved only the stimulus for higher flights and nobler conceptions. When the publishers would have nothing to do with "Vanity Fair," it was enough to have turned Thackeray from the pursuit of literary fame, but he only toiled the harder, until fifteen years of patient labor in obscurity, revealed to the world his greatness. When the committee in the British Parliament, who were considering George Stephenson's railway locomotive, laughed it out of Parliament, and he was looked upon as a monomaniac full of insane delusions upon his favorite hobby, it was enough, after his years of toil and discouragement, to have broken his heart with despair; but how complete was his final victory.

Whatever may be your ambition, if you have a worthy end in view, which you believe it is your duty or privilege to reach, never give up, however full of obstacles may be your path, or far distant the goal. If you are in middle life, or nearing the confines of old age, and have seen your possessions swept from you,

and your heart fails you to begin again at the bottom, where you began in your opening manhood,—still, do not utterly despair. Though you have not the buoyancy of youth, you have what has a greater pecuniary value,—a wealth of experience,—and with this, and a courageous heart, you can still do much to regain your lost fortunes. If you are a parent, and you find your patience and love sorely tried by the obstinacy or obtuseness of your children, do not abandon your efforts, and thus acknowledge your defeat, but continue to labor, and teach, and pray, for yours may be the hand that will hold them back from destruction.

That remarkable woman, Mrs. Susannah Wesley, who was as superior in mental gifts as she was beautiful in person, was one day explaining a lesson to one of her little sons,—which she did with the utmost patience, going over and over it again for about twenty times. Her husband, who was present, was provoked at the boy's apparent dullness, and afterwards said to her: "Why did you spend so much time with that stupid blockhead?" She replied: "If I had stopped at the nineteenth explanation I should have lost all my pains, but the twentieth one made valuable all that I had done." The spirit and patience of the mother bore rich fruit in after years, in the characters of her sons,—John and Charles Wesley.

Many years ago, a boy came one day to a little country school in Massachusetts, who was notorious as one of the worst boys in the place. The teacher resolved

to win him, and, if he could, to make something of him.

The school committee, hearing of the new scholar, came to the teacher and said: "We hear that bad fellow—Bill Marcy—attends your school. Turn him out at once. He will spoil the rest of the boys." "No," replied the teacher, "I will leave the school if you say so, but I cannot expel a boy so long as he behaves well." So he kept his pupil, and so encouraged him and won his confidence, that he became one of the best boys in the school. Afterwards he became one of the most prominent men in the Empire State, and was universally esteemed, and called to fill offices of responsibility and trust. He always gratefully remembered his old teacher, and when he came home from Washington he took pains to call on him and thank him for having been the means of saving him, and making him the man he was.

"The proudest motto for the young!
Write it in lines of gold
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
The stirring words enfold;
And in misfortune's dreary hour,
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
'Twill have a holy, cheering power—
'There's no such word as fail.'"

WORDS TO FARMERS.

A PROFESSIONAL man who had lost his hearing and was thereby much broken down in spirit, was compelled to abandon his profession and settle down on a farm. After ten years of experience, during which he had cultivated about two hundred acres of prairie land, and had saved something every year, besides making a living, he declared that, knowing what he did, if he was to begin his active life over again, he would do what he was unwillingly compelled to do ten years before,—settle down on a farm. His reasons for this opinion contained so much practical truth that they are well worth the consideration of every farmer's son in the land.

Said he: "There isn't much glory on a farm, but you get a good sure living. You are your own master; you can't starve nor be turned out of business; and as far as the work is concerned, in these days of horse-power a man needn't kill himself in farming any more than at any other business. It's brains that win on a farm as well as every where else, and the smart man is going to ride while the stupid one goes afoot, in the cornfield as well as at the bar or in the pulpit."

If the truth of these plain words could have been

realized by the thousands of men who were once owners of farms, but who became dissatisfied, sold out, went into business and lost their means, and now are drifting about helplessly and aimlessly, what misfortunes might they have escaped, and what life-long trouble averted. Many a farmer feeling himself as capable and intelligent as others whom he sees successful in active business, and becoming tired of the monotony of farm life, is tempted to sell his home, and in a few years, with his capital gone and without a trade or occupation, he is left to support his family by the most precarious shifts and devices. No class of men are more pitiable, and but few are exposed to greater trials and vicissitudes. Some lose heart, become utterly discouraged, and resort to dissipation to drown the memory of their mistakes and troubles; others become desperate, cast away self-respect, engage in dishonorable pursuits, and after a time drift into actual crime. From this class sometimes come the politicians whose hands are greedy for bribes, the scheming adventurers ready to devour the weak and ignorant, the tools of unscrupulous men who seek others to do their disreputable work,—in short, they are tempted to go in that dangerous class who have ambitious longings but no hope; luxurious tastes, without the means to gratify them, and keen intellects, but no legitimate field for their activity.

It is interesting to note how many of the greatest and most illustrious of the earth have turned to the

quiet charms of rural life as a tired child seeks its mother's arms.

It has ever been a favorite theme with writers of all ages. Goldsmith, Scott, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, and a host of others vied with each other in singing the praises of country life. Our own poet Emerson wrote:

“O when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines
When the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the love and pride of man,
At the Sophist's schools, and the learned clan.
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?”

Cicero frequently expressed his admiration of rural scenes and enjoyments. He says of agriculture: “In my opinion, there is no happier occupation; not only on account of its great utility to mankind, but also as the source of peculiar pleasures. I might expatiate on the beauties of verdant groves and meadows, on the charming landscape of olive trees and vineyards; but to say all in one word, there cannot be a more pleasing or a more profitable scene than that of a well cultivated farm.

And where else can a man in the last stages of life more easily find warm sunshine, or a good fire in winter, or the pleasure of cooling shades and refreshing streams in summer?”

“I consider it the best part of an education to have been born and brought up in the country,” says Alcott.

Every boy and girl is familiar with the story of that brave old Roman, Cincinnatus, who, when called to save his country from impending danger, was found at the plow; of Diocletian, the noble emperor, who found far more pleasure in cultivating his cabbages than in guiding the helm of State; of Washington, who, after his long and eventful career as a soldier and statesman, returned to the quiet seclusion of country life; of Jefferson, who sought retirement from the perplexities of official life, in the shades of Monticello; of Webster, who turned his steps, as he had his heart, to his estate at Marshfield; of Jackson, seeking like a devoted pilgrim, the hospitable seclusion of the "Hermitage;" and these familiar instances might be multiplied by the hundred, all showing how rural scenes and pursuits possess a peculiar fascination for the greatest minds and most powerful intellects of our own or any other land.

Young man, if you have become restive and dissatisfied with your country home, and think the old farm too tame and dull for your bold spirit, and hear voices far away, luring you to the whirling vortex of a busy city, think of these noble examples who were glad to leave behind the honors they had won, and turn away from the voice of fame to the life which you despise, to the scenes from which you are burning with impatience to hasten away.

Many of the misfortunes which come to farmers arise from bad business methods. There is probably

no occupation carried on where so much waste results from a lack of proper care, and attention to little details.

There is as much need of wise forethought in farming as in any other avocation. How often costly farm machinery is bought on credit, which might be dispensed with by the exercise of a little more manual labor; or, if needed, how often is it left exposed to the elements, to rot and rust, and soon become a total loss.

How often the farmer will, at auction or otherwise, buy things which he does not need, because they are cheap; and this, too, when he goes into debt for them. How often is he tempted to mortgage his farm to buy more land, when he already has all that he can thoroughly cultivate.

How often does he find in the busy seasons, when every moment of time is valuable, that his tools are either lost, or out of order, whereas there was ample time during the winter months to have everything in readiness when it was needed. How often has inexcusable neglect to properly shelter and provide for his stock, dissipated whole years of profits. These are some of the causes which keep thousands of farmers in poverty and debt, and often leads to financial ruin, which might have been averted by the simple exercise of sound judgment and careful discretion.

Another great mistake is made, in that the farmer's life is usually made bare and unattractive. A popular journalist made this observation: "It is a common com-

plaint, that the farm and farm life are not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits, or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties and resources he has; his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dog, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces. Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtue after your day's work is done."

It will be a sad day for the true prosperity of our country when the best brain and intelligence of the land hold in contempt the cultivation and ownership of the soil; for it is to the country that the nation must look for those conservative and renovating forces, which are necessary to perpetuate our government. A sensible writer has given these practical hints to farmers to show them how they can interest their boys, and make a farmer's life and work more attractive to them. He says: "Treat them as partners with you. Give them to understand that they are interested in the success of the farming operations as much as you are yourself.

“Converse freely with them. Get their opinions and give them yours. If at all prudent, make use of their plans, and when you think your own best, explain to them why you do not adopt theirs. Don't keep them altogether in the dark with reference to your plans for the future.

“Don't require them to stay at home in the evenings all the time. When there is any meeting or entertainment from which they might receive benefit, let them go often.

“Provide them with plenty of good books and papers especially referring to agriculture. Let them be well posted in their own business — farming.


“Never scold them because they do not do their work or attend to the business of the farm as well as you do. Encourage them.

“Give them a holiday now and then; they look for it and they need it; it will be better for you and them to let them have it.

“A little rational amusement now and then, such as croquet, cricket, a sail, and a swim, will give variety, health and contentment.”

Is not this a rational method of counteracting the repugnance to life on the farm, which has been alluded to, by making it pleasant and desirable? The true farmer can find on his farm a field for all his skill and intelligence, and with its independent and healthful life, it offers far better rewards than the envied salaried positions, which city life may hold out.

VOICES OF WARNING.

AID a once brilliant man, whose life had been wasted by dissipation: "I had position high and holy. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office, and sent me forth churchless and godless, a very hissing and by-word among men. Afterward my voice was heard in the courts. But the dust gathered on my open books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money ample to meet all responsibilities, but it went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home, adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. The devil crossed its threshold, and the light faded from its chambers. And thus I stand, a clergyman without a church, a barrister without a brief, a man with scarcely a friend, a soul without hopes,—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

What hideous thralldom must that be, which can hold a man when he is so conscious of his bondage.

The following conversation took place between a gentleman and one who had had bitter experience of crime and its penalty:

"You do not look as if you had prospered by your wickedness," said the gentleman. "I haven't pros-

pered at it," cried the man, feelingly. "It is a business that don't pay. If I had given half the time and energy to some honest calling which I have spent in trying to get a living without work, I might be now a man of property and character, instead of the homeless wretch I am." He then told his history, and ended by saying: "I have been twice in state prison, and I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries in my life, but I tell you, *my worst punishment is in being what I am.*"

Gough said: "I have sometimes looked at a bright, beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought that there was a bare possibility he might become a drunkard.

"I was once playing with a beautiful boy, and was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play I said to him:

"'Harry, will you go down with me to the side of the stone wall?'

"'Oh, yes!' was his cheerful reply.

"We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams, that warmed and illumined us, lay upon his porous, greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips, and passed away poisoned; the very swine looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purpose of their being. As I looked upon the poor, degraded man, and then

looked upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eye, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth, and ruby lips, the perfect picture of life and peace,—as I looked upon the man, and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white, and his eyes dim, gazing upon the poor drunkard,—then did I pray to God to give me an everlasting, increasing capacity to hate, with a burning hatred, any instrumentality that could make such a thing of a being once as fair as that little child.”

The earnest temperance reformer was often visited by those whom he sought to rescue from their besetting vice. Among others who called upon him was a young Scotchman, a graduate of Edinburgh University, of whom this incident is related. He was as handsome a man as ever walked the streets, but intemperance was scarring his fine face. Mr. Gough kindly set before him how he was ruining both soul and body by his habits. The young man listened, and at length said: “I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Gough. You have given me your time, and you have told me the truth, but its na’ use, and there is na’ hope. Shake hands with me, will you? I’m a lost laddie.” He went away, and, said Mr. Gough, “as I saw him going out, stalwart and strong, but ‘a lost laddie,’ my eyes filled with tears. I awoke that night hearing that cry of despair, ‘I’m a lost laddie.’”

A murderer, a few days before his execution, drew

upon the walls of his prison a picture of a gallows, with five steps leading up to it. On the first step were the words, "Disobedience to parents." On the second, "Sabbath breaking." On the third, "Gambling and drunkenness." On the fourth, "Murder." On the fifth step stood the gallows. The rude picture was a faithful history of the ruin of thousands of wrecked and miserable lives.

An earnest friend of temperance once related this circumstance, which, he said, influenced all his after life: "'You have only five minutes to live,' said the sheriff to a young man, who, for the crime of murder, was condemned to die. The sheriff took out his watch and said, 'If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live.' The young man burst into tears and said, 'I have to die. I had one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, *for the first time in my life*, and coming home, I found my little brother gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without a cause, and killed him with one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it until the next morning, when I awoke from sleep and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with blood and brains, and he was dead. Whisky had done it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one word more to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to the young people

—Never! *never!* NEVER! touch anything that can intoxicate!" As he pronounced these words, the drop fell, and he was launched into an endless eternity. I was melted to tears at the recital, and the awful spectacle. My heart seemed as if it would burst, and break away from my aching bosom, so intolerable were my feelings of grief. And there, while looking with streaming eyes on the body of that unfortunate young man, as it hung between heaven and earth, as unfit for either, there it was that I took the pledge never to touch strong drink! Long years have passed away. White hairs have thickened around these temples, then so ruddy and so young, but I have never forgotten the last words of that young man. I thank God that I have *never* violated my promise. When the tempter has offered me the sparking goblet, the words of that young man have seemed to sound in my ears again."

These are not pictures of the imagination, but occurrences from real life. They are not descriptions of what *might be* the consequences of drink, but what *have been*, and other appalling tragedies are being enacted as terrible in all their hideous details, as any that have been given. A touching story has been given of another victim of this fearful vice, by one of his personal friends. He said:

"I knew in Texas a young man who was heir to a woeful heritage,—the passion for drink. He was physically one of the handsomest of men, and possessed of great and varied talents, which he had carefully culti-

vated. Moreover, he had served his country with distinguished bravery, and was then holding a high position of trust and honor.

“But with a regularity that was terrible, there came to him—no matter where he was,—over his ledger, in the church, by the side of the woman he loved—a craving for brandy that possessed him like a demon, and drove him forth from among his fellows.

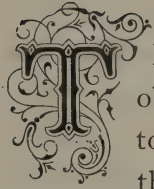
“With set lips and despairing face, he would deliver to a friend the keys of his office and betake himself to his room—not as men go to a carousal, but as they go to meet a fearful reckoning—and for two or three days drink in sullen silence till the craving was appeased. Some one was one day praising, in his presence, his vast stores of acquired information and his delicate fancy as an artist.

“‘Yet I shall die like a brute,’ he said, sadly; and the despairing look of a hunted animal came into his eyes as he added: ‘My father died drunk—my mother—God forgive her!—my grandfather shot himself in delirium tremens—you know, boys, how poor Patrick died—it will be the same with me.’

“His prophecy was too soon fulfilled.”

What, then, is the lesson of these warning voices? What but to shun evil; yea, even the very appearance of evil. Resist the beginnings, for you are no stronger than many who have tampered with temptation because they thought themselves strong, and yielding at first, have sunk to utter ruin.

LEARN TO SAY NO.



HAT is an admirable spirit which is so obliging and self-sacrificing as to be willing to yield its own desires and preferences for the happiness and good of others.

That is an amiable temper which so loves peace and harmony that it is ready to make any concession to secure it.

But there are times when these qualities should all give way to inflexible firmness and an uncompromising attitude; when we should stand out against all opposition and learn to say "No," in unequivocal tones. What wrecks of character do we sometimes see for want of courage to utter that little decisive syllable which may have such power in shaping the conduct of life.

How much do we need the courage and wisdom to say "No," in the formation of our habits and tastes.

"The turning point in my life," said a gentleman, "was when I was a boy. Some kind of low show and circus came into town, and of course all the boys were dying to go. My mother did not want me to go. I might have stolen off. I had money enough in my pocket, the boys did all they could to persuade me,

and, more than all, people were going in squads to see it. It is so easy to go with the multitude; it is so hard to make a stand, break away, and go the other way.

"That is exactly what I did. I mastered myself and did not go.

"It was the resolution then called out, and called out perhaps for the first time, which has, under God, served me many a good turn since, and made me what I am."

The late Henry Wilson was a notable example of firmness in what he believed to be right. After his election to the United States Senate, he gave a dinner to his friends, at which not a wine glass appeared on the table. "Where are the wine glasses," asked some of the guests, loud enough to call the attention of their host.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wilson, "you know my friendship for you, and my obligations to you. Great as they are, they are not great enough to make me forget 'the rock whence I was hewn, and the pit from which I was dug.' Some of you know how the curse of intemperance overshadowed my youth. That I might escape, I fled from my early surroundings, and changed my name. For what I am, I am indebted, under God, to my temperance vow, and to my adherence to it.

"Call for what you want to eat, and, if this hotel can provide it, it shall be forthcoming. But wines and liquors can not come on this table with my con-

sent, because I will not spread in the paths of another the snare from which I have escaped."

His noble devotion to principle made his position more secure in the hearts of the people, and his name a tower of strength.

There are times when we need to say "No" in business life.

A man sometimes goes to a friend, and asks him to sign a bond, or endorse a note with him. He urges that it is only a temporary accommodation, and merely a matter of form, and that in a few days he expects to be relieved from his pecuniary embarrassment. The friend hesitates; on the one hand, his obligations to his family, his creditors and himself, all admonish him to refuse the request; on the other, he does not like to appear distrustful or unaccommodating, and he has not the moral courage to say "No." He signs, and soon his independence, his peace of mind, and perhaps his fortune, are lost.

One who knew whereof he spoke, has given this very sensible reply to such a request: "My friend, do you really understand what my position would be before the world and the law, if I were to do this? I should instantly proclaim that from a state of complete independence, and without the slightest reason for a similar favor from you, and for no consideration whatever, except friendship, I have agreed to take upon myself the risk of your business, but with the difference against me, that if you lose, I lose, and if you

gain, I do not. I share in your losses, and not in your profits. But not only this; I should affirm before the public that you are responsible, when I really know nothing of your circumstances, and in so far help you to deceive others. I give you a false credit. In short, I do that which no honest man, true to himself and to his family, can do and be blameless. Will any right minded, real friend, with this view of the case, ask of me such a possible sacrifice?"

We need also more frequently to say "No" in the family circle, as parents. Much as we may love to gratify our children, and to make them happy, yet there are considerations even more important than this, and there are times when their wills must be brought in abeyance, and their desires forbidden, or their present and eternal good may be imperiled. The sterling qualities of patience, self-denial and unselfishness will be lacking in their characters, if love of ease and self-gratification is allowed to be the uppermost consideration. These grand qualities of mind and heart must be implanted in the nature, early, in the home life.

The following incident might be multiplied by thousands, showing what fatal mistakes are sometimes made by intelligent and loving, but too indulgent, parents.

"Last winter," the friend relates, "I spent a short time in a pleasant family, in a neighboring state. They were wealthy, influential, and, so far as I could judge, a Christian family. The father had at different times occupied a prominent place in the legislative and

judiciary departments of his State. He was honorable and upright in business; courteous, kind, and forbearing in his intercourse with the world. The mother, an estimable woman, professed herself willing to do and suffer for Christ, hoping to die and reign with him. The only daughter was a mild, lovely girl; but the sons—and here was a mystery.

“The eldest, a child of uncommon promise, entered at an early age upon a vicious career of drinking, gambling, and licentiousness, which ended in forgery and crime, until he was cast out of the family circle as one unknown; and after a term in prison, found his home in one of the vilest haunts in a southern city. The second, following in his footsteps, was awaiting, in the county jail, a trial that might sentence him for years to the state prison. Children of prayer, of pious teachings and example,—the fact was to me inexplicable. I expressed my wonder in the hearing of an old man who had known them from birth. Said he: ‘I can explain in a few words; it is from the father’s want of power to say, ‘No.’

“When they were beautiful children, and it needed but a word to guide them, he neglected to say No. As years rolled on, and he noticed the first steps in the way of wrong-doing, he excused them on the plea of youthful exuberance of spirits. And when they went too far, and he strove to curb them, the boys, by caressing, arguing, or bickering, had their own way; for it grieved him to say No. In after years, when

their souls were blood-stained with crime; when, with all the yearnings of a father's heart, he took them again to his home, striving by gentleness to win them to the way of life, he dared not say No."

Such are the lessons we may learn from the sad experiences of others. Multitudes of promising youth have blasted their hopes of the future and lost all that is most valuable, in character and life, because they had not the courage to say "No" when confronted by temptation. Is it not the part of wisdom to profit by these examples, and take the path of safety?

"We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the fields of destiny
We reap as we have sown."

—Whittier

PURE HEARTS AND CLEAN LIPS.

“Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

—*Pope.*

IT was said by Him who spake as never man spake: “The pure in heart shall see God.” Whoever would be pure in heart must necessarily be pure in thought. Some one has said, that “Among all the vices which it is necessary to subdue in order to build up the human character, there is none to be compared, in strength or in virulence, with that of impurity. It can outlive and kill a thousand virtues; it can corrupt the most generous heart; it can madden the sternest intellect; it can debase the loftiest imagination. But beside being so poisonous to character, it is, above all others, most difficult to conquer.”

There is a large class of literature which panders to this vice, and which should be shunned as a pestilence, if the heart would be kept free from contamination. Alas, that thousands are unconsciously accustoming their minds to these unworthy influences, by carelessness in this direction.

The pure in heart will be pure in speech. How many there are who are well-meaning, and lead outwardly moral lives, but whose corrupt conversation sheds a baneful influence wherever they go. The vile story or jest, the loose expression, shows that the heart is tainted, and takes delight in wallowing in the mire of impurity. It is as impossible to indulge in corrupt language without debasing the moral nature, as it is to take up coals of fire without being burned.

There is an ancient story of a king who announced throughout his dominion that he desired the most skillful charioteer that could be found in all the land. When the candidates came he took them to the brink of a precipice, and asked them how near to it they could drive the royal chariot at full speed. One said he could go within a few feet of the edge. Others could go a little nearer, and one declared that he could keep the wheel on the very brink of the precipice. But at last one came who said he could drive more safely than any of his fellows. "And how near can you drive to the edge of the precipice?" asked the king. "As far from it as I can get," was the reply, and he was chosen.

So, in the race of life, it is he who keeps as far as he can from the precipice of destruction who is the safest. Multitudes have perished of those who ventured nearer, and nearer, until they were engulfed in ruin. So those who are addicted to profanity, often fall into the habit gradually and almost unconsciously.

Prof. Swing says of such: "Few persons ever design to become profane. None dream in advance of losing their language, their power of speech, and of becoming vandals in the temples of the divinities. Men come to profanity only by a long neglect. As the defaulter comes to his final great fraud by long and slow approaches, by long gazing away from the right and toward the wrong, so the man who loses the gift of speech mixes in his oaths little by little, until noble speech is dead, and he mutters, and stammers, and raves with lips which once knew the honey of sweet eloquence."

Impurity in thought and speech are the precursors of an impure life. A writer for a popular journal has thus strongly presented the fearful results of this terrible vice. He says: "That path takes 'hold on hell,' and one step in it gives hell a hold on him or her who takes it, which only the power of Almighty God can break. There is no vice, no crime, which so utterly lays waste all the fields of human happiness, and sows them so thick with the thorns of disease, disgrace and bodily and mental suffering, as this. There is no vice against which God has erected such severe penalties none which society punishes with such implacable scorn; none which so destroys self-respect, and so breaks down moral character; none which is a more certain precursor of eternal death."

The once handsome and fascinating, but licentious, Beau Brummel, who was the favorite of King George


IV. of England in his dissolute days, when suffering from the pangs of bitter remorse in his miserable old age, wrote these words: "God knows my existence is solitary enough. Of that, however, I should not complain, for I can always employ resources within myself, was there not a worm that will not stifle, called CONSCIENCE, which all my endeavors to distract, all the strength of the coffee with which I constantly fumigate my brain, and all the native gayety of the fellow who brings it to me, cannot lull to indifference beyond the moment."

Such are the fruits of an impure life, and such the warnings of its horrible penalties. Shun the first insidious approach of this great destroyer of human happiness and well-being, by refusing to cherish it in thought or speech, and you will be safe from its destructive influence.

"O, reputation! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell,
Whose cordial drops, once spilt by some rash hand,
Not all the owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude spiller, ever can collect
To its first purity and native sweetness"

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

BE THOROUGH, PROMPT AND
RELIABLE.

OTLEY, in his "History of the Netherlands," relates of Count Hohenlo, a brave but inconsiderate Dutch leader, that after capturing the city of Bois le Duc, he left it so insecurely guarded that a small body of Spanish soldiers recaptured it, and slew four-fifths of the Dutch troops.

It was the same rash leader who undertook to surprise the enemy by opening a dyke, and letting in upon them the fury of the ocean. But when the dyke was broken, instead of waiting to see that the work was so thoroughly done that the enemy was utterly routed, he hastened to Antwerp to assure them of the safety of the city. In the meantime, the Spaniards rallied their forces, drove back the Dutch troops, and repaired the dyke before any serious damage was done. Thus a good cause was imperiled, not for lack of courage or ability, but of thoroughness in the leader.

It has been said that, "It is the result of practical every-day experience, that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of human progress, and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck. Accuracy, also, is of much importance, and an invariable mark of good training in a man,—accuracy in observa-

tion, accuracy in speech, accuracy in the transaction of affairs. What is done in business must be well done, for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work, than to half do ten times as much. Yet, in business affairs, it is the manner in which even small matters are transacted, that often decides men for or against you. With virtue, capacity, and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually inaccurate cannot be trusted; his work has to be gone over again, and he thus causes annoyance, vexation and trouble."

It was said of a lawyer, who stood high in his profession, that he owed his success to the thoroughness with which he prepared one case. He had been striving for several years to build up a practice, always doing whatever he undertook, thoroughly and well, but the competitions of a great city, the lack of influential friends, and an inability to bring himself into notice, made the future look dark, and he began to wonder if he had not mistaken his calling. Just at that time, a friend of his, who was also a lawyer, was going into the country for the summer, and offered him, for a small sum, the use of his house, in which there was a fine law library. He accepted the offer, and, as he happened to have an appeal case in one of the higher courts, he spent most of the summer in examining authorities, and making himself familiar with everything bearing upon it.

When autumn came and the case was argued, the young lawyer presented it in such a masterly manner

that he held the attention of the judges to the end. One of them, who had decided to retire from the bench, and enter again into active practice, was so impressed by the young lawyer's thoroughness, that he sent him a letter requesting an interview, and the result was that a partnership was formed, and his future success was assured.

Said Confucius, "If I am building a mountain, and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed."

Another invaluable habit is promptitude. A young man who had failed to keep an appointment with Dr. Franklin, went the next day with profuse apologies for his absence—which the doctor cut short, saying: "My good boy, say no more, you have said too much already; for the man who is good at making excuses, is seldom good at anything else."

Some writer has said: "There is no such thing as a trifle in the world. So accurately is the dust weighed in the balances of creation, that a portion of matter more or less might disturb the solar system, and send it crashing to wreck. No microscopic gaze can detect the shooting of the cell which determines whether the oak shall be a shapely tree, fit for the mast of some gallant admiral, or the stunted Caliban of the forest; or if the child's brain will yield genius and blessing or erratic failure. In morals and in practical affairs, the truth comes still closer home. Who has not had the plans of months, or perhaps of a lifetime, upset by some petty neglect of heedless friend, or em-

ploye, or dishonest tradesman? A letter loses a post because an errand boy was too taken up with his fun to see how time was passing, and your contract is lost, with the possibility of doing a great good which depended on it. A servant neglects to have a room in order, and a valued guest goes away with an unpleasant impression, and never comes again; or some one misconstrues a jest, and it is the beginning of a breach which spoils society in your little circle. An important case was lost, the other day, by a lawyer stopping to talk in the street two minutes. One of the parties had said to the other: "Be here by ten o'clock with the papers, and you shall have what you want." The poor man was at his lawyer's office to get the papers, an hour before time, waiting. The two rushed around, only to enter the other man's office two minutes late, and to meet a flat refusal, on the ground that they were after time. Everywhere men and women are losing their best chances by a hairsbreadth or a moment; or are losing them for others, which is crueller still. To be faithful in that which is much, it is ever essential to be faithful in that which is least."

In a sermon to young men, a minister related the following: "I once knew a young man who was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him, 'Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it.'"

He was a young man of energy. This was the first

time he had been intrusted to superintend the execution of this work: he made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and, resolving to begin very early in the morning, he instructed all the laborers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock in the day, his master comes in, and, seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looks very black, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said the master, "you were requested to get out that cargo of cotton this morning."

"It is all done," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed, confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness."

A committee of gentlemen agreed to meet on important business. At the appointed hour all were present except one, who came in late. To his apologies for causing delay, a Quaker replied: "Friend, I am not sure that we should admit thy apologies. It were a matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but there are seven besides thyself whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one-eighth of it only was thine *own property*."

A writer says: "Some people are always too late,

and therefore accomplish through life nothing worth naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present until thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is to either yourself or to him, he is just as tardy. If he takes a passage in the steamboat, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, and the train has started a few minutes before he arrives. His dinner has been waiting for him so long that the cook is out of patience. This course, the character we have described always pursues. He is never in season at church, at a place of business, at his meals, or in his bed. Persons of such habits we cannot but despise. Always start in season, and be ready at the appointed hour. We wouldn't give a fig for a man who is not punctual to his engagements, and who never makes up his mind to a certain course till the time is lost. Those who hang back, hesitate and tremble—who are never at hand for a journey, a trading, or anything else—are poor sloths, and are ill calculated to get a living in this stirring world."

"A stitch in time saves nine," says the old proverb; and it is because the truth which it illustrates is not sufficiently recognized that there are so many unnecessary mishaps and disasters. "'If I had leisure I would repair that weak place in my fence,' said a farmer. He had none, however, and while drinking cider with a neighbor, the cows broke in, and injured a prime piece of corn. 'If I had leisure,' said a wheelwright last winter, 'I would alter my stove pipe, for I know it is

not safe.' But he did not find time, and when his shop caught fire and burned down he found time to build another. 'If I had leisure,' said a mechanic, 'I would have my work done in season.' The man thinks his time has been all occupied, but he was not at work till after dinner, and spent two hours on the street talking nonsense with an idler. 'If I had leisure,' said a merchant, 'I would pay more attention to my accounts, and would try to collect my bills more promptly.' The chance is, my friend, if you had leisure, you would probably pay less attention to the matter."

Another grand element of character is reliableness. This is one of the fundamental virtues, without which no one need hope to succeed in life. The tendency to underestimate this admirable quality is thus deplored in one of our periodicals: "Throughout the framework of society there is a sad want of what may be termed reliability. When you make an agreement with a workman to furnish you some article, at a set time, you are not sure that you will receive it at the time fixed, nor is it certain that it will prove in quality what you bargain for. The shoemaker's 'next week' has become proverbial.

"Promises are wrongly made when the one who makes them knows that he cannot fulfill them. Again, they fail of fulfillment because of want of earnest effort to fulfill them. Some temptation of gain or of indolence, is sufficient to set aside all sense of obligation and all attempts at fidelity. This habit, formed in one thing,

soon extends to another, and at last we have a person who is utterly unreliable. We scarcely do justice to such a person when we call him 'a worthless fellow.' He becomes positively hurtful, and exerts an evil influence in society."

A poor man once applied to Stephen Girard for work, and was promised employment at a dollar a day. When he appeared for work, on the first morning, his employer said: "You take that pile of stones at the end of the lot and carry them to the other side." On the next day he was told to carry the stones to another place, and so through an entire week his task each day was the seemingly useless and unreasonable one of finding a new place for the stones; but he made no complaints, and asked no questions. When Saturday night came, Girard said to him: "I like you; you do what you are told. Many men would have objected to doing the work over. You shall have work so long as I have anything to do." Such was the test which the shrewd man of affairs, applied to find out whether the laborer was a man upon whom he could rely.

After Benedict Arnold's treason to his country, General Washington was naturally suspicious as to whom he could trust. He selected Captain Webster, the father of Daniel Webster, to stand on guard before his tent, saying: "Captain Webster, I believe I can trust you," and he placed in his keeping his life, and the fortunes of the American cause. The man who is true to his trust, is the man whom the world delights to honor.

FAST LIVING.

EXTRAVAGANCE is one of the crying evils of our day. As a nation we are carried away by the love of display, and, consequently, nowhere else are there so many ups and downs of fortune, so many notable instances of the shifting vicissitudes of life. The following occurrence is an instance of this universal characteristic: "A piece of lace, fine as film, and costly as diamonds, was offered for sale in Europe. Queens declined to purchase at the enormous price. The wives of great bankers passed by on the other side. An American lady heard of it and sent a check for the amount. A year or so after, the estate of the husband of this American lady passed into the hands of trustees, and some savings banks, with moneys of the poor and the industrious in their possession, were closed up."

A recent writer, in one of our leading periodicals, says in an article on this subject: "Life—the life of today—reminds one of starting to run down a hill. You go faster and faster, until the very momentum of your own speed so impels you that you must either rush on madly, or fall helpless."

Another writer says: "Passion, not principle, holds the purse-strings; desire, not duty, keeps the cash-box."

It is seldom, indeed, that conscience controls the exchequer, and when it does, the fact is chronicled as prodigious. . . . More money is spent for tobacco than for bread; more for spirits than for wine; more for wine than for baths, or means of preserving health and increasing vigor by exercise; more for amusement than for instruction; more for theaters than for churches. Actors, singers, and dancers are paid ten times as much as teachers and preachers are. The popular player who entertains people, . . . and is not associated with any of the means whereby human welfare is promoted, becomes in a year many times richer than the professor who devotes his life to the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge, or the philanthropist who spends his soul for his kind. . . . People who will not give dimes in charity give dollars to witness a foot-race or see a clown."

Spurgeon advises us to "try to find the golden mean, and neither be lavish nor stingy. He has his money best spent who has the best wife. The husband may earn money, but only the wife can save it. 'A wise woman buildeth her house.' The wife, it seems, according to Solomon, is the builder, or the real puller down. A man cannot prosper till he gets his wife's leave. A thrifty housewife is better than a great income. A good wife and health are man's best wealth."

The following from real life is suggestive: "A man having large business interests and a handsome income married a lady, who, accustomed all her previous life

to the luxuries of wealth, had never formed any clear conception of the value and purchasing power of money. For some months every whim, no matter how extravagant, was promptly gratified by the indulgent husband, who always gave his check for any amount of money asked. One day the bride of a few months, to carry out some caprice, requested a check for so large a sum that the gentleman was somewhat staggered thereby. He saw that such prodigality, if persisted in, meant ruin; but, not wishing to grieve his wife by a downright refusal, he determined to give her an object lesson in the financial line. Accordingly, with a smile of seeming acquiescence, he remarked that the supply of checks was exhausted, but he would send up the money from the office. About noon the promised money came, not in crisp \$500 bills, as was expected, but in sterling silver dollars, the sum total filling several specie bags. The wife was at first vexed and then amused, and finally, before the afternoon wore away, became deeply thoughtful. When her better-half came home to supper she took him gently by the arm, and, leading him into the hall where the ponderous bags of specie were still standing, said:

"My dear, is this the money I asked you for this morning?"

"It is, my love," was the reply.

"And did you have to take this all in, dollar by dollar, in the course of your business?" was the next question.

"Yes, my dear; it represents the results of many weeks of hard labor," he answered gently.

"Well, then," she said, with tearful eyes, "send around a man to take it back to the bank in the morning. I can't use so much money for so trivial a purpose."

Some practical truths are expressed in the following words: "There is but one road to happiness and prosperity, for either individuals or a nation, and that is, faithful persistence in the legitimate paths of business. The riches that come in an hour do more harm than good. Hence, we call upon all good people to unite in an effort to stay the tide of wild excess. Let a man be frowned upon in society when he is living beyond his means. Let all noble and true women express their disgust at the extravagant and indecent display of the followers of fashion. And so shall the nation be saved from the mill-stone that has dragged other republics to destruction; so shall our young men find a larger and a nobler devotion than that of money, and modesty and dignity shall not wholly desert American womanhood."

THE DEMON OF DEBT

DEBT may well be compared to a demon, which, like the arch-enemy of mankind, "goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

The pathway of life is thickly strewn with the wrecks of scattered fortunes, of blasted hopes, of broken homes, and of worn out and wasted bodies, all of which bear the marks of its terrible power.

It compels its unfortunate victims to exchange their native freedom for galling servitude, the robe of peace for carking fetters of care, and, many times, leaves them to wear out their lives in unavailing struggles against their unhappy fate.

If we could draw aside the veil, and penetrate the mysteries of the unseen world, what myriads of lost spirits should we see, who, in their earthly tabernacle, were driven by the merciless scourgings of debt to sell their virtue, and barter honor and all their hopes of the future for the mean and perishable things of this life.

How many who began their business career with promise, and by industry and prudence laid the foundation of a splendid fortune, allowed themselves, in an unguarded moment, to become entangled in financial embarrassments, and thus to come under its hateful dominion.

How many, possessing richly endowed intellects, well trained to win mental supremacy, have felt their powers paralyzed, and have buried in the grave of disappointment their high hopes and ambitions.

There is something so delusive in the first approaches of this enemy of peace, that it tempts thousands to destruction who had resolved to be prudent and cautious, but who became gradually and unconsciously drawn within its power, until at last they were incapable of resistance. Like the fabled sirens, who sought by their music and fascinations to lure the brave warrior to steer his craft to the fatal rocks on which they dwelt, so debt often appears to us disguised in seductive promises and enticing hopes, inviting us to spend that which we have not earned, to enjoy that for which we have not toiled, and to forget the obligations of the future in the enjoyments of the present. We, like the hero of the ancient story, who successfully resisted the wiles of the beautiful sisterhood of evil, need to stop our ears that its deceitful promises may not overcome our will, and lead us to follow in the steps of the multitude who have gone to destruction. An Eastern story tells of a mountain magnet which lay hidden in the sea, which drew the spikes from the ships that sailed over it, causing them immediately to fall to pieces, bringing speedy destruction to cargo and crew, and leaving but a floating mass of timbers where but a few moments before a noble vessel rode the waves.

So, in our observation of men, we find many times

that debt has been the fatal magnet which has caused them to lose hope, courage, ambition, and all those qualities necessary in order to make a successful voyage on the sea of life.

Young men, you who are about to engage in the conflict of life, and are yet free from this bondage, take warning from the unhappy experiences of the debt-enslaved, and shun the chains with which they are bound. Let not the influence of a pernicious public sentiment, or a reckless self-confidence, or an unwarranted hope in the future, lead you to make such business ventures, or indulge in such extravagant tastes, as will imperil your financial integrity. Do not be deceived by the flash and glitter of those whose period of sunshine and prosperity is dependent upon the capital they can borrow. Do not allow yourself to be dazzled by the schemes of those who profess to know a shorter road to fortune than that of honest industry and economy. In these days of intense desire to accumulate wealth rapidly, no matter how, or at what sacrifice of health and conscience, the gospel, "keep out of debt," needs to be preached in trumpet tones all over the land, untill every man and woman shall hear it, and check the fever of impatience for sudden and easily acquired wealth, which is threatening the life of public morality, and causing us to forget the simple tastes and honored examples of our fathers.

HOW TO GET RICH.

IT might be supposed, from the comparatively few who become rich, that there is some mysterious secret which it is necessary to know in order to acquire wealth. This is a mistake, unless the secret lies in the very simplicity of the matter.

Franklin said that "the way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality, nothing will do, and with them, everything."

A rich man, who started in life a poor boy, on being asked how he had become so, replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

The man who has gained his little capital by

economy and hard work, forms an estimate of the value of money which he will never forget. He will not be likely to make rash ventures by which his hard-earned savings may be swept away in a moment, nor listen to unscrupulous adventurers, with their plausible schemes for making fortunes with little delay and less risk.

Professor Wayland, the eminent author on "Moral Philosophy," never uttered a more practical truth than when he said that, "Wealth is not acquired, as many suppose, by fortunate speculations and prosperous enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality, and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and he who relies upon any other, will generally become bankrupt." Every young man should remember these words, for it is the violation of this rule that has caused thousands of financial wrecks. This consuming desire to get rich hastily,—to make a fortune by a few bold ventures rather than by the slow but honest accumulations of a lifetime,—is like expecting to draw the prize in a lottery, where thousands must necessarily be disappointed. Well is it for the poor man that he is not dependent upon fortunate speculations for a competence, for few have either the opportunity or the shrewdness to succeed in this way; but there is a simpler way, so plain that no one can mistake it, and so sure that no one who ever followed it persistently failed. It is this: Spend less than you earn. Take this rule for your guide, and it will

lead to fortune. There are hundreds of men who have been receiving princely revenues for years, but who still remain poor, because they allow their expenses to exceed their incomes.

Archbishop Whately said the result of his observation was, that the larger the income became, the harder was it to live within it. Daniel Webster, during the best part of his professional life, received annually a very large income, but not all the receipts from his lucrative practice, and the substantial presents of his many admirers, could keep him out of debt, and he remained to the end a poor man, his life embittered by the the duns of his importunate creditors.

With many people, money seems to burn in their pockets and they cannot be satisfied until they have spent it,—and often for things which they do not really need. Franklin, in his *Poor Richard's Almanac*, gives this excellent advice: "Never buy anything which you do not need because it is cheap." Cicero declared that "Not to have a passion for buying, is to have a revenue." That witty and brilliant English statesman, Horace Walpole, who impoverished himself by his mania for buying useless things, said, "I hope there will not be another sale, for I have not an inch of room, nor a farthing left," so great was his fascination for a useless expenditure of money. To live within our means requires prudence and often self denial, but the law is inexorable, and must be obeyed, if we would succeed. When a worthy Scotch couple were asked

how it was that their son had broken down so early in life, they gave this explanation: "When we began life together we worked hard, and lived upon porridge and such like, gradually adding to our comforts as our means improved, until we were able to dine off a bit of roast meat, and sometimes a boiled chickie; but Jock, our son, he worked backward, and began with the chickie first." The reason of Jock's failure would apply to thousands of families who have made the same ruinous mistake.

The following incident illustrates the folly of this course: "Said a young husband whose business speculations were unsuccessful, 'My wife's silver tea set, the bridal gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected expenses, which trying to meet made me the bankrupt I am.'"

A wealthy but sagacious father ordered to be printed on the wedding cards of his daughter, "No presents except those adapted to an income of a thousand dollars a year." This, of course, was exceedingly mortifying to the pride of the daughter, yet the reasons given by him for this course contained sound wisdom. Said he, "You must not expect to begin life in the style I am able after many years of labor to indulge; and I know of nothing that will tempt you more than the well-intended, but pernicious gifts of rich friends."

John V. Farwell, the merchant millionaire and philanthropist, of Chicago, thus states his views in some excellent advice to young men: "Young men en-

dowed with brains — God's gift so unequally bestowed — are like exceptionally rich lands, under a genial or ungenial climate, as they make it. With such men the first thing requisite is a purpose worthy of such a gift from God. A good brain, intelligent, honest purpose, and persistent work are the rock foundations of all honestly acquired wealth, either in knowledge or in worldly possessions."

"America alone, saying nothing of other lands, is too large for any young man of merit to say, 'I have no opportunities.' They are not all in the large cities, as most young men think who flock there to find a fortune in a day. They are nearly all in the rich, unoccupied country we still have only partially developed."

P. T. Barnum, who acquired a large fortune by his own exertions, and who has had an extraordinary opportunity for observation, says, that the way to get rich is quite simple; all you have to do is to spend less than you earn, and to shun "rum and tobacco."

Mr. Miller Pillsbury, "the flour king" of Minnesota, recommends hard work, and a just estimate of one's own abilities, with temperance and economy. And so if the opinions of all the rich men who have made their fortunes by their own efforts could be heard, they would disclaim any secret method or art, and would recommend the substantial qualities of industry, economy, discretion and perseverance, by means of which they accumulated their wealth.

The men who amass wealth are usually men of integrity,—punctual and methodical in their business habits, and rich also in the kindly impulses of humanity which endear them to hosts of friends. It is true that corrupt men sometimes accumulate wealth, but it generally slips from them in the end or soon becomes scattered. The only wealth that can give real enjoyment is that which is honestly obtained.

But it is impossible for every man to be a millionaire, although he have all the qualities and virtues which have been enumerated. The wealth of the world is limited, and where there is one millionaire there must of necessity be thousands of men in moderate circumstances. Fortunately, true riches are not dependent on the accumulation of a certain amount of money, for many men possessed of immense fortunes have fancied themselves on the way to the poor house, and have denied themselves the common necessities of life.

Said a wise man: "I take him to be the truly rich man that lives upon what he has, owes nothing, and is contented; for there is no determinate sum of money, nor quantity of estate, that can make a man rich, since no man is truly rich that has not so much as perfectly satiates his desire of having more; for the desire of more is want, and want is poverty."

So, though it be impossible for every man to acquire an immense fortune, it is possible for him to become rich in this true sense and no other riches are worth seeking.

THE RUST OF RICHES.

GIVE me neither poverty nor riches," was the prayer of a wise man more than twenty-five centuries ago, and who shall say that it does not contain the profoundest philosophy, when applied to the actual well-being of men. Money is an element of tremendous power for good in the hands of the wise, in alleviating suffering, in ministering to the wants of the needy, in assisting the unfortunate, in disseminating intelligence and truth in the haunts of ignorance and superstition, and in making the world brighter, happier, and holier by the exercise of a large-hearted Christian liberality. This is what money might do, and has done in the hands of a Peabody or a Burdett Coutts, but these instances are exceptions to the general rule. The tendency of money is not to make men more liberal, but more selfish; not to purify and enrich the character, and exalt the aims of life, but to debase and degrade them by hardening the heart and corrupting the soul. Among the great number who have gathered or inherited large fortunes how few there are who use them, or any considerable portion of them, for noble and unselfish ends.

Bacon aptly compares riches to baggage, which cumber the operations of an army. So does it cumber, and keeps down to ignoble aims many a generous nature

which should rise to nobler aspirations and a higher life. Luther quaintly remarked: "He must have strong legs that can carry good fortune;"—and how often may we see pitiable wrecks of men who have gone down under the burden.

Mrs. Wesley, to whose good sense we have elsewhere alluded, thus spoke of riches: "Upon the best observation I could ever make, I am induced to believe, that it is much easier to be content without riches than with them. It is so natural for a rich man to make his gold his god. It is so difficult not to trust in it, not to depend on it for support and happiness, that I do not know one rich man in the world with whom I would exchange conditions."

Some years ago there was wrecked on the Pacific coast a California steamer, which had on board many who had made their fortunes in the gold mines, and were returning home. As it became evident that the vessel would soon go to pieces the passengers threw away their gold and prepared to save their lives,—all but one man, who proceeded to gather up all the gold he could, and binding it about him, said: "I have always been poor, but I mean to die rich," and soon he sank with all his momentary possessions. We may well exclaim, "what incredible folly," but it is the same species of foolishness, though in a lesser degree, which impels some men to gather wealth, and to make it their ruling passion, and sole object in life. The man on shipboard was limited in the possession of his

wealth to a few brief moments,—the time of the miser may be extended to a few short years, and then they both are on the same level, and looking back on their lives must equally deplore their folly. Said an old acquaintance of William B. Astor: "The greatest capitalist in America was, in all points, except tenacity, a mere negation. Like a sponge on a rock, to bloat, to absorb, to die, was his entire destiny. In no point was he united to the race, outside of his family. He belonged to nothing, not even a church or a political party. He was not in need of society. He sought not friends, and possessed none. He had no expensive tastes. Fine horses, fine pictures, and works of art generally, were not in his line. He was of a low grade of mind, and although that which might minister to a refined nature was within his reach, he turned from it."

Think of this picture, you who feel tempted to murmur as you find it difficult to supply the growing expenses of your families from out of your small salaries. Would you exchange lives with such a man? Would not all his wealth be as dross compared to the joy you feel as you see your children running to welcome you home at the close of the day, and you sit in the evening with your happy family about you, at peace with yourself and all the world, your daily duties done, and no shade of anxiety to furrow your brow or cast a shadow over your heart?

Stephen Girard when possessed of immense wealth,

thus wrote to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley slave, constantly occupied and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that when night comes I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

Phillip Hamerton, the author and art critic, in one of his brilliant essays, says: "If it be difficult for the rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, it is also difficult for him to secure that freedom which is necessary to fit him for his entrance into the intellectual kingdom."

Disraeli has remarked: "As men advance in life, all passions resolve themselves into money. Love, ambition, even poetry, end in this," and does not our observation largely confirm this seemingly severe reflection.

It is said that in one of the gorgeous temples of Babylon there was a casket of gold which was closely sealed, and had long been unopened. One day a soldier who was passing by resolved to open it, but in doing so, such a poisonous odor escaped from it that he sickened and died; and so it is said originated the plague which swept away in its ravages nearly one-third of the entire human family. That loathsome pestilence is not the only one which can be traced in its beginnings to the same source. The deadly influence of gold has poisoned thousands of once generous

natures; has withered noble impulses; has palsied hands once strong and ready to labor in all good works, and has deadened hearts that else would have been responsive to every cry of human need.

Truly has it been said: "What then are riches but an eclipse of the heart!" If wickedly gained, or too tenaciously cherished, they will but rust out all that is valuable in character and life.

Beware then of fixing your affections on wealth, and making that your highest ambition. While striving diligently and manfully to acquire a competence, be wise to expend it for those things only which are needful for your comfort and well-being, remembering that you will be held responsible for its right use.

"To purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No! all that's worth a wish—a thought
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage the mind."

THE OBLIGATIONS OF WEALTH.

THERE is a saying, "Give a man brains and riches, and he is a king; give him brains without riches, and he is a slave; give him riches without brains, and he is a fool."

One of the keenest and most vigorous intellects of this generation has thus defined the obligations of wealth:

"Morally, you are bound to distribute your own wealth wisely, as to abstain from touching another man's; bound by the very same fundamental reasons which forbid the privation of human enjoyment, no less than the creation of human misery. As large a portion of well-being may be sacrificed by an act of willful extravagance, as by the commission of a dishonesty, and were it of a nature to be definable by law, would merit as severe a punishment."

If this lofty standard of ethics is sound, which every high-minded man will admit, then wealth is not an absolute ownership, but a trust for which we are accountable, in the same degree as for any other power or talent which we may possess.

Phillips Brooks has said: "It is not mine to tell men of riches to throw their riches away, but to tell them of their privileges and responsibilities. * *

What is more pitiable than the blunderer who holds wealth, and knows not how to use it? In the college of life every one should learn how to live. The grand lesson to be learned is how to glorify God with what we have. Sometimes a rich man feels that if he could only get rid of his money he would become a better and stronger man. It is the old story of the man in the tropics thinking he could be a good man at the North Pole. The outcry of the poor is not against rich men, but against rich men who do not know how to be rich. The pride, vulgarity, cruelty and selfishness of wealth make the poor man's heart ache and his blood boil. Oh! that all rich men and women in this land knew this truth and used it!"

A young man in an eastern city inherited an honored name and great wealth. He had a large circle of friends having the same social standing and wealth as himself; he was free from any low, vicious habits or tastes, and lived an outwardly irreproachable life. But with all his good fortune he was miserable, the time passed wearily, and life became a burden. He had an honorable profession, but with his prestige and wealth, there was no stimulus to practice it. He had no taste for boating, fishing, or athletic sports, and as to society, —parties, operas, and fashionable amusements, he had been surfeited, and was weary of them. One Sabbath, in taking a secluded walk from church, he passed a large hospital, and seeing a strange plant growing in the grounds, he went in to examine it, and afterward

his curiosity led him to go into the hospital. One of the physicians recognized him, and accompanied him through the various wards. He saw the hundreds of thin, pale, wasted faces, but looked at them as so many pictures, or statues, as if belonging to another world, in which he had no interest. After a time they came to a cot on which there was a young man of about the same age as himself, and bearing a strong personal resemblance to him. "Who is that?" he inquired as he stopped suddenly. He was told that the patient was a young Norwegian who had come to this country a year before, had been taken with a terrible fever, and after spending his last dollar and pawning even his shoes, he was brought there, but was so far recovered that he would be discharged on the following day. The rich young man sat down by the convalescent, and became interested in his story, of how hard he had worked to get money enough to bring him to this New World, and how the little maiden, Olga, was waiting until he could make his fortune by wood-carving, and then he would send for her, and she would come to be his wife. The young man of wealth grasped the hand of the poor Norwegian as he bade him good bye, and asked him to call on him the next day. On doing so, his new friend loaned him money enough to get his clothes and tools out of pawn, and obtained for him some orders for wood-carving. The worn-out man of fashion was stirred with a new interest, and felt that a new world was opening before him. He learned that

many other needy emigrants were coming from foreign lands, to make new homes amongst strangers, and he became the friend and adviser of hundreds of them, and founded colonies for them in the West and South. Life was no longer a listless, aimless existence, but full of meaning and joy; his eye became bright and his step elastic, because he had a purpose in life. "Nobody," he said, "need complain of *ennui*, of want of work. The highest work is waiting for us in the street next door, if we will only open our eyes and see it."

There are thousands of rich men in our land who are wrapped up in their own selfish and personal interests; aside from their family and their immediate social circle they stand aloof from the great brotherhood of humanity about them; the cry of the needy is by them unheeded, and the calls of philanthropy fall upon closed ears. But they are neither happy, nor satisfied, and they need an awakening like that which came to the young man,—some rod that will strike the flinty heart, and cause the stream of human love and sympathy to burst forth.

A notable example of riches well spent is given in the lives of some of the famous Rothschilds: "The men are immersed in business, but they are charitable. The women are public-spirited, intelligent and warm-hearted, founding hospitals, reformatories, children's homes, endowing scholastic institutions, encouraging struggling professionals, and taking a personal interest

in the doings of the poor. Baroness Lionel makes weekly visits in the meanest portions of London, brightening the home of the Jewish artisan, giving her good council to the earnest teachers of the free schools, and the matrons and assistants of the various charities. The daughter of Alphonse, of Paris, teaches a good lesson to her sisters in faith, and to rich young ladies of every creed, by receiving a well deserved diploma as teacher. Anselm's daughter, in Vienna, is prominent in music, not only composing songs that attain popularity, but aiding struggling musicians by pen and purse."

Would that all who possess wealth might hear, and respond to the following lines:

"Give as you would if the angels
Waited for it at the door;
Give as you would if to-morrow
Found you where all alms are o'er.

"Give as you would to the Master,
If you met His searching look;
Give as you would of your substance,
If His hand your offering took!"

Lord Shaftesbury, the noble philanthropist, who consecrated his influence, intellect, time and wealth through an extended lifetime to the interests of the poor and neglected classes of his country, thus modestly gives this estimate of himself as he approached the close of his laborious life:

"Not a philosopher, not an author, but simply an old

man who had endeavored to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him."


There is an obligation of wealth not only to society and the world at large, but also to the individual possessor thereof. A wealthy man ought to be a better man, because of his wealth. It ought to be a helpful force in the building of his character, as it affords leisure for travel, for study and reflection; opens the door to great enterprises; may bring him in contact with minds the greatest and best, and so should nurture in him a large-hearted and sturdy manliness.

Robert Burns wrote in his poem addressed, "To a Young Friend," these words which express a noble sentiment:

"To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor.
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

There is a voice of inspiration coming down from the remote past, which contains as much practical wisdom now as when uttered thousands of years ago. "If riches increase, set not thy heart upon them." Let them not dwarf the aspirations of the soul, but be the means to a nobler, better life, full of active sympathies and earnest efforts for the good of mankind.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

LTHOUGH there is no privileged road which leads to success in life, yet it is interesting and instructive to gather hints from the conspicuous examples of some of those who have reached that desired goal.

It is said that Cornelius Vanderbilt, on being asked by a young acquaintance, who was admiring his sumptuous office, how he had managed to acquire such immense wealth, the great financier looked up from his desk, and replied: "By minding my business and saying nothing about it." At another time he gave this pertinent advice to some young men who were about entering business life: "Don't sell what you haven't got," "Don't put it in any man's power to ruin you," and "Don't buy what you cannot pay for."

The poet, Longfellow, said of success: "Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady and cheerful endeavor; always willing, fulfilling and accomplishing his task; that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come be-

cause it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices."

An eminent southern gentleman, who had enjoyed a career of great prosperity, was thus spoken of by one of his intimate friends:

"I have heard him, at various times, assign three distinct reasons for his success: 'I was enabled to say 'No' when asked to join low company, and especially to frequent drinking saloons.' Landing at Savannah at the age of twenty-five (he was born in England), he was met by six young Englishmen, and welcomed, in the year 1833, and asked by way of hospitality, to take something to drink. And he said yes, if he might choose his own drink; and, amid their sherry cobblers and mint juleps, he chose lemonade! And this course he pursued, in spite of jeers and taunts, living to see five of those young men of position and capacity fill drunkards' graves.

"Another reason was the 'consideration of the poor,'—Psalm xli. I have often heard him say that, when he came out from England, to enter on a salary, in Savannah, of six hundred dollars a year, he landed with one dollar in his pocket, and gave away half of it to a man poorer than himself; that this half he gave,

not the half he kept, was the secret of his fortune. And this, again, was the rule of his life.

“The third reason was found in the observance of the fifth commandment. Year by year he went over to see the old father left in England, and to bestow comforts as God prospered him. And on the very last occasion of seeing him, the old man pressed him down upon his knees, and, in patriarchal fashion, invoked the blessing of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob upon him, closing, ‘As thou hast been a good son, so may God give thee good children, and it shall be *‘well with thee’* now and forever.’”

Mr Jonathan Sturgis, one of the merchant princes of New York city, thus recalls the three lessons of his life which were of greatest value to him. “One of my first lessons was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of merino sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of that day. I was the shepherd-boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said,—

“‘Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep.’

“What does grandfather mean by that? I said to myself. I don’t expect to have sheep. My desires

were moderate, and a fine buck was worth a thousand dollars. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge, and had been to Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field, I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson—'Thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' I began to see through it. 'Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward.'

"I received a second lesson soon after. I came to this city as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio who knew me came to buy goods, and said, 'Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.

"Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geery, the old tea-merchant, called to congratulate me, and he said, 'You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you—be careful who you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three." These simple incidents in a remarkable life make prominent three great essentials to success; fidelity in little things, faithful service, and a wise choice of companions.

Thurlow Weed, who began life in poverty as a cabin-boy, and rose step by step until he became one of the leading statesmen of his day, wrote these earnest words to his son, as he was about to embark in business: "Much depends upon yourself. With industry and economy, I entertain strong confidence that you will succeed; but indolence or inattention will be sure to bring ruin and disgrace.

"I beseech you, therefore, to give your whole attention to your business.

"Industry and economy in early life, unless some peculiar misfortune overtake you, will secure you the means of support and enjoyment when old age or sickness comes.

"And what is equally important, interest and enterprise insures the respect of your fellow-citizens, without which life is scarcely worth preserving.

"But prosperity must be earned. You should rise early, and, if necessary, work late; and above all things, be prompt and punctual in doing whatever you have in hand.

"Deal justly and honestly with everybody. Money costs too much if it be not honestly acquired.

"Don't incur any unnecessary expense, or run into debt.

"Treat everybody with whom you have business with civility and attention. Kind words and courteous deportment are essential to success in business."

Many years ago, a man of prominence in political

and commercial circles was accidentally drowned, and in his pocket was found the following rules, which had evidently being his guide to a useful and successful life: "Keep good company, or none. Never be idle. If your hands can't be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with a tranquil mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not put off until to-morrow that which should be done to-day. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young, to spend when you

are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week."

D'Israeli declared that the secret of success was in one's readiness to make use of opportunity. Another writer asserts that it is the result of concentration and perseverance; while another claims that "those who succeed are those who believe they can succeed; and those who fail are those to whom success would have been a surprise."

In the words of a vigorous writer: "Fortune, success, fame, position are never gained but by piously, determinedly, bravely sticking, growing, living to a thing till it is fairly accomplished. In short, you must carry a thing through, if you want to be anybody or anything. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand gratifications of life. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it. Put forth your whole energies. Be awake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task.

Gov. Seymour, of New York, who was a man of great force of character, once said in reviewing his life: "If I were to wipe out twenty acts, what should they be? Should it be my business mistakes, my foolish acts (for I suppose all do foolish acts occasionally), my grievances? No; for after all, these are the very things by which I have profited; they are the price of wisdom. So I finally concluded I should expunge, instead of my mistakes, my triumphs. I could not af


ford to dismiss the tonic of mortification, the refinement of sorrow. I needed them every one. The great pivotal difference by which we rise or fall, turns upon the way in which we grapple with our faults. All my acquaintance with the eminent men of the country has taught me that the way to greatness is found in a fearless self-examination."

Canon Farrar, in speaking to young men, uttered words of thrilling earnestness, and they are alike applicable to all who desire the truest success. He said: "There is but one failure; and that is, not to be true to the best one knows. To us and to our race, there is but one failure, and that is sin. You may be poor; you may lead lives of struggle; your occupations may run counter to many of the natural delights of youth; you may live in the midst of a complex and exacting civilization; you may see no relief, no outlook to a tedious and dull routine. Well, bear it all and bate no jot of heart or hope; for, in spite of it all, you need never fail. Be good and do good, and you will have won something better than a fortune or a coronet. To do this may not save you from abuse, or opposition, or earthly loss; but if this and a thousand other calamities come upon you, you will be at the promontory, at whose base, the tide-waves break in vain."

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

“Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.”

—*Tennyson.*

T is said of Sir Peter Lely, the celebrated artist, that he made it a rule to avoid looking at bad pictures, because he found that afterward he would unconsciously follow in some measure their defects. On the other hand, if he saw good pictures, by the same law, his pencil would in some degree copy their excellencies. Such is the power of influence to sway and mould whoever may come within its reach. Some one has truly said, that “We are touching our fellow-beings on all sides. They are affected for good or evil by what we are, by what we say and do, even by what we think and feel. May-flowers in the parlor breathe their fragrance through the atmosphere. We are each of us as silently-saturating the atmosphere about us with the subtile aroma of our character. In the family circle, besides and beyond all the teaching, the daily life of each parent and child mysteriously modifies the life of every person in the household. The same process on a wider scale is going on through the community. No

man lives to himself, and no man dies to himself. Others are built up and straightened by our unconscious deeds, and others may be wrenched out of their places and thrown down by our unconscious influence."

Especially is this true as to children, for they are influenced not alone by words and actions, but by such subtle elements of personality as are beyond language to portray. Horace Bushnell finely brings out this thought when he says: "The very handling of the nursery is significant, and the petulance, the passion, the gentleness, the tranquility indicated by it, are all reproduced in the child. His soul is a purely receptive nature, and that, for a considerable period, without choice or selection. A little further on he begins voluntarily to copy everything he sees. Voice, manner, gait, everything which the eye sees, the mimic instinct delights to act over. And thus we have a whole generation of future men receiving from us their very beginnings, and the deepest impulses of their life and immortality. They watch us every moment, in the family, before the hearth, and at the table; and when we are meaning them no good or evil, when we are conscious of exerting no influence over them, they are drawing from us impressions and molds of habit, which, if wrong, no heavenly discipline can wholly remove; or, if right, no bad associations utterly dissipate. Now, it may be doubted, I think, whether, in all the active influence of our lives, we do as much to shape the des-

tiny of our fellow-men, as we do in this single article of unconscious influence over children."

Dickens, in one of his master-works, thus speaks of the imperishability of good influences: "There is nothing innocent and good that dies and is forgotten. A prattling child dying in its cradle will live again in the better thoughts of those that loved it, and will play its part through them, in the redeeming action of the world. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it there."

But if influence, which is passive and unconscious, holds such power, how much more does that which is active. On a dark night a man fell overboard from a steamer. A gentleman who was in the cabin heard the cry of "Man overboard!" He realized that he could do nothing on deck, but he considered what he *could* do, and it occurred to him to take his little lamp and hold it to his window, so that its light should shine out over the water. Very soon he heard the cry "Its all right!" and he learned afterward that it was his little light that had shown where to cast the rope to the struggling man, and so saved his life. It was a little thing to do, yet it saved a loved one to some waiting home and loving hearts. So in the voyage of life, there may be times when we can not cast the rope, or man the life-boat to save a struggling soul, but we can let the light of our sympathy and love shine out, and though it may seem but a little thing to do, it may save some despairing one from destruction.

“Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have thought,
They go out from us thronging every hour;
And in them all is folded up a power
That on the earth doth move them to and fro;
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought
In hearts we know not, and may never know.”

In the year 1788 Rev. Moses Halleck was settled as pastor of a little church in New England, where he labored for forty-five years. Early in his ministry, he was inspired with the sentiment embodied in that saying of Mohammed, that “Whoever concealeth the knowledge which God shall give him, God shall put on him a bridle of fire in the day of resurrection,”—for he opened a little family school in his story-and-a-half house, and there fitted young men for college. From that little church and school there went out fifty ministers of the gospel, seven of whom were foreign missionaries. Jonas King, who did so much for modern Greece, was one of its students, and it was there William Cullen Bryant studied Greek.

Three hundred and four pupils there received their education and the directing impulses of their lives. They went out to found colleges and states, to make laws, to preside in halls of justice, to establish and conduct great commercial enterprises, to preach the gospel, and to mold public sentiment for good wherever their lot was cast. Think of the train of influences which that quiet, retired man set at work for all eternity. When the great day of reckoning comes, what a wealth of everlasting riches will be found to be his

heavenly inheritance. Surely, such a man at the close of life, might say with the poet, Southey, "I have this conviction, that die when I may, my memory is one of those that will smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

In view of the fact, then, that no man can live wholly unto himself, but that our lives are in so many ways directing, shaping and controlling other lives, it behooves us to consider well what manner of men we ought to be.

That eminent divine, the Rev. W. M. Punshon, has thus finely expressed this truth:

"The stone, flung from my careless hand into the lake, splashed down into the depths of the flowing water, and that was all. No, it was not all. Look at those concentric rings, rolling their tiny ripples among the sedgy reeds, dipping the over-hanging boughs of yonder willow, and producing an influence, slight but conscious, to the very shores of the lake itself. That stray word, that word of pride or scorn, flung from my lips in casual company, produces a momentary depression, and that is all. No, it is not all. It deepened that man's disgust at godliness, and it sharpened the edge of that man's sarcasm, and it shamed that half converted one out of his penitent misgivings, and it produced an influence, slight but eternal, on the destiny of a human life. O, it is a terrible power that I have,—this power of influence,—and it clings to me. I can not shake it off. It is born with me; it has grown with my growth, and has strength-

ened with my strength. It speaks, it walks, it moves; it is powerful in every look of my eye, in every word of my lips, in every act of my life. I can not live to myself. I must either be an Abel, who, by his immortal righteousness, being dead yet speaketh, or an Achan, the sad continuance of whose otherwise forgotten name, is the proof that man perisheth not alone in his iniquity. O, brethren, this necessary element of power belongs to you all. The sphere may be contracted, the influence may be small, but a sphere and influence you surely have."

A former neighbor of Abraham Lincoln related this story of him. Said he:

"Do you know why it is that I, who have been a Democrat all my life, am going to vote for Mr. Lincoln? I will tell you. I once had got into difficulty with a neighbor about the line between our farms. I went to Mr Lincoln to secure him.

"Mr. Lincoln said: 'Now, if you go on with this, it will cost both of you your farms, and will entail an enmity that will last for generations, and perhaps lead to murder.

"The other man has just been here to engage me. Now, I want you two to sit down in my office while I am gone to dinner, and talk it over and try to settle it. And to secure you from any interruption, I will lock the door.' He did so, and he did not return all the afternoon.

"We two men, finding ourselves shut up together,

began to laugh. This put us in good humor, and by the time Mr. Lincoln returned, the matter was settled."

It was no wonder that a man with such a spirit of fairness should have had such a mighty personal influence among the people with whom he associated.

Beecher once said: "A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track, but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity." Abraham Lincoln was ever ready to say that helping word to whoever was in trouble.

What a powerful influence does the parent wield in the family, and how it lives to bear fruit in after years. An incident is related of a young man who had been carefully trained in his youth by a fond father, who obtained for him a position in a bank. After giving him his parting advice, he said, "Above all things, remember this: 'Thou God see'st me.'" The young man was so attentive to business, that he soon gained the confidence of his employers, and was entrusted with their money. After a time he was tempted to steal the money, and the thought grew, until he was overpowered by it, and set a time for the theft. As he opened the vault and took out the money, the thought, "Thou God see'st me," flashed across his mind, and the money seemed to burn his hands. He hastily put it back and locked the vault, and then went to the President of the bank, confessed his temptation, and asked to be discharged. The President was a wise man, and told him that his confidence in him was not

destroyed, that he might keep his place, and the affair should be kept secret. The words, "Thou God see'st me," winged by the personal influence and teachings of his father, had saved him from crime.

At a meeting of the Commissioners of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, there was a spirited discussion as to whether the building should be open on the Sabbath. A Mr. Haynes, Commissioner from Nevada, arose and addressed the meeting in these words: "Mr. President, I feel like a returned prodigal. I want to make a confession. More than twenty years ago I went out from an eastern home to the far West. I have lived since then beyond the Rocky Mountains, where we hardly have a Sabbath, and where other than the best moral influences are about us. But as I have listened here this afternoon, old memories have come back to me."

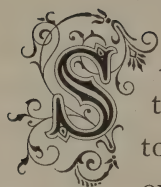
The speaker, struggling with his emotions, continued with choking voice: "All these truths were familiar to me long ago. It seems to me that again to-day I hear them repeated as I used to when I listened to them from the lips of my sainted mother, as every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. I want to give my vote in favor of observing the Christian Sabbath."

The effect of this thrilling speech was electrical, and the vote was taken to honor the Sabbath day by closing the doors of the Exposition. Thus was the personal influence of that Christian mother felt throughout the nation.

A thoughtful writer has said: "It is a great thing to have a recognized *standard* by which to measure one's position or acquirements or tastes. Did you ever live near a bell-tower which sounded out the correct time at high noon, or near a fort where the hours of sunrise and meridian and sunset were marked by a signal gun? If you have, you must have noted how common it was for those who heard that bell or gun to take out their watches or look up at their household clocks, to see whether they were slow or fast by the recognized standard. So it is in life everywhere: the quiet influence of being right and of doing right is powerful beyond all estimate. To strike the right hour, to say or do the right thing, to be right in life and doctrine and methods of speech and dress and bearing, is to call the attention of many to their own departures from the right, and to excite in them a desire to have closer conformity thereto; and this where no active endeavor to bring others right could be half so effective as this quiet and unconscious influence."

So do parents, and teachers, and all who possess exalted characters, become the standards by which others measure themselves.

A NOBLE LIFE.



SAID Dr. Samuel Johnson, "There is certainly no greater happiness than to be able to look back on a life usefully and virtuously employed,—to trace our progress in existence by such deeds as excite neither shame nor sorrow."

When Wilberforce died, after spending more than half a century in active public service, and in devotion to the interests of his fellow-men, it was said of him—referring to that crowning glory of his career, the abolition of the slave trade in the British dominions—that he had "gone up to heaven bearing a million broken fetters in his hands."

Some writer has said: "It is a most wicked thing for a man with great capacities to go out of the active affairs of life in the full strength of manhood, and refuse to have any participation in the events of time which he sees go thundering on. We were born for active labor from the beginning to the end of life. And blessed is that man the ring of whose harness is heard when he falls; blessed is that man who dies with his sword in his hand; blessed is that man who, when he dies, is mailed from head to foot, and is in the field."

It is related that during one of the famous battles of the "Iron Duke," a portion of the army was about

giving way, when he appeared in the midst of them. One of the soldiers seeing him, cried out in ecstasy, "There is the Duke,— God bless him! I'd rather see his face than a whole brigade!" And these words, turning all eyes to their chief, so cheered and reassured his comrades, that the foe was repulsed.

So, in life's battles, how many have been encouraged and strengthened by the influence of some noble life. Even the bad and vicious yield to it respect and honor.

Beecher has said in his inimitable way: "There is many a foot that will tramp the dusty ground without a thought, but very few who will not hesitate to put their foot on a bed of flowers. And in life there are many men who will treat vulgarly the vulgar, and brutally the brutal, but who, when they meet that which they are satisfied is good, will treat it not rudely nor disdainfully, but with gentleness and consideration."

A beautiful story is told of George Herbert, the quaint old English poet. On one occasion as he was on his way to a musical party, he saw a poor man whose horse had fallen down under his burden, and both man and beast were in great distress. The poet took off his coat, and helped the man out of his trouble, and then giving him some money, he resumed his journey. He arrived late at the party, and his clothes, usually so neat, were soiled. As he told them of the incident they exclaimed, "What a pity that a man of your position should have lowered himself by keeping

company with wayfarers." "Ah, my friends," said he, "the thought of what I have done will prove music to me at midnight, but the omission of that deed would have upbraided me, and made discord in my conscience whenever I should again pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure I am bound, as far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for. I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy, and blessing God for the occasion."

During one of the violent uprisals in France, the poet Lamartine introduced De la Tour to a riotous multitude, saying, "Listen, citizens! It is sixty years of a pure life that is about to address you;" and the vast assemblage became at once attentive to his words. It was the power of integrity and purity.

On the coast of one of the Orkney Islands there stands out opposite the harbor a rock, called Lonely Rock, which has been very fatal to mariners. Fifty years ago a cottage on this rock was the home of a fisherman and his daughter. One stormy night his boat struck on the rock and went down, and in the morning his dead body was washed up on the beach. Though yet a child, and in such deep sorrow, his daughter resolved that no more boats should be lost on Lonely rock, and so she placed a candle in a window toward the sea, to be a guide to the storm-tossed sailors. Night after night for fifty years did she keep bright her beacon light, while she spun through the

long hours to earn her daily bread. All through youth, maturity and old age she remained faithful in this act of devotion and self-sacrifice, which was the means of saving so many lives.

Sometimes we are given a glimpse of a life of such beautiful self-forgetfulness, and sweet cheerfulness and fortitude through years of intense physical suffering, as is worthy of a martyr's crown. Such a life was that of the sister of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, whose affliction, through some spinal disease, rendered her entirely helpless for many years, yet so hallowed and purified was she by pain, that she seemed already to have entered into the joys of the saints above.

Her brother (Dr. Arnold) gave the following loving tribute to her memory: "I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and love, and of a sound mind. Intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness; a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child; but of herself,—save as regarded her improving in all goodness,—wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fullness of the promise; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death, from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason

which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirit's glorious work. May God grant that I might come within one hundred degrees of her place in glory."

Eugene Lee Hamilton, the author of "The New Medusa, and Other Poems," received in early life a serious spinal injury, which obliges him to lie constantly in a horizontal position. He endures untold agony, and so shattered is his nervous system that he can not bear to be read to more than ten minutes at a time, and often but half of that short period; and yet, in these five minute respites, he looks out from his prison chamber into the outside world with keen interest, keeps his heart aglow with its warm friendships, and has sent out three volumes of poems. What a brave, heroic spirit is his, which can so overmaster the terrible pangs of a hopeless disease, and from his dark chamber send out songs into the world.

A noble life is the best answer to slanderous tongues. When it was told Plato that he had been called an infamous person, he said: "I shall take care to live so that no one will believe the report." The shafts of envy can not harm those who have the consciousness of noble motives.

In the city of Marseilles there lived and died a man who, by the greatest labor and abstinence, had amassed a large fortune. All despised him for his stinginess; but, after his death, in his will was found the following provision: "Having observed from my infancy, that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water,

which can only be purchased at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing; and I direct that the whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use."

Dr. Wayland, the accomplished scholar and author, although not wealthy, gave away half his income for many years, and practiced economy that he might have means to distribute to others. It was said of him: "The cause he knew not, he sought out, and those he warmed and fed and clothed, he also made better by words of sympathy and counsel."

That philanthropic merchant of New York, William E. Dodge, when a poor schoolboy, became so interested in missions in the Sandwich Islands, that he persuaded two or three of his schoolmates to add their small savings to his to buy some potatoes, which were planted, and the crop disposed of for the benefit of the missions. Said Mr. Dodge, as he told the story: "From that day it seemed as if everything I touched prospered." This spirit of benevolence he kept active during a long life, scattering blessings wherever he went.

What a mighty power in a noble life is love for the right. That was worthy advice which Thomas Jefferson gave to his nephew: "If ever you find yourself in any difficulty, and doubt how to extricate yourself, *do what is right*, and you will find it the easiest way of getting out. Give up money, give up fame, give

up science, give the earth itself, and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act; and never suppose that in any possible situation it is best for you to do a dishonorable thing."

Gen. R. P. Kennedy, in an oration, referred to his brief acquaintance with President Lincoln, as follows: "I once heard Abraham Lincoln, before he became president, standing before the great multitude, tall, gaunt, with his long arms swinging listlessly at his sides, swaying backward and forward like a mighty oak. A part of his address I quote from memory, after the lapse of nearly thirty years:

"'I hold this truth to be self-evident: What is right in South Carolina is right in Connecticut; what is wrong in Connecticut is wrong in South Carolina. I hold human slavery to be wrong in Connecticut and eternally wrong in South Carolina.'

"After a lapse of thirty years that sentence still rings like a crystal bell. It has been emblazoned in letters of living light, and become a part of the grandest period of our history; made eternal by the sign manual of the martyred president affixed to the immortal Declaration of Emancipation. Never but once again did I see Abraham Lincoln. On the battlefield of Antietam, after the fearful storm of war had swept over it, he came to review that splendid Army of the Potomac. It had been my fortune, by chance or accident of war, young officer as I was, to be temporarily placed in charge of the troops on the extreme left of the

army during a part of the battle; and when he passed I was called to the front and presented to him as the youngest commander of the Army of the Potomac. The great man bent over me, and kindly taking my hand said:

“‘The young men of this nation must preserve the unity of the land and the liberty of the people.’

“Though I should live into the centuries, the proudest moment of my life was the moment when Abraham Lincoln clasped the hand of my young manhood and smiled down upon me like a great benediction.”

It was this complete devotion and fidelity to his convictions of duty which has made his name illustrious throughout the world.

The Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, who electrified our country with his eloquent appeals for the cause of liberty, was the son of a nobleman, and educated in all the prejudices of his station; yet when he was a boy, so compassionate and generous was his nature that he would take off his clothes in the rigorous winter to put them on poorer playfellows. When a young man, he happened to meet in his reading with some poems which made a strong appeal for dumb animals, and although fond of hunting, his noble nature was so touched, that he vowed he would never again indulge in a pleasure which was gained by the pain of any living creature. Afterwards he became a leader of his people in their struggle for

freedom, and though unsuccessful in their efforts, yet he stands out as an illustrious example of true nobility of soul. Daniel Webster said of him: "He has the manners of a king."

He has a noble soul, who can conquer himself, and overcome those snares and fascinations of the world, which threaten to dethrone the glory of his manhood. Rev. E. H. Chapin has eloquently said: "A man may chain his appetites, and hold the realm of knowledge within the cincture of his brain, and yet in the saddest aspect of all be overcome by the world. O, my brother man, meaning to live the life of duty, the life of religion! the world is a mighty antagonist, subtle as it is strong; more to be dreaded in its whispers to the heart's secret inclinations than in gross shapes of evil. And let me say to you that it is a great thing in this respect to overcome the world. It is a great thing by God's help and your own effort to keep it in its place, and say to its eager pressure: 'Thus far and no farther.' A great thing, O merchant, to carry the clue of rectitude through the labyrinths of traffic, and to feel the woof of eternal sanctions crossing the warp of daily interests. A great thing, O politician! to withstand the fickle teasings of popularity, to scorn the palatable lie, and keep God's signet upon your conscience. A great thing, O man! whatever your condition, to resist the appeals of envy and revenge, of avarice and pleasure, and to feel that your life has higher ends than these. Strenuous must be the endeavor, but propor-

tionately blest is the victory of him who in these issues overcomes the world."

One of the most beautiful traits of a noble soul is humility. Some one has said: "I never found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all the trees, I observe that God has chosen the vine,—a low plant that creeps upon the wall; of all beasts, the soft, patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and gentle dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the spreading palm, but a bush,—an humble, slender, abject bush,—as if he would, by these selections, check the conceited arrogance of man."

When that noble angel of mercy, Florence Nightingale, was asked for her portrait, she declined, saying: "Some of the most valuable works the world has ever seen, we know not who is the author of; we only know that God is the author of all. I do not urge this example upon others, but it is a deep-seated religious scruple within myself. I do not wish my name to remain, nor my likeness. That God alone should be remembered, I wish."


Blessings on the choice spirits of the earth who have passed through life like a perpetual benediction, scattering kindness and joy about them, and leaving behind a train of influences for good which shall go on and on until the cycles of time merge into the illimitable ocean of eternity.

A HAPPY OLD AGE.

“And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear!

“Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn!”

—Whittier.

 AS the setting sun often casts its richest radiance over earth and sky as it disappears from our sight, so do the aged, as they approach the confines of life, often seem to reflect upon those around them something of the glory and blessedness of the heavenly world to which they are hastening. Of such it has been said, that their closing days of life “are a going up into the mount of vision, rather than a decline into the vale of death.”

Old age has been beautifully compared to a noble vessel sailing into port after a long voyage. “Many miles it has come, with the sun for its guidance, and the sea for its path, and the winds for its speed. What might have been its grave, a thousand fathoms deep, has yielded it a ready way; and winds that might have

been its wreck, have been its service. It has come from another meridian than ours; it has come through day and night; it has come by reefs and banks that have been avoided, and passed rocks that have been watched for. Not a plank has started, nor one timber in it proved rotten. And now it comes like an answer to the prayers of many hearts; a delight to the owner, a joy to many a sailor's family, and a pleasure to all ashore who see it. But still more interesting is a good life as it approaches its three-score years and ten. It began in the century before, or at the dawn of the present; it has lasted on through storm and sunshine; and it has been guarded against many a rock on which shipwreck of a good conscience might have been made. On the course it has taken, there has been the influence of Providence; and it has been guided by Christ, that day-star from on high."

That great Roman orator, Cicero, who lived before the Christian era, said in his *Essay on Old Age*: "The sincere truth is, if some divinity would confer on me a new grant of life, I would reject the offer without the least hesitation. I have well-nigh finished the race, and have no disposition to return to the starting point. The satisfactions of this life are many; but there comes a time when we have had a sufficient measure of its enjoyments, and may well depart contented with our share of the feast. . . . I look on my departure, not as being driven from my habitation, but simply as leaving an inn."

The gifted Baroness of Nairn, in her seventy-sixth year, composed the following beautiful lines

“ Would you be young again?
So would not I;—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'll hie;—
Life's dark wave forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

“ If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smile around us shed,—
Heavenward, away!”

One of the most indispensable requisites to a comfortable and happy old age is a proper understanding of one's capabilities,—both mental and physical. How many, from lack of such knowledge, have been cut short in their careers of usefulness, or become so shattered in health that life has become a burden, and old age well-nigh intolerable.

A writer in one of our scientific magazines has said, that “an old person is like an old wagon, which with light loading and careful usage will last for years, but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it or ruin it forever. A single hard lift; an hour of heating work; an evening of exposure to rain or damp; a severe chill; an excess of food; a sudden fit of anger,—any of these,

or other similar things, may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment a shapeless wreck." Much work may be done, and done happily and healthfully, but it must be done with care and moderation—the burden always adjusted to the strength. Indeed it is a serious mistake for those who still retain vigor of mind and body, to forego the pursuits of former years, and settle down in a state of helplessness and unhappy dependence. There are thousands of men who grow old before their time, because they have too soon put off the harness of work. Few men who have been accustomed to an active life will be content in absolute idleness. Many a man retires from business, and the great change,—the vacuity of thought, the absence of any incitement to action, the heaviness with which time hangs on his hands, soon produces mental and physical decay. An eminent physician has said that there is no doubt that the premature dotage of many distinguished men has arisen from their ceasing in advanced life to exert their faculties, under the impression that they were too old to engage in any new enterprise.

John Adams, when he was asked at ninety years of age how he kept the vigor of his faculties to that time, replied: "By constantly employing them; the mind of an old man is like an old horse; if you would get any work out of it you must work it all the time." It is significant to notice how many of those who retained their youthful buoyancy and intellectual force to a

great age, were those who labored hard almost to the latest hours of their life.

Humboldt wrote his greatest work after he had passed the limit assigned to human life. Mrs. Somerville did some of her best literary work when nearly ninety years of age, and her faculties remained unimpaired to the day of her death, which occurred two years later. Washington, Franklin, Howard, Young and Newton worked almost to the last day of their lives.

Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, lived to the advanced age of eighty-eight, and for seventy-five years of this period he was busily engrossed in his art. While walking out one day, after he had become very old and feeble, some one asked him where he was going. "To school," he replied; "to try and learn something." Guizot, the celebrated French statesman and historian, when upwards of eighty wrote books with as much force as when he was a young man, and Von Moltke, the famous German general, at seventy, planned and carried out one of the most remarkable campaigns of modern times.

It is said that Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments. Cato, the great Roman philosopher, began the study of the Greek language when eighty years old, and Petrarch, the Italian poet, began the study of Latin when but little younger. Ogilvie, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with their languages until after he was fifty years of age.

Franklin, who did not begin his philosophical pursuits until he had reached his fiftieth year, retained to the close of a long life his faculties unimpaired.

John Wesley, at seventy-three, preached on an average fifteen sermons a week, and wrote that he was far abler to do this arduous labor at that age than when he was twenty-three.

Vanderbilt carried through his greatest financial operations, and became the richest man in the United States, nearly a score of years after most men think they are old and unfit for active duties.

He is not old who has merely lived long, but, as has been said, "He only is old who suffers his energies to waste away, and the spring of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom." It is a grievous mistake to suppose that age has lost its capacity for enjoyment, or vigor to engage in useful pursuits.

But to ensure happiness in old age, as at any other period of life, requires that there should be some preparation for it. De Quincy says of age that "unless it is powerfully counteracted by all sorts of agencies, it is miserably corrupting and blighting to the genial charities of the human heart."

How pitiable are those who reach this period of their existence without any resources for enjoyment; they have lived a bare, selfish life,—engrossed in its sordid pursuits, and satisfied by them so long as power

to follow them remained, but when compelled by the infirmities of age to abandon them, they are mentally and spiritually bankrupt; having no taste nor capacity for intellectual or social enjoyments, or the activities of a higher life, they spend their closing years in a state of dreary isolation and positive unhappiness.

To guard against such a possible condition of mind, it should be the aim of all to cultivate a spirit of habitual cheerfulness and content; to gather from the years as they go by, a wealth of pleasant thoughts and delightful memories against seasons of gloom and depression; to improve every opportunity to enrich the mind with a store of useful knowledge; to familiarize ourselves with what is going on in the world outside, as well as around us; to keep abreast of the times in taking note of whatever is new and valuable in the field of discovery and invention, and of the latest developments in literature, science and art; and, above all, to keep strong and young in the heart those gracious sympathies, and warm affections which will lead us to forget self in the desire to make better and happier those around us.

Let those who feel themselves growing old, and long to feel again the buoyancy of spirit of their early years, cultivate the society of the young, and enter with zest into their pleasures and pursuits. So may they enter once more into the domain of youth, and happy will they be if they may retain something of its freshness and exuberance to the close of life.

But however favorable may be all our outward surroundings, there cannot be a happy old age without goodness of heart and life. A debased moral nature is repulsive at any stage of life, but in an aged person it is abhorrent and shocking in the highest degree. We instinctively expect that when a being endowed with reason and judgment draws near the confines of another existence in which he must soon enter, that he will approach its portals with something of reverent awe, and not with the stolid indifference of the brute.

Alas for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open its gates, when he is excluded from the present. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order." What a glorious sight is it to see an aged person like a "shock" of corn, fully ripe, and ready for the garner; the hoary head a crown of glory, the face calm, benignant and spiritual, as if the light of heaven already illumined it, the smile like a precious benediction, the voice fraught with loving words of counsel and experience, the mind stored with the accumulated wisdom of a lifetime, the heart responsive to every chord of joy or sorrow, and the life fragrant with good deeds and precious memories.

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

AS the weary traveler, at the close of a long voyage, hails with delight every token which assures him that he is nearing the haven of his desire, and sends out loving thoughts to the dear ones who are awaiting him there, so does the Christian, as he nears his heavenly home after being long tossed about by the tempestuous gales of life, often feel an unutterable longing to reach its peaceful shore, and be at rest with the dear ones who are waiting to welcome him.

Such an one gave expression to the yearnings of his heart in the following lines:

“Oh! bring us home at last,
Thou who didst guide us when our morn was bright;
Darkness is falling fast,
Gather thy children home before the night.

“Oh! bring us home at last,
The evening mists steal o’er us, damp and chill.
While autumn’s moaning blast
Sweeps in sad music over vale and hill.

“Oh! bring us home at last,
Our Father! Bid our weary wanderings cease,
Uplift the vail o’ercast
Between our spirits and the home of peace.”

Said an aged Christian, as he neared the close of life: “I am going home as fast as I can, as every

honest man ought to do after his day's work is over; and I bless God that I have a good home to go to."

Home and Heaven! Words full of love and hope, and joy unending. Said one whose eyes already seemed to see the ineffable glories of the better land: "Beat on, O heart! and yearn for dying. I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but while I gazed their luster faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest; but when I behold Thee, O God! I shall be satisfied."

No wonder that the heart which contemplates such glory finds the brightest joys of earth only a foretaste of the joys to come. Words are too feeble to portray, and our human nature too finite to grasp, the ineffable blessedness of that abode, and so the inspired page can only reveal to us glimpses of its splendor by comparing it with whatever is most costly and beautiful here; and when this has been done, we are still assured that the half has not been told, for "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him."

A little heathen child, who had been taught by the missionaries of God and heaven, said, as she looked up into the starlit sky: "How beautiful will heaven look when we get there, if the outside is so fair."

That immortal dreamer, Bunyan, as he saw Chris-

tian and Hopeful enter the gates of the celestial city, thus describes its incomparable glory: "Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets, also, were paved with gold; and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal."

What a rapturous vision of the celestial city must have appeared to the devout monk, Bernard of Morlaix, as he wrote that wondrous poem, "The New Jerusalem."

"They stand, those halls of Zion,
 Conjubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

* * * * *
 O none can tell thy bulwarks;
 How gloriously they rise;
 O none can tell thy capitals
 Of beautiful device:
 Thy loveliness oppresses
 All human thought and heart:
 And none, O peace, O Zion,
 Can sing thee as thou art."

Heaven has been described by Dr. Guthrie as "a city never built with hands, nor hoary with the years of time; a city whose inhabitants no census has numbered; a city through whose street rushes no tide of business, nor nodding hearse creeps slowly with its bur-

den to the tomb; a city without griefs or graves, without sins or sorrows, without births or burials, without marriages or mournings; a city which glories in having Jesus for its king, angels for its guards, saints for citizens; whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise." There will our immortal powers, which are shackled here by the bonds and limitations of this earthly life, find scope for all their energies. If this were not to be so, then would life be an enigma; for who is not conscious at times of longings and aspirations which we feel can only be satisfied by a wider and more glorious sphere of activity. What is it which gives the soul strength to exult and triumph in the hour of dissolution, if it is not that it discerns near at hand its immortal and transcendently happy home.

Said the ardent Beecher: "I could hardly wish to enter heaven did I believe the inhabitants were idly to sit by purling streams, fanned by balmy airs. Heaven, to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching eye of Newton ceased its profound investigations? Has David hung up his harp, as useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with God-like enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? David and Isaiah will sweep nobler and loftier strains in eternity; and the minds of the saints, unclogged by cumbersome clay, will forever feast on the banquet of rich and glorious thought."

It is the custom of the fishermen's wives on the

Adriatic coast to gather together at the close of day, on the shore, and unite in singing some beautiful hymn,—and as the melody floats out over the waters, it is heard and answered by the home-bound fishermen; so, often, are we cheered on our heavenward way by the angelic voices of loved ones who are awaiting us in the happy “Isles of the Blessed.”

“When I was a boy,” said a noted divine, “I thought of heaven as a great, shining city, with vast walls, and domes and spires, and with nobody in it except white tenuous angels, who were strangers to me. By and by my little brother died; and I thought of a great city with walls, and domes, and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and one little fellow that I was acquainted with. Then another brother died; and there were two that I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die; and the flock continually grew. But it was not until I had sent one of my little children to his grandparent—God—that I began to think that I had got a little in myself. A second went; a third went; a fourth went; and by that time I had so many acquaintances in heaven that I did not see any more walls, and domes, and spires. I began to think of the residents of the celestial city. And now there have so many of my acquaintances gone there, that it sometimes seems to me that I know more in heaven than I do on earth.”

James Martineau has written on this theme the following beautiful words: “When in the sanctuary of the affections the lights are almost extinguished,—when

the solitude would be not to depart, but to remain,— we may well and naturally feel that it is time to go, and our prayer may be speedily withdrawn to the place of rest. For now, whatever may be the indistinctness of the future, the group of friendship are there, and wherever they are is a shelter and a home. However strange to us the place may be in which they dwell, if, as we cross the deeps of death, their visionary forms shall crowd the shore and people the hills of that unvisited abode, it will be to us ‘a better country, even a heavenly.’”

“The land beyond the sea!
Oh, how the lapsing years,
Mid our not unsubmitive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers
Of those we love, to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!”

“The land beyond the sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!”

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